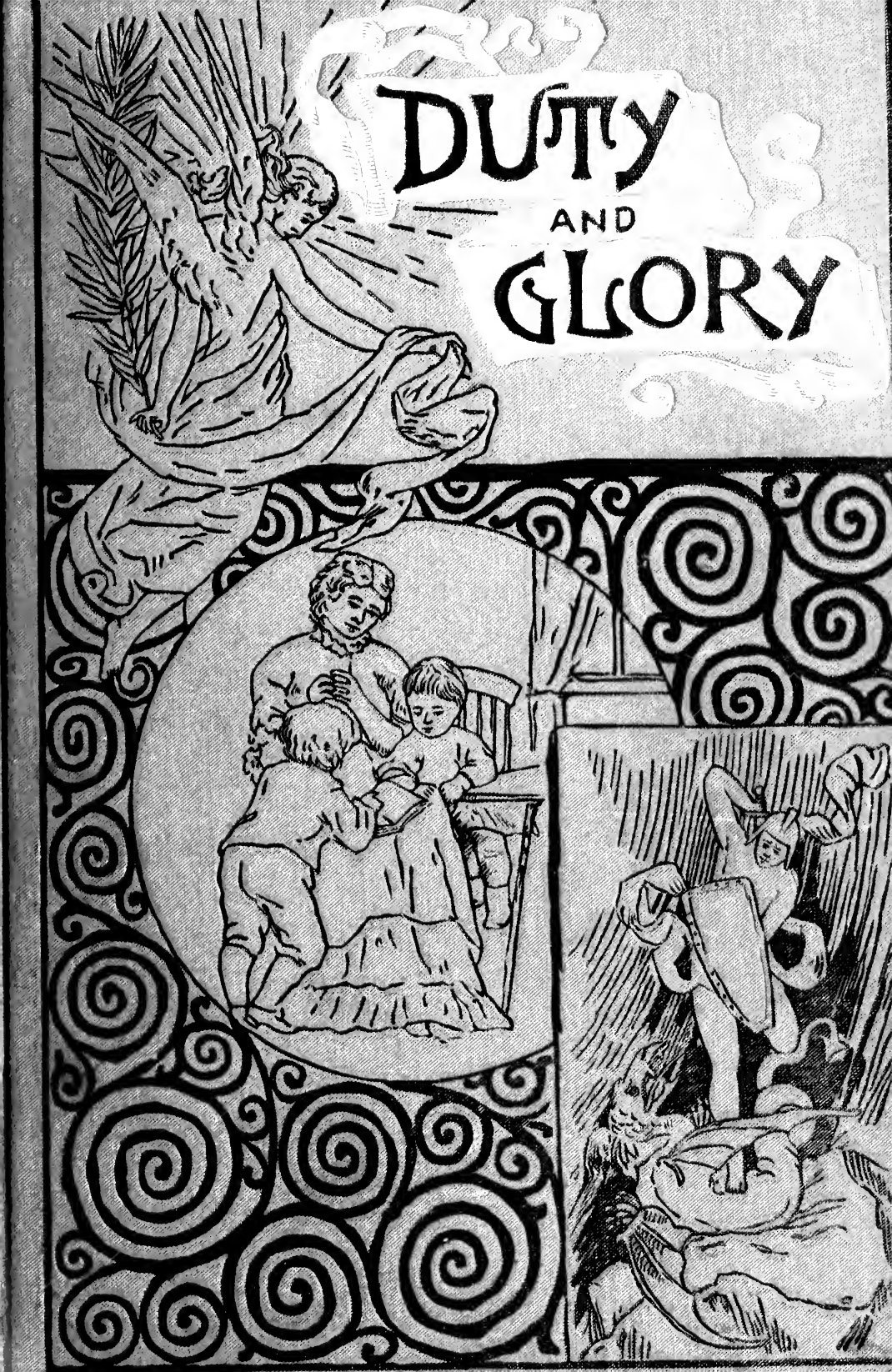
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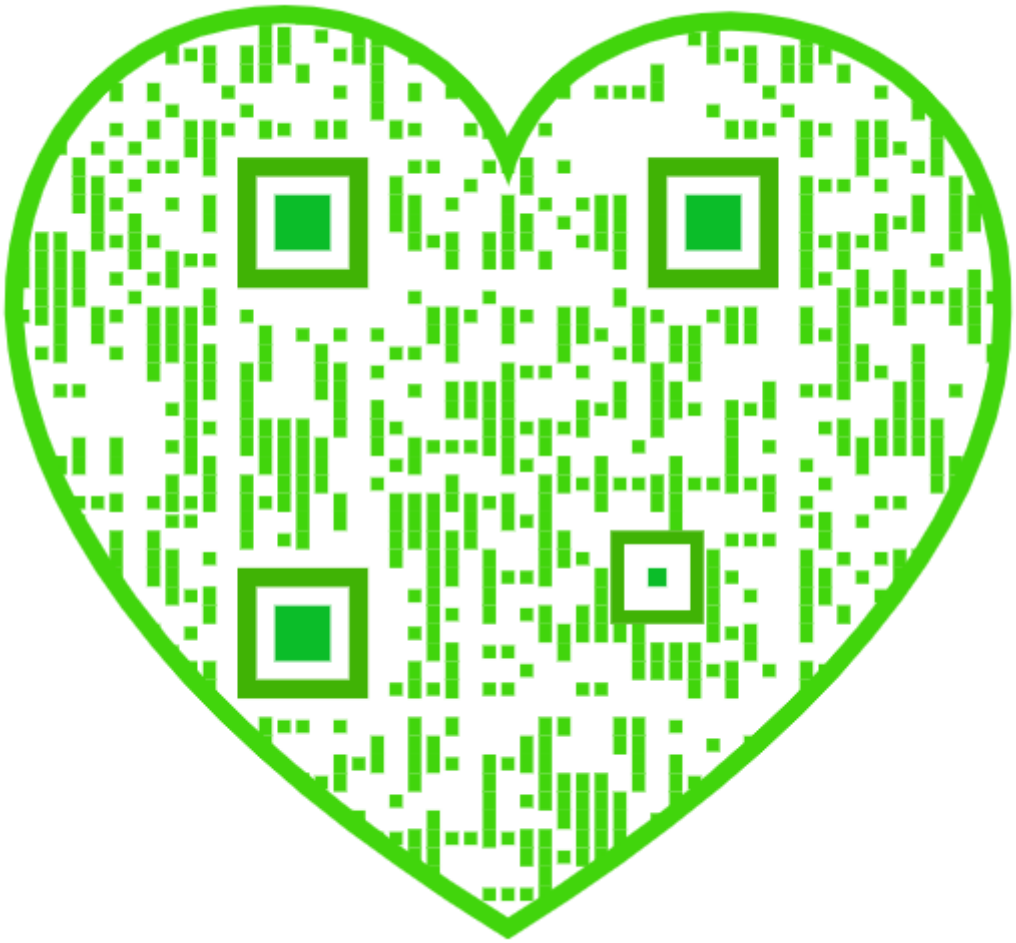

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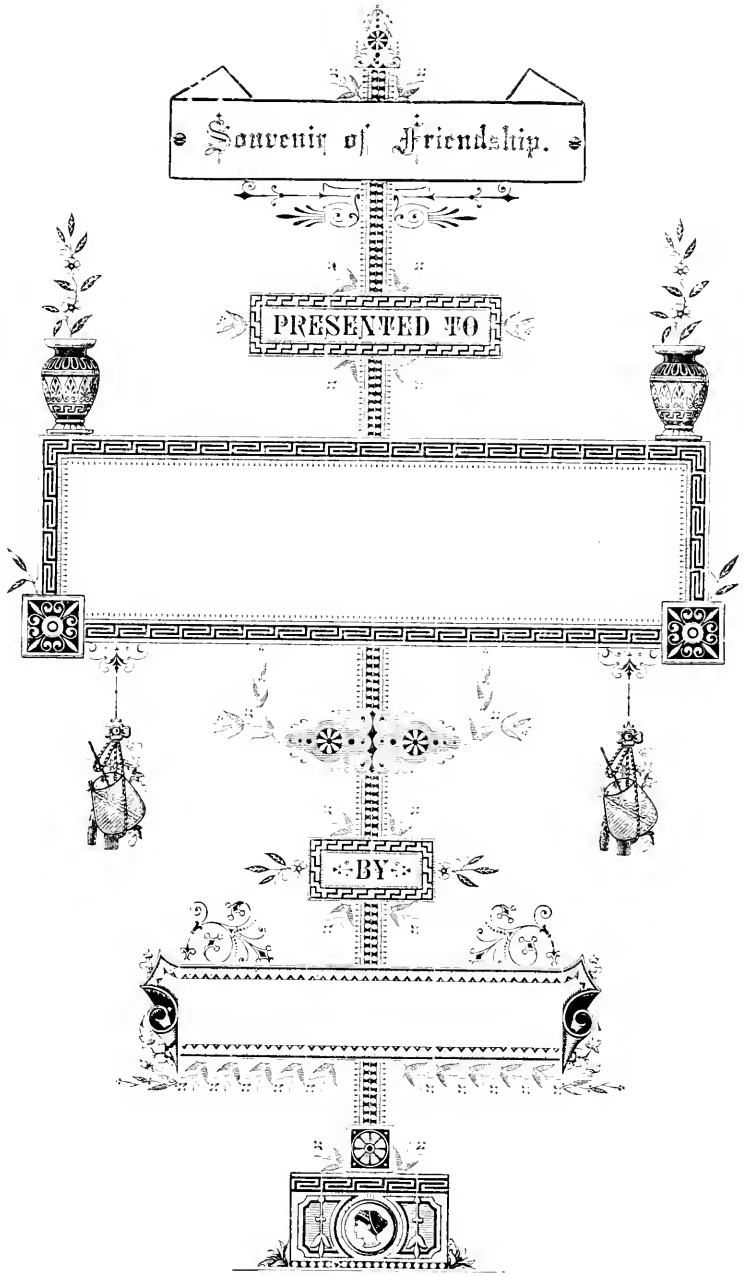
Souvenir of Friendship.
PRESENTED TO
BY

THE MOTHER, WIFE AND SON OF CORIOLANUS ENTREATING HIM TO SPARE ROME.

DUTY AND GLORY:

R.

A Record of the Illustrious Achievements of Notable Men and Women in many Lands and in Various Walks in Life, whose Consecrated Toil, Sublime Devotion and Unswerving Fidelity have made them Benefactors of Mankind, and secured for them Imperishable Renown

Collected from the Literature of Ancient and Modern Times, and Supplemented with Explanatory and Biographical Matter

BY

R. S. HARTZELL.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION BY REV. HERBERT W. MORRIS, D.D.,

Author of the "Celestial Symbol Interpreted," Etc.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.:

A. J. HOLMAN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1888.

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WASHINGTON

It is wise . . . to read, but for a few minutes, some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. And, thank God, no one need go far to find such books. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days. I mean any books which help to make us better, and wiser, and sober, and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble, and high-minded, pure and just. . . . In our own English language we may read, by hundreds, books which will tell us of all virtue and of all praise. The stories of good and brave men and women; of gallant and heroic actions; of deeds which we ourselves should be proud of doing; of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser, nobler, than we are ourselves.—CANON KINGSLEY.

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PREFACE.

To every human heart there come periods of longing to reach a higher and nobler plane of living. The moralist desires a purer morality, the Christian yearns for a more fervent piety. Even those who are fallen and degraded are sometimes moved with desires to lead purer and better lives.

This feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction does not always find expression in words, but it is common to humanity. "Not as though I had already attained" is the sad confession of St. Paul that he was falling below the standard which he ought to reach, and it finds an answering chord in every thoughtful soul.

It is fortunate for individuals and for the race that this impression so widely prevails; for the desire to be better not only makes the needed improvement possible, but, by leading to the use of suitable means, renders it comparatively easy to secure.

Among the means of improvement which in our own favored land are open to the masses of the people, one of the most efficient is found in books which hold up noble examples for the imitation of their readers. There are few, if any, who can read of those who have cheerfully and resolutely battled for the right, of those who have come off conquerors in the conflict between truth and error, or of those who have made life itself

a willing sacrifice for country, for principle, for kindred or home, without being made better thereby.

Many such examples may be found. In every age of which history treats or tradition tells there have been men and women on earth whose valiant deeds, heroic fortitude, pure lives, supreme devotion to duty or eminent services to the race have made their names

"On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled,"

and who have thereby secured a valid claim upon the love and gratitude of the universal world.

It is well for the young, who have life, with its grand and glorious possibilities, before them, and who are anxious to accomplish something for the good of mankind, to read of the noble deeds of those whose goodness and greatness won them imperishable fame.

It is also well for those in middle life, upon whom cares and anxieties often rest with almost crushing weight, to view the illustrious examples of those who have also carried wearisome burdens, and whose patient and noble bearing of heavy crosses has given them the right to be crowned as heroes on life's battle field.

And the aged, whose active work has been performed and whose "faces are toward the setting sun," will find their pulses quickened, their intellects stirred and their hearts cheered by reading of the deeds of those whose devotion to duty made them great and whose greatness won them fame.

In this book there has been brought together a large number of sketches and ballads, in which are recorded, in a fitting manner, the worthy deeds of many men and women who have rendered noble service in their varied spheres. The choicest

literature, both prose and poetical, of the past and the present has been laid under tribute to enrich its pages. The work of many of the ablest writers of ancient and modern times is here represented, and in this collection many of their masterpieces may be found.

A few sketches by authors less widely known are also given, but care has been taken to select only those which are in every way worthy of the noble deeds of which they tell.

In this work the optimist can find abundant means for strengthening his conviction that the world is making progress, and that the right will ultimately prevail. And the pessimist will be compelled to take brighter views of the future by reading of the devotion and self-sacrifice of men and women who chose duty for their polar star, and who, in living for high purposes and noble aims, did not live in vain.

It is believed that people of all classes and all ages can find much in this volume by which they will be profited and cheered. It can be taken up at odd moments, and will not refuse pleasure and instruction to the hurried reader, while a more careful perusal will be compensated in a corresponding degree.

The Compiler desires to express his thanks to the following Publishers and Authors for their kindness in allowing him to make selections from their copyrighted works, and thereby rendering him invaluable aid in his efforts to make an interesting and useful volume: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, for the use of poems from the works of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes; Mr. Parke Godwin, for leave to quote from the poetical works of the late William Cullen Bryant; Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for the privilege

of making various selections from their periodicals, and various others who have allowed the use of single selections from their works.

In regard to his own part and responsibility for this work the Compiler would say, in the words of Montaigne: "I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together."

But to the collection of these choice flowers of the literature of the ages he has given long-continued labor, wide research and extended investigation. Time and toil have been freely expended in order that the work might be made interesting and permanently valuable.

And now the book is sent forth in hope and faith that it will cheer and encourage some desponding souls; that it will incite not a few of its readers to earnest struggles for the right; that it will help many of the tempted to remain steadfast in the line of duty, and aid all into whose hands it may come to lead pure and noble lives on earth, and at length reach the goal of the immortals in a world where shadows can never fall and conflicts are forever unknown.

PHILADELPHIA, 1888.

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INTRODUCTION.

Any attempt to do good is always worthy of commendation; and to impart useful knowledge, to instill sound principles, and to inspire virtuous affections, and thus to elevate and ennoble the character of man, must ever be regarded among the most worthy and honorable efforts of which we are capable. Different methods have been pursued, and various means have been employed to accomplish these ends. Some have done great good by wise and judicious conversation, some by patient and laborious teaching, and others by original productions as writers. But the author of this volume has adopted a plan, which, while differing from each of these ways, embraces, in a large measure, the advantages of them all.

Concerning the end proposed by this compilation, there can be but one opinion. While men differ in their views in regard to many political, philosophical and religious tenets, there are certain principles of action and a certain class of practical virtues, which all approve and all admire; because, the former have ever been the main-spring of all the upward progress which mankind have made, and the latter have ever diffused the most beneficent influence over the spirit and habits of society. Any effort or means, therefore, that serves to present these principles and virtues in such a clear and forcible manner as to convince the mind and impress the heart with a due sense of their importance, cannot well be over-estimated. And I know of no means or method better calculated to effect this than that presented in this work.

It is an indisputable fact that one of the most effective

means of expanding and invigorating the mind, awakening generous impulses, and forming a strong and noble character, is to cultivate early familiarity with great men, great deeds and great events—with the brilliant achievements, the disinterested sacrifices and heroic actions of those whose exertions were crowned with lasting effects, or whose purity and loftiness of purpose have rendered them inspiring and immortal examples. Passages from standard works, in which eye witnesses, faithful historians, or true poets, have described such scenes and actors, address themselves directly and forcibly to the mind, especially of the young, and leave impressions thereon as vivid and enduring as the conceptions of a master artist laid upon the canvass. The effect never dies out; but, consciously or unconsciously, will have its influence upon the mind and heart through life.

In the following pages the reader will find a rich and varied store of such passages, both in prose and poetry, gathered from wide fields of literature, ancient and modern, and which have been selected and arranged with rare judgment. Indeed, here is garnered no small part of the moral and intellectual wealth which has been produced and accumulated by the successive generations of the past, embracing a great number of the choicest gems which history has preserved for us. Among these are narratives of events, delineations of character and descriptions of scenes, which are fraught with instruction, and cannot be read but with thrilling interest. Here the Parent, the Teacher and the Pastor will find some of the most nutritious food for the mind that they can lay before those whom they seek to instruct, and which they are sure to relish. A lesson communicated by a plain statement of truth or duty has its value and may do good; but if that lesson be conveyed through the example of a living man, nobly acting it out, amid the discouragements, or difficulties, or dangers of real life, it will not fail to awaken far deeper interest, and produce a far more influential and lasting impression.

To study the character and contemplate the examples of

men of sterling integrity, men of true courage, men of living and lofty piety, in trying or extraordinary circumstances, banishing all thoughts of personal loss or gain, suffering or enjoyment, in their devotion to truth, right and duty—this has an influence and a power to reproduce a like tone of character and nobleness of soul, which no preceptive teaching can be invested with. Acquaintance with such exemplars of goodness and greatness imparts a *sense* as well as a *knowledge* of their principles. They furnish the mind with noble images and fill the heart with magnanimous impulses. They exalt the whole man, and imbue him with respect for all that is great or good, elevated or illustrious. And such are the fruits which the attentive perusal of this Work is well calculated to produce.

The subjects, for convenience of reference, are classified under ten heads. 1. *Grand Achievements*, in the service of Liberty, Science, Philanthropy, Invention, Discovery, etc. 2. *Heroic Sacrifices*, for Principle and Virtue, Country and Kindred, Friends and Enemies, Sick and Wounded, etc. 3. *Valiant Exploits*, to save Cities and Homes, Armies and Fleets, Rights and Honor, Life and Property, etc. 4. *Knightly Virtues*, exhibited in defending the Friendless, sparing the Vanquished, returning Good for Evil, enduring Calamities, Suffering, Martyrdom, etc. 5. *Patriotism*, as displayed by Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Swiss, Poles, Jews, Greeks, Romans, etc. 6. *Integrity*, superior to bribes and blandishments, threats and tortures, in Judges, in Philosophers, in Christians, in Patriots, in Soldiers, in Peasants, etc. 7. *Magnanimity*, toward Friends and Foes, toward the Undeserving and Ungrateful, toward Debtors and Opposers, Accusers and Persecutors, etc. 8. *Devotion to Duty*, amid Difficulties and Discouragements, Opposition and Violence, the Perils of battle and shipwreck, the Presages and Pains of death, etc. 9. *Fidelity to Home and Kindred*, displayed by Princes and Peasants, Captives and Exiles, Husbands and Wives, Parents and Children, etc. 10. *Friendship*, true and stronger than death, among Ancients and Modern, Savage and Civilized, etc.

In this rich and varied collection, we have illustrations of all the highest virtues, active and passive, of which human nature is capable. Here is a mirror reflecting in clear light all that is good, or great, or God-like in man. No person to good inclined can look into this mirror and not feel his soul inspired to nobler deeds and a more worthy life. And no person to evil bent can stand before its reflection and not be made to feel the meanness and odiousness of vice in all its forms, for

> "A fault doth never with remorse our minds so deeply move,
> As when another's guiltless life our error doth reprove."

In bringing together, therefore, and presenting to the public, this array of bright examples, in men as well as women, in the young as well as old, the Compiler of this volume has done a good work, and rendered to his country a most valuable service.

H. W. M.

Duty

AND

Glory.

PART I.

—A—

Record of Grand Achievements.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men.
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

—Shakespeare.

A RECORD

OF

GRAND ACHIEVEMENTS.

"THERE SHALL BE NO ALPS!"

—*Napoleon.*

ON the eastern frontier of France there surge up from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hillsides the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man.

The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir-tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a

foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip on the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet, upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild and rugged and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed, appalled, upon its resistless rush, as rocks and trees, and earth, and snow and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly-discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ears. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through these bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice embalmed in snow, are now sepulchred in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding-sheets. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain Monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small, level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature, in these wild regions, assumes her most severe and sombre aspect. As one emerges, from a precipitous and craggy ascent, upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to view. This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted for more than a thousand years by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction

in which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark and cold, whose depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around.

The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and storm-swept cliffs of granite and of ice. Even the pinion of the eagle fails in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitalities of the Convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood which burns with frugal faintness on the hearths is borne in painful burdens up the mountain sides, upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery, and tons of cannon-balls and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible. Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations.

The appointed hour had arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries. At a word the whole majestic army was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountain.

The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor that was burning in his bosom. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties in the way. "Is it *possible*," inquired Napoleon, "to cross the path"? "Perhaps," was the hesitating reply, "it is within the limits of *possibility*." "Forward, then," was the energetic response.

High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mists, the glittering bands of armed men, like phantoms, appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze at the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude. When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve, as if rushing upon the foe.

When they arrived at the summit, each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of sixty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet everything was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be, at all hazards, surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles,

might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

JNO. S. C. ABBOTT.

THE BARONS AND KING JOHN.

HENRY HALLAM.

IN the reign of John, all the rapacious actions usual to the Norman kings were not only redoubled, but mingled with other outrages of tyranny still more intolerable. These, too, were to be endured at the hands of a prince utterly contemptible for his folly and cowardice. One is surprised at the forbearance displayed by the barons, till they took arms, at length, in that confederacy which ended in establishing the Great Charter of Liberties. As this was the first effort toward a legal government, so it is beyond comparison the most important event in our history, except that revolution without which its benefits would rapidly have been annihilated. The constitution of England has, indeed, no single date from which its duration is to be reckoned. The institutions of positive law, the far more important changes which time has wrought in the order of society during six hundred years subsequent to the Great Charter, have undoubtedly lessened its direct application to our present circumstances. But it is still the keynote of English liberty. All that has since been obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary; and if every subsequent law were to be swept away, there would still remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic monarchy. It has been lately the fashion to depreciate the value of Magna Charta, as if it had sprung from the private ambition of a few selfish barons, and redressed only some feudal

abuses. It is, indeed, of little importance by what motives those who obtained it were guided. The real characters of men most distinguished in the transactions of that time are not easily determined at present. Yet if we bring these ungrateful suspicions to the test, they prove destitute of all reasonable foundation. An equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen forms the peculiar beauty of the Charter. In this just solicitude for the people, and in the moderation which infringed upon no essential prerogative of the monarchy, we may perceive a liberality and patriotism very unlike the selfishness which is sometimes rashly imputed to those ancient barons. And as far as we are guided by historical testimony, two great men, the pillars of our Church and State, may be considered as entitled, beyond all the rest, to the glory of this monument: Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Earl of Pembroke. To their temperate zeal for a legal government England was indebted, during that critical period, for the two greatest blessings that patriotic statesmen could confer; the establishment of civil liberty upon an immovable basis, and the preservation of national independence under the ancient line of sovereigns, which rasher men were about to exchange for the dominion of France.

By the Magna Charta of John reliefs were limited to a certain sum, according to the rank of the tenant, the waste committed by guardians in chivalry restrained, the disparagement in matrimony of female wards forbidden, and widows secured from compulsory marriage. These regulations, extending to the sub-vassals of the crown, redressed the worst grievances of every military tenant in England. The franchise of the city of London and of all the towns and boroughs was declared inviolable. The freedom of commerce was guaranteed to alien merchants. The Court of Common Pleas, instead of following the king's person, was fixed at Westminster. The tyranny exercised in the neighborhood of royal forests met with some check, which was further enforced by the charter of forests, under Henry III.

But the essential clauses of Magna Charta are those which protect the personal liberty and property of all freemen, by giving security from arbitrary imprisonment and arbitrary spoliation. "No freeman," says the twenty-ninth chapter of Henry III's Charter, which I quote in preference to that of John, the variations not being very material, "shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold, or liberties or free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny or delay to any man, judgment or right." It is obvious that these words, interpreted by any honest court of law, convey an ample security for the two main rights of civil society. From the era, therefore, of King John's Charter, it must have been a clear principle of our constitution, that no man can be detained in prison without trial. Whether courts of justice framed the writ of habeas corpus in conformity to the spirit of this clause, or found it already in their register, it became from that era the right of every subject to demand it. That writ, rendered more actively remedial by the statute of Charles II, but founded upon the broad basis of Magna Charta, is the principal bulwark of English liberty; and if ever temporary circumstances, or the doubtful plea of political necessity, shall lead men to look on its denial with apathy, the most distinguished characteristic of our constitution will be effaced.

As the clause recited above protects the subject from any absolute spoliation of his freedom rights, so others restrain the excessive amercements, which had an almost equally ruinous operation. The magnitude of his offence, by Henry III's Charter, must be the measure of his fine; and in every case the *contonement* (a word expressive of chattels necessary to each man's station—as the arms of a gentleman, the merchandise of a trader, the plow and wagons of a peasant) was exempted from seizure. A provision was made in the Charter of John, that no aid or escuage should be imposed, except in

the three feudal cases of aid, without consent of Parliament. And this was extended to aids paid by the city of London. But the clause was omitted in the three charters granted by Henry III, though Parliament seems to have acted upon it in most part of his reign. It had, however, no reference to tollages imposed upon towns without their consent. Fourscore years were yet to elapse before the great principle of parliamentary taxation was explicitly and absolutely recognized.

A law which enacts that justice shall neither be sold, denied nor delayed, stamps with infamy that government under which it had become necessary. But from the time of the charter, according to Madox, the disgraceful perversions of right which are upon record in the rolls of the Exchequer become less frequent.

From this era a new soul was infused into the people of England. Her liberties, at best long in abeyance, became a tangible possession, and those indefinite aspirations for the laws of Edward the Confessor were changed into a steady regard for the Great Charter.

TRIUMPHS OF COPERNICUS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

COPERNICUS, after harboring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy, the solar system, died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity; a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make

known his system to but a few confidential friends and disciples.

At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolutions of the Heavenly Orbs" to his friends, for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind operating on an exhausted frame—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour is come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment in the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere with which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments, and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true.

He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once, before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone! A smile lights up his dying counte-

nance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move, and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyrist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:—

"Ye golden lamps of Heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid;
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DELECARLIANS.

CHRISTIAN II, King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen; but he, making his escape, contrived to reach the Delecarlian Mountains, where he worked in the mines, like a common slave. Having seized a favorable opportunity, he declared himself to the miners and peasants, whom he incited to join his cause. Fortune befriended him, and in the year 1527 he gained the throne of Sweden:—

"Swedes! countrymen! behold, at last,
After a thousand dangers past,
Your chief, Gustavus, here!
Long have I sighed 'mid foreign bands,
Long have I roamed in foreign lands;—
At length, 'mid Swedish hearts and hands,
I grasp a Swedish spear!

"Yet, looking forth, although I see
None but the fearless and the free,
Sad thoughts the sight inspires;
For where, I think, on Swedish ground,
Save where these mountains frown around,
Can that best heritage be found—
The freedom of our sires?

"Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke;
The galling chain our fathers broke
Is round our country now!
On perjured craft and ruthless guilt
His power a tyrant Dane has built,
And Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt,
Rests on a foreign brow.

"On *you*, your country turns her eyes,
On you, on you, for aid relies,
Scions of noblest stem!
The foremost place in rolls of fame,
By right your fearless fathers claim;
Yours is the glory of *their* name,
'Tis yours to equal *them*.

"As rushing down, when winter reigns,
Resistless, to the shaking plains,
The torrent tears its way,
And all that bars its onward course
Sweeps to the sea with headlong force,
So swept your sires the Dane and Norse:—
Can *ye* do less than *they?*

"Rise! re-assert your ancient pride,
And down the hills a living tide
Of fiery valor pour.
Let but the storm of battle lower,
Back to his den the foe will cower;—
Then, then, shall Freedom's glorious hour
Strike for our land once more!

"What! silent, motionless ye stand?
Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand?
Think ye to fly your fate?
Or, till some better cause be given,
Wait ye? Then wait! till, banished, driven,
Ye fear to meet the face of Heaven;—
Till ye are slaughtered, wait!

"But no! your kindling hearts gainsay
The thought. Hark! hear that bloodhound's bay!
Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen,
Awake! Defy the haughty Dane!
Your battle cry be *Freedom!*
We will do or die! On!
Death, or victory!"

—*Anonymous.*

COLUMBUS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Steer on, bold sailor; wit may mock thy soul, that sees the land,
And hopeless, at the helm, may droop the weak and weary hand;
Yet ever, ever to the west, for there the coast must lie,
And dim it dawns, and glimmery dawns, before thy reason's eye;
Yea, trust the guiding God, and go along the floating graves;
Though hid till now, yet now behold the new world o'er the seas!
With Genius, Nature stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the one foretells, the other shall fulfill.

FREDERIC SCHILLER, *Bulwer's translation.*

OLUMBUS was a man of great and inventive genius; the operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular, bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge in his peculiar department of science was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age, guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish Court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in

COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated vice-royalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labors and perils would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions!

His conduct as a discoverer was characterized by the grandeur of his views and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of scouring the newly-found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoverers, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbors. He was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them, of conciliating and civilizing the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting everything to the control of law, order and religion, and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command, with whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint.

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury or injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and

anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and by the strong power of his mind brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate; nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge; how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable influences from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of Nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams.

He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself on the earth and render up thanksgivings. Every evening the Salve Regina and other vesper hymns were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land.

The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations,

oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken "in the name of the Holy Trinity," and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port, unless in a case of extreme necessity.

He was decidedly visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent, imaginative and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and terra firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amid the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

ARMINIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

ARMINIUS, called Hermann by the Germans, prince of the Cherusci, a German tribe, was the liberator of Germany. He was born about 16 B. C., and in his youth became a Roman citizen of the equestrian order, and served on the Danube as leader of an auxiliary body of the Cherusci. On his return, finding his country smarting under the oppression of the Roman commander, Varus, he organized an extensive conspiracy. The news having reached Rome, Varus was ordered to march against him, in October, A. D. 9.

Arminius at first waged a sort of guerrilla warfare, but very soon closed in on the Romans, and in a terrible three days' fight utterly cut them to pieces, Varus eventually taking his own life. This destruction of the Roman legions filled Rome with grief and shame, and for several days Augustus would only utter the words, "Varus, give me back my legions!"

In the year 15 A. D. the Romans sent another powerful army, of over 80,000 men, under Germanicus, against him, which, by a feigned retreat, he drew into a narrow pass, and then turned on them with such terrible fury that they with difficulty escaped annihilation.

The next Spring Germanicus again entered Germany, with an army of 100,000, and this, too, was finally forced to retreat. This was the last time that Roman armies invaded Germany, beyond the Rhine, and Arminius is, therefore, justly called the Liberator.

Soldiers and friends! we soon shall reach the ground
Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
The holiest offering, of her children's blood!
Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer;
No, friends, we come to tell our proud invaders
That we will use our strength to purchase freedom!

Freedom—prime blessing of this fleeting life!
Is there a man that hears thy sacred name
And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
With proud disdain of tyrants' whips and chains?

Much injured friends, your slavish hours are past!
Conquest is ours! not that your German swords
Have keener edges than the Roman falchions;
Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armor
Impervious to the swift and deadly lance;
Not that your ranks are thicker than the Roman—
No, no; they will outnumber you, my soldiers—
But that your cause is good! They are poor slaves
Who fight for hire and plunder—pampered ruffians,
Who have no souls for glory. *We* are Germans,
Who here are bound, by oaths indissoluble,
To keep our glorious birthrights or to die!
This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
And, looking on, the angel Liberty
Might put such mettle in their tender arms
That veteran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.

I say no more, my dear and trusty friends!
Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it
To rouse the sleepiest spirit from his trance,
For Freedom and Germania!

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MARGUERITE, OF FRANCE.

SHE was the wife of Louis IX, of France, known in history as Saint Louis. While besieged by the Turks in Damietta, Egypt, A. D. 1250, during the captivity of the King, her husband, she gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the knights intrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and by her heroic words, so animated their spirits that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

The Conquest of Jerusalem, in 1244, by the Kharesmians, and the treacherous massacre of its inhabitants, so wrought upon King Louis that he resolved to undertake the Seventh Crusade, which had been proclaimed at the Council of Lyons, A. D. 1245.

After several years of preparations, he at length set sail for Egypt, landed near Damietta, captured the city, and after garrisoning it strongly, took up the march toward Cairo. Meanwhile, the Turks rallied in great numbers, and a bloody battle was fought at Mansoora, in which the King's brother was killed, and the King himself and his army of thirty thousand compelled to surrender. The Infidels next turned their attention toward recapturing Damietta. The proposal to capitulate is attributed, by French historians, to the "Knights of Pisa," Italy. Hence the Queen's allusion to . . . . . "those recreant knights from the bands of Italy."

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans has fittingly commemorated the leading incidents connected with the siege, in the following graceful lines:—

The Moslem spears were gleaming
  Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner, from her wall,
  Waved free its lily flowers.
Aye, proudly did the banner wave,
  As Queen of Earth and Air;
But faint hearts throbbed beneath its folds,
  In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon,
  Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
  Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
  The wine-cup round to send,
For each that touched it silently
  Then missed a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil,
  On the beleaguered wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
  Of slow defeat and fall.

Yet, a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one, of all, the loftiest there,
Thrilled in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
O! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower, was thine, young queen,
Fair Marguerite, of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there, 'midst arms, the couch was spread,
And with banners curtained o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright Queen of St. Louis,
The Star of court and hall!
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the trumpet's call!
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppressed,
Yet, calmly lay the Desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the Crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful;
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad Queen where she lay;
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:

The blood rushed through her pearly cheek
  The sparkle to her eye
Now calling hither those recreant knights
  From the banks of Italy

Then through the vaulted chambers
  Sterns [illegible] rang
And heavily the sounding floor
  Gave back the sabres' clang
They stood around her—steel-clad men
  Yielded for storm and fight
But they quailed before the leflet soul
  In that pale aspect bright

Yes, as before the falcon shrinks
  The bird of meaner wing
So shrank they from the imperial glance
  Of her—that ringlet thing
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
  Through the din of arms around
Sweet and yet stirring to the soul
  As a silver clarion's sound

The honor of the Lily
  Is in your hands to keep
And the Banner of the Cross for Him
  Who died on Calvary's steep
And the city which for Christian prayer
  Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it thus your hearts would yield
  To the godless Infidel?

Then bring me here a breastplate
  And a helm before ye fly
And I will gird my woman's form
  And on the ramparts die
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
  But never for disgrace
Shall go with a mine arms to death
  Meet for his royal race

Look on him as he slumbers
  In the shadow of the lance
Thou go and with the Cross forsake
  The princely babe of France

But tell your homes ye left one heart
To perish undefiled;
A woman, and a Queen, to guard
Her honor and her child!"

Before her words they thrilled like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed, in many a hand,
As they gathered round the helpless one,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling word
On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast;
Rest—we will guard thee well;
St. Denis for the Lily-flower,
And the Christian citadel."

QUEEN ARCHIDAMIA.

IN the year 279 B. C., Cleonymus, of the blood royal of Sparta, who had been excluded from the throne by the Spartan people to give place to Areus, invited the powerful King Pyrrhus of Epirus to aid him in recovering his possessions. Pyrrhus marched to Sparta, and supposing that he should not meet with any resistance, ordered his tents to be pitched, and sat quietly down before the city. Night coming on, the Spartans, in consternation, met in council, and resolved to send their women to Crete, for safety. Thereupon the women assembled and remonstrated against it; and the Queen Archidamia, being appointed to speak for the rest, went into the council hall, with a sword in her hand, and boldly upbraiding the men, told them they did

their wives great wrong if they thought them so faint-hearted as to live after Sparta was destroyed. The women then rushed to the defences of the city, and spent the night aiding the men in digging trenches; and when Pyrrhus attacked on the morrow, he was so severely repulsed that he soon abandoned the siege and retired from Laconia. The heroism and patriotic spirit of the Spartan women is fittingly depicted in the following verses:—

The chiefs met in the council hall;
Their words were sad and few;
They were ready to fight, and ready to fall
As the sons of heroes do.

And moored in the harbor of Gytheum lay
The last of the Spartan fleet
That should bear the Spartan women away
To the sunny shores of Crete.

Their hearts went back to the days of old;
They thought of the world-wide shock
When the Persian hosts like an ocean rolled
To the foot of the Grecian rock;

And they turned their faces, eager and pale,
To the rising roar in the street,
As if the clank of the Spartan mail
Were the tramp of the conqueror's feet.

It was Archidamia, the Spartan queen,
Brave as her father's steel;
She stood like the silence that comes between
The flash and the thunder-peal.

She looked in the eyes of the startled crowd;
Calmly she gazed around;
Her voice was neither low nor loud,
But it rang like her sword on the ground.

"Spartans!" she said—and her woman's face
Flushed out both pride and shame—
"I ask, by the memory of your race,
Are ye worthy of the name?

"Ye have bidden us seek new hearths and graves,
Beyond the reach of the foe;
And now, by the dash of the blue sea waves,
We swear that we will not go!

"Is the name of Pyrrhus to blanch your cheeks?
Shall he burn, and kill, and destroy?
Are ye not sons of the deathless Greeks
Who fired the gates of Troy?

"What though his feet have scathless stood
In the rush of the Punic foam?
Though his sword be red to its hilt with the blood
That has beat at the heart of Rome?

"Brothers and sons! we have reared you men;
Our walls are the ocean swell;
Our winds blew keen down the rocky glen,
Where the staunch Three Hundred fell.

"Our hearts are drenched in the wild sea flow,
In the light of the hills and the sky;
And the Spartan women, if need be so,
Will teach the men to die.

"We are brave men's mothers, and brave men's wives:
We are ready to do and dare;
We are ready to man your walls with our lives,
And string your bows with our hair.

"Let the young and the brave lie down to-night,
And dream of the brave old dead,
Their broad shields bright for to-morrow's fight,
Their swords beneath their head.

"Our breasts are better than bolts and bars;
We neither wail nor weep;
We will light our torches at the stars,
And work while our warriors sleep.

"We hold not the iron in our blood
Viler than strangers' gold;
The memory of our motherhood
Is not to be bought and sold.

having under his hand the best soldiers in Europe, the greatest captains of the times, the gold of America, the industry of Flanders, the science of Italy, an army of informers chosen from all nations, fanatically devoted to himself, the blind instruments of his will; the most astute, the most mysterious of the princes of his time; having on his side everything that enchains, corrupts, terrifies, and moves the world—arms, riches, glory, genius, religion. Before this formidable being, around whom all creatures prostrate themselves, rises William the Silent.

This man, without a kingdom and without an army, is more powerful than he. Like Philip, he has been a disciple of Charles V, and has learned the art of founding thrones, and the art of overturning them as well. Like Philip, he is astute and impenetrable; but he sees more clearly, with the eyes of his intellect, into the future. He possesses, as does his enemy, the faculty of reading the souls of men; but he has also what his enemy has not, the power of gaining their hearts. He has a good cause to sustain; but he knows how to make use of all the arts by which bad ones are supported. Philip, who spies out and reads all men, is himself spied out and read by him. The designs of the great king are discovered and circumvented before they are put in action; mysterious hands search his caskets and his pockets, and mysterious eyes read his secret papers; William in Holland reads the thoughts of Philip in the Escorial; foresees, unravels, overturns all his plots; mines the earth under his feet; provokes, and flies before him, but returns again perpetually, like a phantom that he sees but cannot clutch, or clutching cannot destroy. And when at last he dies, victory remains with him dead, and defeat with his living enemy. Holland is without her head, but the Spanish monarchy is shaken to its fall, and never will recover.

In this prodigious struggle, in which the figure of the king becomes smaller and smaller until it finally disappears, that of the Prince of Orange grows and grows, until it becomes the most glorious figure of the century.

On that day when, hostage with the King of France, he discovered the design of Philip to establish the Inquisition in the Low Countries, he consecrated himself to the defence of the liberties of his country, and never in his life did he hesitate for one moment, in the path he had chosen. The advantages of noble birth, a royal fortune, the peaceful and splendid existence that he loved by nature and habit, he sacrificed all for his country; proscribed and reduced to poverty, he constantly rejected the offers of pardon and favor that were made to him under a thousand forms and a thousand ways, by the enemy who hated him and feared him. Surrounded by assassins, the mark for the most atrocious calumnies, accused even of cowardice before the enemy, and of the murder of the wife whom he adored; looked upon sometimes with suspicion by the very people whom he was defending; he bore all with calmness and with silence. He went about his chosen work, confronting infinite peril with tranquil courage. Never did he flatter or bend before the people, never was he blinded by their passion; he was their guide, their chief, their leader always; he was the mind, the conscience, and the arm of the revolution; the beacon-fire whence irradiated the heat by which his country lived.

Great in audacity as in prudence, he preserved his integrity in the time of perjury and perfidy; calm in the midst of violence, he kept his hands immaculate when all the courts in Europe were stained with blood. With an army gathered up here and there, with allies weak and doubtful, harassed by the internal discords of Lutheran and Calvinist, noble and burgher, magistrate and people, with no great captains under him, he had to struggle against the municipal spirit of the provinces that scoffed at his authority and slipped from under his hand, and he triumphed in a cause that seemed above human control; he tired out the Duke of Alva, he tired out Requescens, he tired out Don John of Austria, he tired out Alexander Farnese; he brought to nought the plots of foreign princes who wished to succor his country in order to subjugate it; he

having under his hand the best soldiers in Europe, the greatest captains of the times, the gold of America, the industry of Flanders, the science of Italy, an army of informers chosen from all nations, fanatically devoted to himself, the blind instruments of his will; the most astute, the most mysterious of the princes of his time; having on his side everything that enchains, corrupts, terrifies, and moves the world—arms, riches, glory, genius, religion. Before this formidable being, around whom all creatures prostrate themselves, rises William the Silent.

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conquered sympathy and aid from every part of Europe; and completing one of the most splendid revolutions in history, founded a free state in spite of an empire that was the terror of the universe.

This man, so tremendous and grand a figure before the world, was also a loving husband and father, a kind friend and affable companion, fond of gayety and festivals, a magnificent and polished host. He was accomplished, knowing, besides the Flemish tongue, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and could discourse learnedly of most things. Although surnamed William the Silent, he was one of the most eloquent men of his day. He was simple in his manners—plain in his dress; loved, and was beloved by the people.

He was indeed the father, rather than the son of his country. The sentiments of admiration and gratitude that still live for him in the hearts of the Hollanders have all the intimate and tender character of filial affection; his venerated name may still be heard in their mouths; his greatness, despoiled of every vail or ornament, remains entire, clear, firm and solid, like his work.

THE APOSTLE OF THE CRUSADES.

PETER, the Hermit, the first apostle of the Crusades, was born of good family, in the diocese of Amiens, France, about the middle of the eleventh century, and died in the Monastery of Huy in 1115.

After trying several pursuits, he became a hermit, and about 1093 undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where the oppressions he witnessed and experienced determined him to arouse the people of Christendom to undertake a war for the liberation of the holy sepulchre. The first host of crusaders was led by Peter himself. Though unsuccessful as a military leader, he

nevertheless had the satisfaction of seeing the conquest of Jerusalem by a succeeding crusade, under the command of the valiant Godfrey de Bouillon, who accorded to him the honor of preaching a sermon to the Crusaders on the Mount of Olives. His appearance at the Council of Clermont, his fiery zeal and impetuosity, and the effects of his stirring appeals, are well set forth in the following sonnet:—

Amid the throng the Hermit stood; so wan,
Careworn and travel-soiled; with genius high
Throned on his brow, shrined in his spiritual eye.
The Hermit spoke, and through the council ran
A tremor, not of fear; as in the van,
Chafing before embattled chivalry,
A proud steed listens for the clarion's cry,
So sprang they to their feet; and every man,
Pontiff and prince, prelate and peer, caught up
Their sword, and kissed the crosiered hilts, and swore,
As though their lips the sacramental cup
Had touched, Christ's sepulchre to free! The shore
Of Asia heard that sound, in thunder hurled,—
"*Deus id Vult*,"—from Clermont through the world!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

A VALIANT SWISS.

N the battle of Sempach, in the fourteenth century, the martyr-patriot, Arnold Winkelried, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and with hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms and won the victory. The poet, James Montgomery, has vividly depicted this novel charge upon the serried lances of the enemy, in the following lines:—

"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,

Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't were no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free—
Thus death made way for liberty.

DEBORAH.

A prophetess and judge of Israel. She holds the first rank among the illustrious women mentioned in Scripture. She freed the Hebrews from the yoke of the Canaanites, and governed them during forty years with as much glory as wisdom.

The Bible, which has not hidden the failings of the patriarchs, which has shown the mistrust of Moses and Aaron, the imprudence of Joshua, the incontinence of Sampson, the fall of David, and the follies of Solomon, has recorded nothing of Deborah but her hymns and prophecies, her victories and her laws. JOSEPHUS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detraction rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen's stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

JOHN MILTON.

OLIVER Cromwell passed his youth and the prime of his manhood in a civil situation. He never looked on war till he was more than forty years old. He had first to form himself and then to form his troops. Out of raw levies he created an army, the bravest and best disciplined, the most orderly in peace, the most terrible in war, that Europe had seen. He called this body into existence. He led it to conquest. He never fought a battle without gaining a victory. He never gained a victory without annihilating the force opposed to him. Yet his triumphs were not the highest glory of his military system. The respect which his troops paid to property, their attachment to the laws and religion of their country, their submission to the civil power, their temperance, their intelligence, their industry, are without parallel. It was after the Restoration that the spirit which their great leader had infused into them was most signally displayed. At the command

of the established government, a government which had no means of enforcing obedience, fifty thousand soldiers, whose backs no enemy had ever seen, either in domestic or Continental war, laid down their arms, and retired into the mass of the people; thenceforward to be distinguished only by superior diligence, sobriety, and regularity in the pursuits of peace, from the other members of the community which they had saved.

Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally-diffused intellectual health, which, if our national partiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterized the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The cup which has intoxicated almost all others sobered him. His spirit, restless from its buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. He had nothing in common with that large class of men who distinguish themselves in lower posts, and whose incapacity becomes obvious as soon as the public voice summons them to take the lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince. The manner of Napoleon was a theatrical compound, in which the coarseness of a revolutionary guard-room was blended with the ceremony of the old Court of Versailles. Cromwell, by the confession even of his enemies, exhibited in his demeanor the simple and natural nobleness of a man neither ashamed of his origin nor vain of his elevation; of a man who had found his proper place in society, and who felt secure that he was competent to fill it. Easy, even to familiarity, where his dignity was concerned, he was punctilious only for his country. His own character he left to take care of itself; he left it to be defended by his victories in war and his reforms in peace. But he was a jealous and implacable guardian of the public honor. He suffered a crazy Quaker to insult him in the midst of Whitehall, and revenged himself only by liberating him and

giving him a dinner. But he was prepared to risk the chances of war to avenge the blood of a private Englishman.

No sovereign ever carried to the throne so large a portion of the best qualities of the middling orders, so strong a sympathy with the feelings and interests of his people. He was sometimes driven to arbitrary measures; but he had a high, stout, honest, English heart. Hence it was that he loved to surround his throne with such men as Hale and Blake. Hence it was that he allowed so large a share of political liberty to his subjects, and that, even when an opposition, dangerous to his power and to his person, almost compelled him to govern by the sword, he was still anxious to leave a germ from which, at a more favorable season, free institutions might spring. We firmly believe that, if his first Parliament had not commenced its debates by disputing his title, his government would have been as mild at home as it was energetic and able abroad. He was a soldier—he had risen by war. Had his ambition been of an impure or selfish kind, it would have been easy for him to plunge his country into Continental hostilities on a large scale, and to dazzle the restless factions which he ruled, by the splendor of his victories. Some of his enemies have sneeringly remarked that, in the successes obtained under his administration he had no personal share; as if a man who had raised himself from obscurity to empire, solely by his military talents, could have any unworthy reason for shrinking from military enterprise. This reproach is his highest glory. In the success of the English navy he could have no selfish interests. Its triumphs added nothing to his fame; its increase added nothing to his means of overawing his enemies; its great leader was not his friend. Yet he took a peculiar pleasure in encouraging that noble service, which, of all the instruments employed by an English government, is the most impotent for mischief, and the most powerful for good. His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and convulsive exertion which necessarily produce debility and languor. Its energy was

natural, healthful, temperate. He placed England at the head of the Protestant interest, and in the first ranks of Christian powers. He taught every nation to value her friendship and to dread her enmity. But he did not squander her resources in a vain attempt to invest her with that supremacy which no power, in the modern system of Europe, can safely affect or can long retain.

This noble and sober wisdom had its reward. If he did not carry the banners of the Commonwealth in triumph to distant capitals; if he did not adorn Whitehall with the spoils of the Stadthouse and the Louvre; if he did not portion out Flanders and Germany into principalities for his kinsmen and his generals; he did not, on the other hand, see his country overrun by the armies of nations which his ambition had provoked. He did not drag out the last years of his life in exile and a prisoner in an unhealthy climate and under an ungenerous jailor, raging with the impotent desire of vengeance, and brooding over visions of departed glory. He went down to his grave in the fullness of power and fame, and left to his son an authority which any man of ordinary firmness and prudence would have retained.

AN INSPIRED HEROINE.

Dauphin! I am, by birth, a shepherd's daughter;
My wit untrained in any kind of art;
Heaven and our Lady gracious has it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate!
Lo! while I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat displayed my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity!
Her aid she promised, and assured success;
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The following beautiful soliloquy represents Joan of Arc in the act of departing forever from the abode of her infancy to take command of the disorganized and dispirited armies of France, when a feeling of regret seizes her and she says:—

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved glades!
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For aye, Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew
Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfined;
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summon'd hence, another flock to find;
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest;
No earthly, vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's sight;
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the fight;
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train;
He, from those leafy boughs, thus spoke to me:
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain, earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there;
Ne'er with the bride wreath shall thy locks be dress'd,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair;
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,

JOAN OF ARC WOUNDED AT THE SIEGE OF ORLEANS.

And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguer'd Rheims, and crown thy king."

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet, it hath come from Him;
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

FREDERIC SCHILLER.

URING the reign of Charles VII, of France, the English resolved to besiege the most important town in France, next to Paris, Orleans, on the river Loire, almost in a straight line to the south of Paris. The English had gathered together ten thousand men, and had begun by taking all the small places near Orleans, so that they might send no help to the town. Then the English army drew close around the town, built forts, and prevented any food from going in. The people of Orleans did all they could to defend themselves, and for some time they managed to prevent the English from doing their city much harm; but they soon began to feel the want of food, and they sent to ask for help from the chief men of France. But no help came to them, either from the great lords, who were all busy about business of their own, or from the king, Charles VII, who was a weak, idle man, and did not seem to care, so long as he himself was safe and comfortable, whether or not the second city of his country fell into the hands of his enemy.

Help did come to Orleans at last, but in a way in which no one could have expected it. In a little village in Lorraine, on the east side of France, there lived a peasant girl named Jeanne

d'Arc. She was brought up like other children, by her parents, taking the sheep out to the meadows when she was quite young, and when she grew older, sitting at home and sewing with her mother, while her brothers and sisters worked in the fields. She could neither read nor write, but her mother taught her all that she herself knew. Jeanne was fond of being alone, and used often to go to an old beech tree near the village, where it was supposed that fairies danced by night. Here Jeanne would sit, by herself, when she wanted to think quietly. As she grew older, she began to hear a great deal of the war between England and France, which brought so much distress and trouble to the people of France. She knew how many hundreds of Frenchmen had lost their houses, their lands, their friends, all that they cared about already, and how the war was not yet nearly over, but seemed likely to go on, no one could tell how much longer. The king, Charles, had some good generals who would have fought bravely for him; but he would not listen to them, and spent all his time in amusing himself.

Jeanne thought of all this, till she longed to do something to help her countrymen. She began to fancy that she saw visions; that is, she thought she saw people and heard voices which no one else could see or hear. It seemed at times, always when she was alone, that three angels appeared to her in a bright light, saying, "Jeanne, go to the help of the King of France, and you will win back his kingdom for him." The voices also told her to go to the captain of the town near, and ask him to send her to the king.

Jeanne talked about her visions to her relations, and told her parents that she wished to go to court to give the king a message from heaven and to help him fight his enemies. They refused for some time to let her go; but she at last found an uncle who took her to the captain of the town near at hand, and asked him to send her to the king. The captain would not hear of it for some time; but at last some of the chief people of the place saw her, and, having talked with her, promised to go with her to the court.

Charles heard of her, and sent to say he would receive her; the people of the town bought her a horse; the captain gave her a sword; and so she set off, with a few soldiers to guard her. When she was presented at the court, the king had hidden himself among his courtiers, and put one of them, richly dressed, on the throne, to see whether Jeanne would know which was the real king. She went straight up to Charles, and though at first he said, to try her, that he was not the king, she declared that he was, and went on to tell him that she was sent by God to save his country from the English. At last, he was persuaded to listen to her, and even to believe what she said.

The first thing she wished to do was to go to the help of Orleans. The king put her at the head of a body of soldiers, and sent them on their way. They marched toward Orleans, all the people as they passed through the country coming out to look at Jeanne in her shining armor, on her fine horse. From this time she always dressed herself like a man, which was more convenient for the soldier's life she had to lead.

Jeanne at this time was only seventeen; but she had so much good sense and power of understanding that the captains were glad to have her help and advice, and so were all her friends by the time they came to Orleans, where they made their way into the town, and were welcomed with delight by the people. They all looked upon Jeanne as a saint; and the English, who had heard so much of her, were frightened, and thought she would be able to bewitch them, or do them harm in some strange way.

The first time that they met her in battle they did not dare to resist, but gave way before her. She was afraid of no one; her friends were always made braver themselves by seeing her courage in battle, for she went straight on as if nothing could hurt her, and both her friends and enemies believed more and more that she was a special messenger sent from God to the help of France.

Orleans was saved by her help. The siege had already

lasted for some time, and the English were tired with the efforts they had made. They saw that the people of Orleans were less likely to yield now than before. The English general was killed one day by a shot from the walls of the town, and at last, a week after Jeanne had come into the city, the English army left all the forts and towers that they had built round Orleans and marched away, leaving the town free.

Jeanne had one more great wish. The king had never yet been solemnly crowned. It was the custom for kings of France to be crowned at a place called Rheims, and Jeanne wished to take Charles to Rheims and have him crowned king. Charles had been amusing himself while Jeanne was at Orleans, and made no objection to anything that was proposed. They all went together to Rheims, meeting the English on the way, and defeating them in a great battle. In Rheims itself there were no enemies; the French had only to march in, and they were masters. Charles was crowned king, with Jeanne standing by his side, with the standard or flag in her hand.

When this was over, Jeanne wished to go back to her old home and live again with her parents. She had now been away for nearly three months, and she had done the two great things which she had wished to do for her country—saving Orleans and having the king crowned. But the captains of Charles begged her to stay with the army. They found that the English feared her, and their own soldiers admired her so much that they thought while she was with them they were certain to succeed. Jeanne agreed to stay, but from this time she was often sad and disturbed, and was sometimes heard to say, "I shall not live more than a year."

The English still held Paris, and Jeanne led an army to try to make its way into that city. Here she failed for the first time, and she and her men were driven back from the walls. The favorites of the king were growing jealous of Jeanne; they found that Charles listened more to her than he did to them. They began trying to prevent her from winning any

more glory by her victories, and sometimes even refused to send soldiers out with her, or to listen to her advice on questions about the war. At last, she one day went with a party of French soldiers outside a town in which many of the French soldiers were gathered together, and where she had been staying. The English, with some of the French who still took their part, were outside the walls, and Jeanne and her men were surrounded by the enemy. Most of them made their way back into the city; but no one stayed to help Jeanne, who had gone on further than the rest. She turned at last; but, when she came to the town, she could not get through the gates. Some writers say that they were shut; others that the people pressing in filled them up, so that she could not make her way through; but, whatever the reason, she was kept out, and after trying to escape without being noticed was taken prisoner by her enemies.

It was not to an Englishman, but to a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, a friend of the English, that she gave herself up; and she was at first kept in a castle belonging to him, but she was afterward sold to the English for a large sum of money.

It shows such ingratitude as one could hardly have thought possible in the King of France and his chief lords, that no one did anything to save Jeanne d'Arc. The English, as soon as she was in their power, brought her up for trial, as if she had been a criminal—that is, a person who has done some wrong action—instead of a brave woman who had fought for her country. A French bishop was her chief judge, and all her judges were Frenchmen. She had no one to defend her; questions of every kind were asked her about herself, about her life, her religion, her visions. The English wished to make her confess that she was a witch; she was thrown into prison and treated with great cruelty. It was thought very wicked of her to wear men's clothes instead of women's; and her having one day put some on, because the women's clothes had been taken out of her prison, was one of the excuses for the horrible sentence which her judges passed on her.

She was sentenced to be burned alive, and the execution took place at Rouen. Crowds of people, both friends and enemies, came to see her die, but no one interfered to help her. She died before she was twenty-one, and is perhaps the most wonderful woman of whom we read in all history. The English never settled themselves in the country again, and were driven out of it altogether before the end of Charles VII's reign. *French History.*

JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISON REFORMER.

JOHN Howard, the English philanthropist, was born at Enfield, September, 1726. In his youth he was apprenticed to a grocer in London, but upon the death of his father he purchased his indentures and traveled on the Continent. Returning to England, he occupied himself with medical and scientific studies for some time, and in 1756, after the great earthquake in Lisbon, Portugal, he embarked for that port, with a view of alleviating the sufferers. On the voyage he was taken prisoner by a French privateer and carried into Brest, where he witnessed the inhuman treatment of prisoners of war. Having procured the exchange of himself and his fellow captives, he returned to England and settled upon an estate which he had inherited from his father. His career of active philanthropy may be said to date from this time. He built schools and model cottages for the peasantry, the latter the first erected in England for their benefit; and Cardington, formerly a wretched and filthy village, now attracted attention by its neatness and the healthful and thrifty appearance of its inhabitants. In 1765 he again traveled on the continent, and on his return he was named for the office of sheriff, and in 1773 he accepted the

office, and visited, in his official capacity, the Bedford jail, in which John Bunyan wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." The wretched condition of the prisoners made a deep impression upon him; and the confinement of many innocent persons for months, and sometimes for years, from inability to pay their fees of jail delivery, so shocked him that he proposed to the magistrates to pay regular salaries to the jailers, in place of the fees collected from the prisoners. The magistrates, unprepared for such an innovation, asked for a precedent, and, in his fruitless exertions to find one, Howard visited every town in England containing a prison. He collected a mass of information concerning prison abuses, which he communicated in a report to the House of Commons, who gave him a vote of thanks, and, in 1774, passed bills "for the relief of acquitted prisoners, in the matter of fees," and "for preserving the health of prisoners." At his own expense he caused copies of the new laws to be sent to every jailer in the kingdom. The prominence thus given to his name secured his election from Bedford to the House of Commons; but his sympathy with the American Revolution aroused the ministry to oppose him, and a parliamentary scrutiny unseated him. He never afterwards participated in political life, but gave his whole time to the philanthropic plans in which he had embarked. He re-examined the principal penal establishments of England, and visited France, Germany and the Low Countries; then made a new tour through England, examining the operation of the new jail act, and relieving much distress among poor debtors. His report on "The State of the Prisons of England and Wales, with preliminary observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons," bore fruit in the determination of the ministry to make a trial of the discipline of hard labor in one or more of the large prisons. A bill drafted by the famous Sir William Blackstone was passed, providing for the erection of two penitentiaries, and Howard was appointed the first supervisor, but in order to avoid a controversy as to the site of the buildings, he resigned his office, and between 1781 and 1784

he traveled through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Spain and Portugal, and afterwards published an appendix to his work.

His labors for a period of more than ten years had left him with impaired pecuniary resources and shattered health; but he embarked upon a second series of philanthropic researches with a zeal surpassing his physical powers, volunteering to procure, for the British government, information relating to quarantine establishments. The French government was incensed against him for having published, in 1780, a translation of a suppressed account of the interior of the Bastile, and refused him a passport. He, therefore, traveled through the country in various disguises, and after a series of romantic adventures and several narrow escapes from the police, who were constantly on his track, succeeded in visiting the new lazaretto at Marseilles. He proceeded thence to Malta-Zanta, Smyrna and Constantinople, fearlessly exposing his person in infected places. That he might speak with authority on the subject of Pest-Houses, he went to Smyrna, sought out a foul ship, and sailed in her for Venice. After a voyage of sixty days, during which he assisted the crew in beating off an attack of pirates, he arrived at his destination and was subjected to a rigorous confinement in the Lazaretto of Venice, under which his health suffered severely. He then returned to England, in February, 1787, after an absence of sixteen months, and published his second great work, "An Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe, with various Papers relating to the Plague, etc.," in the preface to which he announced his intention to pursue his inquiries in the same direction, observing that his conduct was not from rashness or enthusiasm, but a serious conviction of duty. In the Summer of 1789 he started on his last Continental tour, meaning to pass through Russia to the East, but was cut off by camp fever, January 20th, 1790, which he contracted from a patient at Kherson, on the Black Sea. He expended nearly the whole of his fortune in various benefactions. The following extract from a eulogium pronounced by

one of England's greatest statesmen, Edmund Burke, is a worthy and deserving tribute to his memory:—

"He has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distress of all men in all countries. His plan is original; it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of Charity."

Howard! it matters not that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay;
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
Thy steps were led through many a distant land,
Thy long and last abode should there be found,
Where many a savage nation prowls around;
That virtue from the hallowed spot might rise,
And, pointing to the finished sacrifice,
Teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
The hoary chieftain who thy tale shall hear,
Pale, on thy grave shall drop his faltering spear;
The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
New views of life and wider charities.
Far from the bleak Riphean Mountains, hoar,
From the cold Don, and Volga's wandering shore,
From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place
Where sleeps the general friend of human race,

Instruct their children what a debt they owe;
Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With newborn virtues stirring in their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
Bent on the frontiers of the Imperial Czar
To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
If onward to those shores they haply steer,
Where, Howard, thy cold dust reposes near,
Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream,
And seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
Amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
Shall feel a still unwonted awe impressed,
And the relentless Pagan turn aside
To think—on yonder shore the Christian died.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

"CHOOSE EACH MAN WHAT BEST BECOMES A BRAVE CASTILIAN."

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

ON the departure of his vessels, Pizarro marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champaign country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forests seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towering to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where nature works on so gigantic a scale. As he advanced, hill continued to rise above hill, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves, to join the colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

On crossing those woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depths, where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amid the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep glooms in every conceivable variety of color. Birds, especially of the parrot kind, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds above their heads, and made grimaces like the fiendish spirits of these solitudes; while hideous reptiles, engendered in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers.

Here was seen the gigantic boä, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach.

Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements, and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.

Famine came, in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest—occasionally the potato, as it grew without cultivation, or the wild cocoanut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitoes, which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering, they thought only of return; and all schemes of avarice and ambition—except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits—were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panama.

A ray of hope was enough for the courageous spirit of

Pizarro. It does not appear that he himself had entertained, at any time, thoughts of returning. He prepared to stand the fortune of the cast on which he had so desperately ventured. He knew, however, that solicitations or remonstrances would avail little with the companions of his enterprise; and he probably did not care to win over the more timid spirits, who, by perpetually looking back, would only be a clog on his future movements. He announced his own purpose, however, in a laconic but decided manner, characteristic of a man more accustomed to act than to talk, and well calculated to make an impression on his rough followers.

Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand, from east to west. Then, turning toward the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot, Ruiz; next, by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name implies, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader, for good or for evil.

There is something striking to the imagination in the spectacle of these few brave spirits, thus consecrating themselves to a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight-errantry. A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.

There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny. Had Pizarro

faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion, now so temptingly presented, for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.

PETER THE GREAT.

ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.

PETER the Great was one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the theatre of public affairs.

He was nothing by halves. For good or for evil he was gigantic. Vigor seems to have been the great characteristic of his mind; but it was often fearfully disfigured by passion, and he was not unfrequently misled by the example of more advanced States. To elevate Russia to an exalted place among nations, and give her the influence which her vast extent and physical resources seemed to put within her reach, was, throughout life, the great object of his ambition; and he succeeded in it to an extent which naturally acquired for him the unbounded admiration of mankind. His overthrow of the Strelitzes, long the Prætorian guards and terror of the Czars of Muscovy, was effected with a vigor and stained by a cruelty similar to that with which the Sultan Mahmoud, a century after, destroyed the Janizaries at Constantinople.

The sight of a young and despotic sovereign leaving the

glittering toys and real enjoyments of royalty to labor in the dock-yards of Saardem with his own hands, and instruct his subjects in ship-building by first teaching himself, was too striking and remarkable not to excite universal attention. And when the result of this was seen—when the Czar was found introducing among his subjects the military discipline, naval architecture, nautical skill, as well as other arts and warlike institutions of Europe, and, in consequence, long resisting, and at length destroying, the mighty conqueror who had so long been the terror of Northern Europe, the astonishment of men knew no bounds.

He was celebrated as at once the Solon and Scipio of modern times; and literary servility, vying with great and disinterested admiration, extolled him as one of the greatest heroes and benefactors of his species who had ever appeared among men.

But time, the great dispeller of illusions, whose mighty arm no individual greatness, how great soever, can long withstand, has begun to abate much of this colossal reputation. His temper was violent in the extreme; frequent acts of hideous cruelty, and occasional oppression, signalized his reign; he was often impelled, by ill-directed zeal for the advancement of his people, into measures which, in reality and in the end, retarded their improvement. More than any other man, he did evil that good might come of it. He impelled his people, as he thought, to civilization, though, while launching into the stream, hundreds of thousands perished in the waves.

"Peter the Great," says Mackintosh, "did not civilize Russia; that undertaking was beyond his genius, great as it was; he only gave the Russians the art of civilized war."

The truth was, he attempted what was altogether impracticable. No one man can at once civilize a nation; he can only put it in the way of civilization.

To complete the fabric must be the work of continued effort and sustained industry during many successive generations.

That Peter failed in raising his people to a level with the

other nations of Europe in refinement and industry, is no reproach to him. It was impossible to do so in less than several centuries. The real particular in which he erred was, that he departed from the national spirit, that he tore up the national institutions, and violated, in numerous instances, the strongest national feelings. He clothed his court and capital in European dresses; but men do not put off old feelings with the costume of their fathers.

Peter's civilization extended no further than the surface. He succeeded in inducing an extraordinary degree of discipline in his army, and the appearance of considerable refinement among his courtiers.

He effected no material ameliorations in the condition of his subjects; and by endeavoring to force them at once up to a level with the States of Western Europe, he not only rendered his government unpopular with the rural population, but also prevented his improvements from penetrating the great body of the people. It is easier to remodel an army than change a nation; and the celebrated *bon-mot* of Diderot, that the Russians were "rotten before they were ripe" is too happy an expression, indicating how much easier it is to introduce the vices than the virtues of civilization among an unlettered people. To this day, the civilization of Russia has never descended below the higher ranks; and the efforts of the really patriotic Czars who have since wielded the Muscovite sceptre, Alexander and Nicholas, have been mainly in abandoning the fictitious career into which Peter turned the people, and the reviving with the old institutions the true spirit and inherent aspirations of the nation.

The immense, though less obtrusive, success with which their efforts have been attended, and the gradual, though still slow descent of civilization and improvement through the great body of the people, prove the wisdom of the principles on which they have proceeded. Possibly Russia is yet destined to afford another illustration of the truth of Montesquieu's maxim, that no nation ever yet rose to durable

greatness, but through institutions in harmony with its spirit. Yet was Peter's attempt, though in many respects a mistake, a great and glorious one; it was the effort of a rude, but lofty and magnanimous mind, which attributes to mankind in general that vigor and ambition of which it is itself conscious.

And without shutting our eyes to his many and serious errors, in charity let us hope that the words of Peter, on his death-bed, have been realized! "I trust that, in respect of the good I have striven to do my people, God will pardon my sins."

"IT IS FINISHED; THE DIE IS CAST!"

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

IT is related of Cæsar, that, on the ever memorable night when he had resolved to take the first step (and in such a case the first step, as regarded the power of retreating, was also the final step), which placed him in arms against the State, it happened that his head-quarters were at some distance from the little river Rubicon, which formed the boundary of his province.

With his usual caution, that no news of his motions might run before himself, on this night Cæsar gave an entertainment to his friends, in the midst of which he slipped away unobserved, and with a small retinue proceeded through the woods to the point of the river at which he designed to cross. The night was stormy, and by the violence of the wind all the torches of his escort were blown out, so that the whole party lost their road, and wandered about through the whole night, until the early dawn enabled them to recover their true course.

The light was still gray and uncertain, as Cæsar and his retinue rode down upon the banks of the fatal river, to cross

which, with arms in his hands, since the further bank lay within the territory of the Republic, proclaimed any Roman a rebel and a traitor. No man, the firmest or the most obtuse, could be otherwise than deeply agitated, when looking down upon this little brook, so insignificant in itself, but invested by law with sanctity so awful. The whole course of future history, and the fate of every nation, would necessarily be determined by the irretrievable act of the next half hour.

In these moments, and with the spectacle before him, and contemplating these immeasurable consequences for the last time that could allow him a retreat; impressed, also, by the solemnity and deep tranquillity of the silent dawn, whilst the exhaustion of his night wanderings predisposed him to nervous irritation, Cæsar, we may be sure, was profoundly agitated. So prepared, we need not much wonder at what followed.

Cæsar was yet lingering on the hither bank, when suddenly, at a point not far distant from himself, an apparition was descried in a sitting posture, and holding in its hand what seemed a flute. This phantom was of unusual size, and of beauty more than human, so far as its lineaments could be traced in the early dawn. What is singular, however, in the story is, that others saw it as well as Cæsar, both pastoral laborers (who were present, probably, in the character of guides) and some of the sentinels stationed at the pass of the river. These men fancied, even, that a strain of music issued from the aërial flute, and some, both of the shepherds and the Roman soldiers, who were bolder than the rest, advanced toward the figure.

Amongst this party, it happened that there were a few Roman trumpeters. From one of these the phantom, rising as they advanced nearer, suddenly caught a trumpet, and blowing through it a blast of superhuman strength, plunged into the Rubicon, passed to the other bank, and disappeared in the dusky light of the dawn. Upon which Cæsar exclaimed: "It is finished; the die is cast! Let us follow whither the guiding portent from Heaven, and the malice of our enemy, alike summon us to go!"

So saying, he crossed the river with impetuosity, and, in a sudden rapture of passionate and vindictive ambition, placed himself and his retinue upon the Italian soil, as if the inspiration from Heaven, in one moment involved himself and his followers in treason, raised the standard of revolt, put his foot upon the neck of the invincible Republic, which had humbled all the kings of the earth, and founded an Empire which was to last for a thousand and a half a thousand years.

In what manner this spectral appearance was managed—whether Cæsar were its author or its dupe—will remain unknown forever; but, undoubtedly, this was the first time that the advanced guard of a victorious army was headed by an apparition, and we may conjecture that it will be the last.

LIBERTY, PEACE AND JUSTICE.

HON. J. B. EVERHART.

TWO centuries have passed since Charles the Second signed William Penn's patent, and named the province, against his protest, Pennsylvania. He invested the patentee with vice-regal powers, for an annual tribute of two beaver skins and one-fifth of the gold and silver.

Upon this grant William Penn founded a commonwealth without auguries or oracles, without an army, without a hierarchy, without titles and without oaths. Here he fostered a religion which has no image or sacrifice, no baptism or eucharist, no organ, choir or pulpit. Amidst a wilderness of savages, and in an age of corruption, tyranny and war, he established liberty, peace and justice. He introduced new methods of administration; he stripped the law of cruelty, and treaties of deception; he diminished crimes by reducing punishment, and avoided hostilities by honest dealing. He pro-

moted industry by honoring it, and prevented oppression by equality of suffrage. When slavery was universal he strove to abolish it by ordinance and example. When ignorance was prevalent, he organized education. When the Sabbath was ignored, he enjoined its observance. When bigotry was rampant, he upheld the prerogative of conscience. When liquor drinking was debauching the Indians, he sought to restrain its traffic. When primogeniture was a cardinal canon of the law, he excluded it from the right of descent. When it was common to invade the soil of the aborigines he acknowledged their ownership and extinguished it by purchase.

He left a name amongst the lawgivers of nations. Like Romulus, he granted easy conditions of sharing the benefits of government, to foreigners. Like Solon, he prohibited an indiscriminate infliction of penalties, and apportioned them according to offences. Like Lycurgus, he provided for the education of youth. Like Numa, he believed in peace. Like Plato, he believed in progress. Like Moses, he believed in God. He builded on a sure foundation. He made divine virtue the corner-stone of institutions which we still enjoy.

How rare was his career! Born amidst all the associations of war, the son of a fighting admiral, he became at length a votary of non-resistance. Raised amidst licentious and luxurious fashions, he adopted the simple habits of an outlawed sect. Accustomed to the rites of the Church he was expelled, for non-conformity, from Oxford. Traveling abroad he acquired the chief continental tongues, and those unobsequious civilities which he said became a Christian. Studying the Calvinistic theology at Saumur, he may have learned there the representative system of his colonial polity. Visiting Ireland he gallantly assisted in quelling a mutiny at Carrickfergus. Reading law at Lincoln's Inn, he obtained a knowledge of the subject which served him well as prisoner and Proprietary. Incarcerated, and afterward driven from his father's house for acting with the Quakers, he defended his belief in public, against Churchmen and Dissenters. He argued, with ultimate

success, before a Parliamentary committee, against the compulsory requirements of oaths. He journeyed and preached in company with George Fox, and shared his hardships. He issued from the press edifying volumes on religious privilege. He denied the right of the Middlesex magistrates "to prosecute any one in this world about anything belonging to the next." Esteemed by princes for his sincerity, he used his favor in behalf of the Scotch refugees, the banished Rhinelanders of Crevelt, and the fifteen hundred Non-conformists in the prisons. He prayed for the release of the bishops held in the Tower for refusing to read the declaration of indulgence. He begged the lives of some of those condemned by the atrocious Jeffreys. He remonstrated against the despotic order to elect the king's candidate president of Magdalen College.

He advocated the election of Algernon Sidney to Parliament, for his liberality and patriotism; he recommended an earnest welcome in America to the fleeing Huguenots of France; he appealed to the ruler of Poland to indulge those of different faith, and recalled his ancestor's boast that he was not a king of consciences; he impressed his religious views on the accomplished Princess Palatine, Elizabeth, and on Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy; he visited the Prince of Orange, to induce him to favor toleration. He suggested a universal Diet of nations, to prevent war.

He directed Philadelphia to be laid out with orchards and yards around the buildings, so that it might be "a green country town, which could never be burned, and would always be wholesome." He framed a constitution for the colonists, which they could alter or subvert, which allowed all but the Governor, both Council and Assembly, to be chosen by every one who paid "lot or scot to the government;" which allowed no tax without law, no law without the consent of the people, no property restriction on voting, no class monopoly of office, no trial without a jury, fines to be moderate, prisons to be workhouses, children to be educated to useful trades, and worship to be free.

He negotiated with the Indians under the elm at Shackamaxon—the place of kings—that treaty of concord "which was never sworn to and never broken." He declined a large sum of money for the exclusive Indian trade, lest he should defile his trust. He refused the duties offered him upon certain imports and exports. He released certain quitrents for the public good. He spared the assassin whom he disarmed in the streets of Paris. He returned a soft answer to Richard Baxter. His principles stood the test of trial. He was deceived by exorbitant charges of his agents until the accumulated sum placed the whole province under mortgage. He was traduced by scheming men, called a Jesuit because he asserted the right of the Papist to indulgence; called a courtier because his claims for clemency were heeded in the palace; accused of treason to King William because he had been grateful to King James; deprived for awhile of his government; despoiled of his lawful income; reduced to a bare subsistence; imprisoned by those he served; defeated in his suit with Lord Baltimore about the boundary line, which, a century later, caused the survey of Mason and Dixon's; subjected to domestic affliction and disappointment. Yet, he left a memory which the criticism of the most popular historian of the age has failed to injure. He left a monument more significant than statue or column, pyramid or mausoleum. It is here—this vast organization of wealth and privilege—this heritage of liberty and law, with its prestige of past renown, and its destiny of constantly unfolding grandeur.

Penn's philosophy, opinions and conduct were all consistent. What sublimity of purpose, what simplicity of manner, what energy and wisdom, what kindness of heart did he exhibit! Studious, courageous, pious, patient under persecution, meek in authority, eloquent in expression, profound in learning, broad in thought—preferring duty to ambition, suffering to unfaithfulness, reproach to resentment—as a gentleman, scholar, preacher and legislator, his character seems unsurpassed.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

NCOVER your heads in her presence, for she is the gracious mother of us all. The millions who bear the Methodist name bear her impress. She moulded the man who is moulding the nations. Her brain, and heart, and will-power were the original guiding, conserving and propelling force of Methodism.

In countless homes in many lands her influence is felt at this hour, ennobling manhood, making womanhood sweeter, and blessing childhood with the instruction and inspiration of the wisdom, the faith, the firmness and self-abnegation that were exhibited in that parsonage at Epworth, where the valiant, unworldly, and unthrifty Samuel Wesley made his sermons and wrote his verses, and where she gave the world an immortal example of what a woman can do in her home to glorify God and bless mankind. With such a wife and mother in every Christian home, the militant church would have nothing to do but to marshal its forces and lead them at once to the conquest of the world. Her family discipline typed the methods of the millions whose tread is shaking the earth.

Her intellect was swift, keen and strong. She saw quicker and further than ordinary persons. In the great crises in the career of her illustrious son her intuition was ahead of his judgment. She pointed him to the paths providentially opened. It was her firm yet loving hand that held him steady when, bewildered or disheartened, he might have wavered. To her the student in college, the perplexed young theologue, the anxious penitent, the leader in a movement not foreseen by himself, nor devised by any human wisdom, turned for sympathy, for counsel and for prayer. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures enabled her always to give the word in season, while her mighty faith kindled and fed the flame that burned

in his soul. Her responsive spirit recognized the Divine hand in the strange and stirring events of that momentous time. She was thoroughly educated, having a knowledge of Greek, Latin and French, and being widely read in theology, polemics and general literature. Her mind moved on the same plane with those of her sons, and the sympathy that flowed to them from her motherly heart was intelligent, and therefore helpful as well as comforting.

She was beautiful in person. Physical beauty does not compensate for the lack of the higher qualities that ennoble and adorn womanhood, but it invests its fortunate possessor with an added charm and potency for good. The little touch of imperiousness that was in her temper was condoned the more readily by all concerned because it was the self-assertion of a woman whose strong intellect was reinforced by the magical power of a sweet voice and personal beauty. Such women—the most divinely-tuned of them, at least—bloom in ever-increasing sweetness and loveliness in the atmosphere they make around themselves.

There was a deeper spring of power in her life than either her intellect or her beauty. It was her piety. She took an hour every morning and every evening for private meditation and prayer. She did not find time for this—she was the mother of thirteen living children—she took time for it. And herein is the secret of the power that raised her above the level of her contemporaries, and gave unity, vigor and success to her life. The two hours thus spent were taken from the home school which she taught, from the domestic duties that waited for her ready hands, and from the parochial service expected from her. But it was there, in the place of secret prayer, that her soul was replenished with the spiritual life that was so helpful to other lives; it was there that she acquired the patience, the self-command and the moral power that made her a priestess at the home altar and qualified her to rule, with wisdom, firmness and love, that sacred kingdom. The light kindled within her own soul during those two hours

spent daily with God lighted all that were in the house. In that quiet chamber at Epworth, kneeling at the feet of God, the prayers of John Wesley's mother opened the channel for the pentecostal floods that were to flow over the earth in these latter days.

That is the picture—a gentle yet queenly presence, a face delicate and classically regular in its features, an eye that had the flash of fire and the tenderness of the great motherly heart, the noble head gracefully posed, all suffused with the indefinable influence that makes a holy woman radiant with unearthly beauty—SUSANNA WESLEY, the Mother of Methodism, who will live in its heart forever.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DAVID HUME.

THERE are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration—the true secret for

managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe—the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous—she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their States. Her own greatness, meanwhile, remained unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished under her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and with all their abilities they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudice both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting her beyond measure or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex.

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.

EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

LEXANDER II, the Liberator of the Serfs, son of Nicholas, Czar of Russia, was born, April 29th, 1818. From the cradle he was the object of the most tender love of both his parents. His education was exceedingly careful. His judgment and perception were clear, and he seldom showed those outbreaks of passion which had always been permanent characteristics of the Romanoffs. During his minority he traveled extensively in Russia, after which he visited England, Germany and Italy, acquainting himself, meanwhile, with the people, the laws, customs and court etiquette.

Early in youth he showed an unusual love of justice and forbearance, which it is fair to assume were strengthened by his travels and observations in foreign lands, for soon after coming to the throne, in 1855, he began to meditate on schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the serfs in his own dominions, who then virtually lived in abject slavery.

The great war which the Allied Powers were waging against Russia when he ascended the throne, together with various projects of reform which he immediately instituted, did not afford him an opportunity for carrying out the great scheme of his life—that of emancipating the serfs—until March 3d, 1861.

This latter measure is the crowning act of his life, and very justly places him among the great benefactors of the world.

He met a horrible death, at the hands of the Nihilists, March 13th, 1881, in his own capital city of St. Petersburg. While driving through one of the principal thoroughfares, a dynamite bomb was thrown under his carriage, which exploded with terrific force, mangling his body in a frightful manner, and killing him almost instantly.

He is accused by many for his severity toward conspirators and disaffected persons, but when all his motives are fairly

construed, we think the universal verdict must be that he always had the welfare of his realm at heart.

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
O, Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Now girds thee with strength of the victor,
And makes thee the lord of the East!

It was midnight on the Finland,
And, o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal sky of winter
The lamps of God hung low;
A sea of ice was the Neva,
In the white light of the stars,
And it locked its arms in silence
Round the city of the Tzars.

The palace was mantled in shadow,
And, dark, in the star-lit space,
The monolith rose before it,
From its battle-trophied base;
And the cross that crowned the column
Seemed reaching to the stars,
O'er the white streets, wrapped in silence,
Round the palace of the Tzars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sullen light;
Who comes to the sacred altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince, with a deep heart-burden,
Approaches the altar's stair,
To take the wine and the wafer,
And bow for the help of prayer?

'Tis the Tzar, whose word, in the morning,
Shall make the Russias free,
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the Winter Sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man—
From the serf on the white Ladoga
To the fisher of Astrakhan.

O, faith in Eternal Power!
O, faith in Eternal Love!
O, faith that looked up to heaven,
The promise of ages to prove!
The cross and the crown gleam above him;
He raises his brow from prayer,
The cross of humanity's martyr
Or crown of the hero to wear.

Slept the serf on the Neva and Volga,
Slept the fisher of Astrakhan,
Nor dreamed that the bells of the morning
Would ring in his rights as a man;
He saw not night's crystal gates open
To hosts singing carols on high,
He knew not a Bethlehem glory
Would break with the morn in the sky!

The morn set its jewels of rubies
In the snows of the turret and spire,
And shone the far sea of the Finland,
A sea of glass mingled with fire;
The Old Guard encircled the palace
With questioning look on each cheek,
And waited the word that the ukase
To the zone-girded empire should speak.

The voice of the Russias has spoken;
Each serf in the Russias is free!
Ring, bells, on the Neva and Volga,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian Sea!
O, Tzar of the North, Alexander,
Thy justice to those that were least
Shall gird thee with strength of the victor,
Shall make thee the lord of the East.

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
Thy triumphs of peace, Alexander,
Outshine all thy triumphs of war,
And thou, at God's altar, wert grander,
Than throned as the conquering Tzar.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

HORACE GREELEY.

ELI WHITNEY, a native of Westborough, Worcester County, Mass., born December 8th, 1765, was descended on both sides from ancestors of English stock, who dated their migration from the old country nearly back to the memorable voyage of the Mayflower. He early developed a remarkable ingenuity and mechanical skill, establishing, when only fifteen years of age, the manufacture, by hand, of wrought nails, for which there was, in those days of our Revolutionary struggle, a demand, at high prices. At nineteen, he resolved to obtain a liberal education, but it was not until he had reached the mature age of twenty-three that he was enabled to enter college. By turns, laboring with his hands and teaching school, he obtained the means of prosecuting his studies in Yale, which he entered in May, 1789.

While in college, his natural superiority in mechanism, and proclivity to invention were frequently manifested. On one occasion, a tutor regretted to his pupils that he could not exhibit a desired philosophical experiment, because the apparatus was out of order, and could only be repaired in Europe. Young Whitney thereupon proposed to undertake the repair, and made it, to perfect satisfaction.

Mr. Whitney graduated in the Fall of 1792, and directly engaged to proceed to Georgia as a private teacher. On his way thither he had as a traveling companion Mrs. Greene, widow of the eminent Revolutionary general, Nathaniel Greene, who was returning with her children to Savannah, after spending the Summer in the North. His health being infirm on his arrival at Savannah, Mrs. Greene kindly invited him to the hospitalities of her residence until he should become

fully restored. Short of money, and in a land of strangers, he was now coolly informed by his employer that his services were not required, he having employed another teacher in his stead. Mrs. Greene hereupon urged him to make her house his home so long as that should be desirable, and pursue, under her roof, the study of the law, which he then contemplated. He gratefully accepted the offer and commenced the study accordingly.

Mrs. Greene happened to be engaged in embroidering on a peculiar frame known as a tambour. It was badly constructed, so that it injured the fabric while it impeded its production. Mr. Whitney eagerly volunteered to make her a better one, and did so, on a plan wholly new, to her great delight and that of her children.

A large party of Georgians, from Augusta and the plantations above, soon after paid Mrs. Greene a visit, several of them being officers who had served under her husband in the Revolutionary War. Among the topics discussed by them around the fireside was the depressed state of agriculture, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of the green-seed cotton, because of the trouble and expense incurred in separating the seed from the fibre. These representations impelled Mrs. Greene to say: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney, he can make anything." She then introduced Mr. Whitney himself, extolling his genius, and commending him to their confidence and friendship. In the conversation that ensued, he observed that he had never seen cotton nor cotton seed in his life.

Mr. Whitney promised nothing and gave little encouragement, but went to work. No cotton in the seed being at hand, he went to Savannah and searched there among warehouses and boats until he found a small parcel. This he carried home and secluded with himself in a basement room, where he set himself at work to devise and construct the implement required. Tools being few and rude, he was constrained to make better, drawing his own wire, because none could, at

that time, be bought in the city of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and her next friend, Mr. Miller, whom she soon afterwards married, were the only persons beside himself who were allowed the *entrée* to his workshop—in fact, the only ones who clearly knew what he was about. His mysterious hammering and tinkering in that solitary cell were subjects of infinite curiosity, marvel and ridicule among the younger members of the family. But he did not interfere with their merriment, nor allow them to interfere with his enterprises; and before the close of the Winter his machine was so nearly perfected that its success was no longer doubtful.

Mrs. Greene, too eager to realize and enjoy her friend's triumph, in view of the existing stagnation of Georgia industry, invited an assemblage at her house, of leading gentlemen from various parts of the State, and on the first day of their meeting, conducted them to a temporary building erected for the machine, in which they saw, with astonishment and delight, that one man, with Whitney's invention, could separate more cotton from the seed in a single day than he could without it by the labor of months.

Mr. Miller now proposed a partnership with Mr. Whitney, by which he engaged to furnish funds to perfect the invention, secure the requisite patents and manufacture the needed machines. Mr. Whitney, therefore, proceeded to Connecticut, but his just and sanguine hopes were destined to signal and bitter disappointment. His invention was too valuable to be peacefully enjoyed; or, rather, it was the seeming and urgent interest of too many to rob him of the just reward of his achievements. Reports of the nature and value of his invention were widely and rapidly circulated, creating intense excitement. Multitudes hastened from all quarters to see his original machine; but no patent having yet been secured, it was deemed unsafe to gratify their curiosity, so they broke open the building by night and carried off the wonderful prize. Before he could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of imitations had been made and set to work, devi-

ating in some respects from the original, in the hope of thus evading all penalty.

Miller and Whitney's plan was to construct and retain the ownership of all the machines that might be needed, setting one up in each cotton-growing neighborhood; but no single factory could turn out the gins as fast as wanted. And then the manufacture of machines, to be constructed and worked by the patentees alone, involved a very large outlay of money, which must mainly be obtained by borrowing. Then there was sickness, Mr. Whitney having a severe and tedious attack in 1794; after which scarlet fever raged in New Haven, disabling many of his workmen; and soon the lawsuits into which they were driven, in defence of their patent, began to devour all the money they could make or borrow. In 1795 Whitney had another attack of sickness, and on his return to New Haven, from three weeks of suffering in New York, he learned that his manufactory, with all his machines and papers, had just been consumed by fire, whereby he found himself suddenly reduced to utter bankruptcy. Next came a report from England that the British manufacturers condemned and rejected the cotton cleaned by his machines, on the ground that *the staple was greatly injured by the ginning process.* And now no one would touch the ginned cotton.

In the depths of their distress and insolvency, Miller wrote from Georgia to Whitney, urging him to hasten to London, there to counteract the stupid prejudice which had been excited against ginned cotton.

At length, the ridiculous prejudice against cotton cleaned by Whitney's gin gradually and slowly gave way, and the value of the invention began to be perceived and acknowledged. The company's first suit against infringers now came to trial before a Georgia jury, and, in spite of the judge's charge directly in the plaintiff's favor, a verdict was given for the defendants—a verdict from which there was no appeal. Meanwhile, the South fairly swarmed with pirates on the invention, of all kinds and degrees.

Mr. Miller, the partner of Whitney, died, poor and embarrassed, on the 7th of December, 1803. At the term of the United States District Court for Georgia, held at Savannah, in December, 1807, Mr. Whitney obtained a verdict against the pirates of his invention; his patent now being in the last year of its existence, Judge Johnson, in entering judgment for the plaintiff, said:—

"With regard to the utility of this discovery, the Court would deem it a waste of time to dwell long upon this topic. Is there a man who hears us who has not experienced its utility? The whole interior of the Southern States was languishing and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age, it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off. Our capitals have increased, and our lands have trebled themselves in value.

"We cannot express the weight of the obligation which the country owes to this invention. The extent cannot now be seen. Some faint presentiment may be formed from the reflection that cotton is rapidly supplanting wool, flax, silk and even furs, in manufactures. Our sister States also participated in the benefits of this invention; for, besides affording the raw material for their manufactures, the bulkiness and quantity of the article afford a valuable employment for their shipping."

Mr. Whitney's patent expired in 1808, leaving him a poorer man, doubtless, than if he had never undertaken the invention of a machine by means of which the annual production of cotton in the Southern States has been augmented from some five or ten thousand bales in 1793, to over *five millions of bales* in 1859. To say that this invention was worth one thousand millions of dollars, to this country is to place a very moderate estimate on its value.

In 1798 Mr. Whitney, despairing of ever achieving a competency from the proceeds of his cotton gin, engaged in the manufacture of firearms in New Haven; and his rare capacity for this or any similar undertaking, joined with his invincible perseverance and energy, was finally rewarded with success. Able to make any implement or machine he required, or to invent a new one when that might be needed, he ultimately achieved a competency.

In September, 1822, he was attacked by a dangerous and painful illness, which, with alternations of terrible suffering and comparative ease, preyed upon him until January, 8th, 1826, when he died, not quite sixty years of age.

"NOW I'M A MADE MAN FOR LIFE!"

"Now, I'm a made man for life!" said a boy of sixteen, when he received an appointment to work at a pumping-engine, with wages at twelve shillings a week. His had been a rough, hard-working life. His father was a fireman, who earned only twelve shillings a week, out of which there was a wife and six children to keep. His home was a poor cottage, with a clay floor and unplastered walls. He had never been to school; but as soon as ever he was old enough to do anything, he had to contribute to the general support. At first, he earned two-pence a day for looking after Widow Ainslie's cows; later on, he received two shillings a week for minding horses; later on still, six shillings a week as assistant fireman to his father; and, at the age of sixteen, he was "made a man for life," as he thought, by becoming a fireman with wages at twelve shillings a week. That boy was George Stephenson, who became one of the greatest men of his day, and who, as "the father of railways," will be held in grateful admiration all the world over for his mighty labors in connection with the locomotive engine.—*Heroes of Britain in Peace and War.*

ALFRED THE GREAT.

CHARLES DICKENS.

AS great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one.

He founded schools; he patiently heard cases himself in his court of justice. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. He had the candles put into cases formed of wood and white horn; and these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible, unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain, that nothing could relieve. He bore it as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

THE TRIUMPH OF GREECE.

THE final overthrow of the Persian hosts on the battle-field of Platæa, B. C. 479, has an importance far greater than that of the deliverance of the Greeks from immediate danger. Perhaps no other event in ancient history has been so momentous in its consequences; for what would have been the condition of Greece had she then become a province of the Persian Empire? The greatness which she subsequently attained, and the glory and renown with which she has filled the earth, would never have had an existence. Little Greece sat at the gates of a continent, and denied an entrance to the gorgeous barbarism of Asia. She determined that Europe should not be Asiatic; that civilization should not sink into the abyss of unmitigated despotism. She turned the tide of Persian encroachment back across the Hellespont, and Alexander only followed the refluent wave to the Indus.

* * * * * "The fate
Of unborn ages hung upon the fray;
'Twas at Platæa, in that awful hour
When Greece united smote the Persian's power.
For had the Persian triumphed then, the spring
Of knowledge from that living source had ceased;
All would have fallen before the barbarous king—
Art, Science, Freedom; the despotic East,
Setting her mark upon the race subdued,
Had stamped them in the mould of sensual servitude."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GREECE. (See page 88.)

PART * II.

Heroic * Sacrifices.

"Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still."

—*Bishop Heber.*

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

PART II.

HEROIC SACRIFICES.

JOHN MAYNARD.

'TWAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer, "Ocean Queen,"
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or, leaning o'er her side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.

A seaman sought the captain's side
A moment, whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale;
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick, and sharp,
And clear his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench th' insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomèd ship.
"Is there no hope, no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore,
"But one," the captain made reply,
"To run the ship on shore!"

A sailor whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal,
By name, John Maynard, Eastern-born,
Stood calmly at the wheel.
"Head her southeast!" the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar—
"Head her southeast, without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"

John Maynard watched the nearing flame,
But still, with steady hand,
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard, can you still hold out?"
He heard the captain cry.
A voice from out the stifling smoke
Faintly responds, "Ay! Ay!"

But half a mile! A hundred hands
Stretch eagerly to shore.
But half a mile! That distance sped,
Perils shall all be o'er!
But half a mile! Yet stay! The flames
No longer slowly creep,
But gather round the helmsman bold
With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore!"
Through flame and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly, still,
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help, I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side;
Ah! he is conquered now!
But no; his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down his pain;
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again!

One moment yet, one moment yet!
  Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
  The steamer touches shore!
Three hundred grateful voices rise
  In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
  And from th' ingulfing sea!

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
  The captain saw him reel;
His nerveless hands released their task,
  He sank beside the wheel!
The wave received his lifeless corpse,
  Blackened with smoke and fire!
God rest him! Never hero had
  A nobler funeral pyre!

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

A STORY OF STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE only ability I have is to tell a story. From the night I signed the pledge I began to tell the story. It was a story of privation and suffering, of struggle and victory; a story of gloom and sunshine, one which I felt in the deepest depths of my own soul; a story of God's infinite mercy. It is a simple story, and I have been telling it ever since. I know I have not education and logic, but I thank God I know that there are some men who, by hearing my story, have been able to make their life better, nobler and truer. The first words I ever uttered in a temperance meeting were: "What are you laughing at over there?" for, when the chairman of the meeting gave me permission to say a few words, a young man who knew me began to laugh. I held up

my hand. I said: "Look there; are you laughing at that? I cannot hold my hand steady. It is drink that has done it. Now I am going to sign the temperance pledge." I did it, and although the signature is like Stephen Hopkins' on the Declaration of Independence, it was written, and although it is a long time ago, that act is as fresh in my remembrance as anything that occurred a week ago. I want to say a word or two in reference to the intemperate. What shall we do for them? The great aim ought to be to put temptation out of the way—to crush out the liquor traffic, and save them from the temptations to which they are exposed at every corner. You can see very readily why we should do that; but while we are doing that do not let us forget these unfortunate drunkards who are going to perdition. While we are working for prohibition let us labor for the restoration of the drunkard, not by wishing him success, but by doing something practical to help him.

There is not a temperance man or woman who is not glad when men sign the pledge; but how do many of them manifest their gladness and encouragement? A friend of mine stood by the pledge table in Exeter Hall, London, when a poor, drunken, ignorant sot, a broken-down prize fighter, a champion of the light weights, thirty-two years old, signed the pledge. My friend was a builder, and he employed seven or eight hundred men, and he wished to help this poor drunkard. Did he say: "I hope you will stick to it; it will be a good thing for you if you stick to it?" No; but he asked: "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" "Where I did last night." "Where was that?" "In the street." "No, you don't; you signed the pledge, you joined our society, you belong to us; you are going home with me." He told me that his wife had to burn the bed clothes the next morning; but what is a set of bed clothes compared with the restoration and salvation of a man? He did not mind the burning of the bed clothes so long as that man recovered sufficiently from the effects of drink to go to work. He was very ignorant, and he went to

Sunday school, where he learned his letters and how to put them together. Two years afterwards he stood up in that Sunday school and thanked God that he ever went there, and to-day that man is one of the most effective city missionaries in Whitechapel. That is the way to save men. These poor fellows need help. Suppose one of these poor fellows signs the pledge; there are a great many out-and-out temperance men and women who do not understand and do not know what that man has to go through. It is an easy thing to sign the pledge. A poor fellow said: "I would sign that pledge in a minute if anybody would take the next six weeks from me." How does he feel the next morning? Why, when the man rises, his mouth is dry and feverish, and one hand shakes; he has no power over his nerves. He knew this would come to him, but it seems to be worse than ever. There is a glass of liquor, and he knows that it will steady his nerves if he drinks it. He is shaking in every limb, and every nerve is twitching and stinging; but the liquor will relieve him at once, and there is an awful temptation to take it, and nine out of ten men cannot resist that without human help. When the man feels a horrible stagnation in the stomach, and when the blood won't flow, and he knows that a glass of whiskey will start the blood, there is a strong temptation. That man needs human help then and there. I do not ask you to take him to your house, but keep an eye upon him just after he signs the pledge, for men who break their pledges do so before the first struggle is over. These men know not what they need. In Edinburgh they have a club room, where temperance men invite men to come who are trying to reform. A man went in there one night very drunk. Mr. Cranston said: "Do you know what place this is?" "Yes, it is a teetotal club room." "Well, but you are drunk." "I know I am; I never denied I was drunk, did I?" "What business have you here, then?" "I am a teetotaler. I know I am drunk. Did you ever see a drunk teetotaler before? because, if you did not, here is one." They thought he was feigning drunkenness, and said: "You had

better go out." "Don't put me out, gentlemen," he said, "I am a teetotaler; here is my pledge; I signed it down the street, about half an hour ago, and, so help me God, I haven't touched a drop since, and don't mean to. I have come here for safety." That is what he wanted, and that is what every poor, struggling man needs.

THE PATRIOTIC COURIER, B. C., 490.

THOMAS ARCHER.

"Rejoice! rejoice! the victory is ours!"

IT is the cry of the Greek soldier—a solitary figure, who has come, with already failing feet and straining eyes, up the long road that leads to Athens from the level plain by the sea, between the foot of Pentelicus and the less prominent Mount of Hymettus—the plain of Marathon.

Covered with dust and blood—the blood of the enemy mingled with his own—wounded, faint, and with armor and dress disordered, he has struggled onward toward the eminence where the Archons were assembled in the porch of the Athenian town hall. To bring the glorious news, he has left the conquering ranks of Miltiades, Aristides and Themistocles, only waiting to see the Persians flee to the ships that came to invade Attica, and are now—such of them as are not burned by the victorious Greeks before they can push off from the shore—the only place of refuge for that great army which Darius had sent to avenge the defiance of Athens and Sparta. The treacherous Hippias, the son of Pisistratus, once the tyrant of Athens, has led the invading force; but he lies undistinguished amidst the heaps of slain. Six thousand Persians have fallen in this

desperate battle, without counting those who have found a grave in the sea or have been consumed in the flames.

Seven of the ships have been taken, and the pursuing *hoplites* and their commanders have sought to stay the rest by rushing waist-deep in the water and seizing the triremes. Among these was Cyraegirus, brother of the poet Æschylus, who, refusing to release his hold, and endeavoring to board the vessel that he had clutched in the fury of his pursuit, had his hand severed by a Median axe, and fell back into the sea and was drowned. About two hundred of the victorious army have fallen; and now a single messenger, keeping his latest breath to accomplish this heroic journey of thirty miles from the sea border of Marathon to the city, lifts up his hands, and, with one cry of "Victory!" falls upon the marble steps, and is numbered with the dead.

THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

FRANK MURRY.

IN a little German village,
On the waters of the Rhine,
Gay and joyous in their pastimes,
In the pleasant vintage time,
Were a group of happy peasants,
For the day released from toil,
Thanking God for all his goodness
In the product of the soil;

When a cry ran through the welkin,
And appeared upon the scene
A panting dog, with crest erect,
Foaming mouth and savage mien.
"He is mad!" was shrieked in chorus;
In dismay, they all fell back—
All except one towering figure,
'T was the smith of Ragenbach!

God had given this man his image;
Nature stamped him as complete;
Now it was incumbent on him
To perform a greater feat
Than Horatius at the bridge,
When he stood on Tiber's bank;
For, behind him were his townfolk,
Who, appalled with terror, shrank

From the most appalling danger—
That which makes the bravest quail;
While they all were grouped together,
Shaking limbs and visage pale.
For a moment cowered the beast,
Snapping to the left and right,
While the blacksmith stood before him
In the power of his might.

One must die to save the many,
Let it then my duty be;
"I've the power. Fear not, neighbors!
From this peril you'll be free!"
As the lightning from the storm cloud
Leaps to earth with sudden crash,
So upon the rabid monster
Did this man and hero dash!

In the death-grip then they struggled,
Man and dog, with scarce a sound,
Till from out the fearful conflict
Rose the man from off the ground,
Gashed and gory from the struggle;
But the beast lay stiff and dead!
There he stood, while people gathered,
And rained blessings on his head.

"Friends," he said, "from one great peril,
With God's help, I've set you free;
But my task is not yet ended,
There is danger now in *me!*
Yet secure from harm you shall be;
None need fear before I die;
That my sufferings may be shortened,
Ask of Him who rules on high."

Then unto his forge he straightway
  Walked erect, with rapid step,
While the people followed after,
  Some with shouts, while others wept;
And with nerve as steady as when
  He had plied his trade for gain,
He selected, without faltering,
  From his store, the heaviest chain.

To his anvil, first, he bound it,
  Next his limb he shackled fast,
Then he said unto his townsfolk
"All your danger now is past!
Place within my reach, I pray you,
  Food and water for a time,
Until God shall ease my sufferings
  By His gracious will divine."

Long he suffered, but at last,
  Came a summons from on high;
Then his soul, with angel escort,
  Sought its home beyond the sky;
And the people of that village,
  Those whom he had died to save,
Still, with grateful hearts, assemble,
  And with flowers bedeck his grave.

MOLIERE'S LAST DAY.

ANONYMOUS.

It is told of Moliere, that on the morning of the day on which he died, his wife and friends, seeing how weak he was, tried to prevent him going down to play that night, but in vain. "A man," said he, "suffers long ere he dies; I feel that with me the end is at hand; but there are fifty poor workingmen who have only their day's wages to live on, and who is to give them bread to-night if I play not?" So he went down, and played his great composition, the *Malade Imaginaire*—dying all the while, then went home to bed, and died.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

(A touching incident of the Crimean War.)

CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad.
So I've brought my boy, Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever,
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—
Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro,'
While yon fifer plays it, too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but Captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair:
For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
Of a benison, long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra——?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother,
You will know 'tis surely me
Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille."

* * * * *

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night-wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death and daisies from the sod,
Captain Graham walked swift onward,
While a faintly-beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together:
"Sandie Murray! See, I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See—the morning is not near."
A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:
"Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
'Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I'm going home;
That is why I play the measure,
Mother will not see me come;
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"
Hush, the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

—*Anonymous.*

A MODEL WOMAN.

OW, it came to pass, in the days of Ahasuerus (that is, Ahasuerus which reigned from India, even unto Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces), that, in those days, when the King Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom which was in Shushan, the palace, in the third year of his reign he made a feast unto all his princes and his servants; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes, being before him.

* * * * * * * * * *

"On the seventh day, when the heart of the king was merry with wine, he commanded the seven chamberlains that served in the presence of Ahasuerus, the king, to bring Vashti, the queen, before the king, with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty, for she was fair to look on. But the queen, Vashti, refused to come at the king's commandment by his chamberlains; therefore was the king very wroth, and his anger burned in him.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Then the king said to the wise men which knew the times, what shall we do unto the queen Vashti, according to law, because she hath not performed the commandment of the king Ahasuerus by the chamberlains?

"And Memucan answered before the king and the princes; if it please the king, let there go out a royal commandment from him, and let it be written among the laws of the Persians and Medes, that it be not altered, that Vashti come no more before King Ahasuerus; and let the king give her royal estate unto another, that is better than she.

"And the saying pleased the king and the princes; and the king did according to the word of Memucan."—*Esther, Chap. 1.*

From out an Eastern heathen empire that flourished ages

ago there looks down upon us, a light and guide to the women of the nineteenth century, a strong, womanly character, Vashti, queen of Ahasuerus and of his court. The hand of the historian parts the curtain and reveals to us the unequaled splendors of this court of the Persian king. It is the third year of his reign; and in the flush of pride and manhood the king, who ruled over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces—from India even to Ethiopia—gave a feast. A hundred and eighty days he showed the riches and honor of his kingdom before the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of his provinces. There is at last the hush of revelry—the banqueting of the feast is over. This is followed by a feast of seven days "for all the people, great and small." The splendors of the former baffled the historian's pen. It is here, in this lesser feast only, that we catch the details of magnificent preparation. There are hangings of white, green and blue; cords of fine linen and purple; silver rings and pillars of marble; sofas of gold and silver on pavements of porphyry, marble, alabaster and stone of blue; drinking vessels of gold; wine in abundance. The drinking was regulated by law—none were compelled. "It was only the court whose law was not 'drink and begone.'" Beside this, Vashti, the queen, made a feast for the women of the king's house. The last day of the feast had come, and the king's heart was merry with wine. He sought some new pleasure for the feasting throng. But of all his treasures there was nothing new left with which to entertain his guests save Vashti, the queen, beautiful and strong. And Vashti was by the seven chamberlains of the king commanded to appear before him in royal crown, decked in purple and gold and rare embroidery.

Standing in the midst of the women of the king's house, she received her lord's command. The jewels that encircled heavily her neck and arms and fingers flashed in the light. But the virtue, the womanliness of the heathen queen, as standing there she received the king's command and refused to go, flashed out upon the moral world a light that has never

died. One may almost see this woman dare send back this answer. She looks her beauty, her womanhood, herself, and she will not flaunt them before an idle throng. Her strongest characteristic is her common sense; and it was this counsellor which sent back that self-protective answer and stirred the wrath of a heathen despot. Then there comes the sound of anger, a hasty council, the framing of a law—and the feast that had magnified the kingdom ends in a public shame. The brave queen from out the palace goes uncrowned, yet wearing before all nations the right royal crown of a true and lofty womanhood. —*Christian at Work.*

TWO MOTHERS.

URING the darkest period of the French Revolution occurred the following incident, so characteristic of the sympathy of one mother for another, in whatever condition of life. The grandfather of the present Marquis de Custine was on trial before one of the sanguinary tribunals of the day.

The father of the Marquis was absent, as ambassador in Prussia; and his mother hastened to Paris to save, if possible, the life of her father-in-law.

"Every day," says the Marquis, "she was present in the court, during my grandfather's trial, sitting at his feet. Mornings and evenings, she visited personally the members of the revolutionary tribunal, and the members of the committee, and so great was the power of her beauty, and the interest excited by her presence, that at one of the last sittings of the tribunal the women of the gallery, though unused to tears, were seen to weep. The marks of sympathy which these furies gave to the daughter-in-law of Custine irritated the president so much that, during the session, he gave secret orders that the life of my mother should be secretly taken as she descended the steps of the hall.

"The accused was re-conducted to his prison. His daughter-in-law, on leaving the tribunal, prepared to descend the steps of the palace, to regain, alone and on foot, the carriage which was waiting for her in a distant street. No one dared to accompany her, at least openly, for fear of increasing the danger. Timid and shy as a hare, she had, all her life, an instinctive dread of a crowd. Imagine the steps of the Palace of Justice, that long flight of stairs, covered with the crowded masses of an angry populace, gorged with blood, and already too much accustomed to performing their horrid office to draw back from one murder more.

"My mother, trembling, stopped at the head of the steps. Her eyes commanded the place where Madame Lamballe had been murdered some months before. A friend of my father had succeeded in getting a note to her while in court, to warn her to redouble her prudence; but this advice increased the danger, instead of averting it. My mother's alarm being greater, she had less presence of mind; she thought herself lost; and this idea was almost fatal to her. If I tremble and fall, as Madame Lamballe did, thought she, it is all over with me. The furious mob thickened incessantly about her path. 'It is Custine, it is the daughter-in-law of the traitor!' cried they, on every side. Every outcry was seasoned with oaths and atrocious imprecations.

"How should she descend—how should she pass through the fiend-like crowd? Some, with drawn swords, placed themselves before her; others, without vests, their shirt-sleeves turned up, were driving away their wives. This was the precursor of an execution. The danger increased. My mother thought that if she exhibited the slightest weakness, she should be thrown to the ground, and her fall would be the signal for her death.

"At last, casting her eyes around, she perceived one of the fish-women, a most hideous-looking creature, advancing in the middle of the crowd. This woman had a nursing infant in her arms. Impelled by the God of Mothers, the daughter of 'the traitor' approached this mother—a mother is something

more than a woman—and said to her, 'what a pretty child you have there!' 'Take it,' replied the mother, who, degraded as she was, understood everything, with a word—a look—'you can give it back to me at the bottom of the steps.'

"Maternal electricity had acted on the two hearts—the crowd felt it. My mother took the child, embraced it, and made use of it as an Ægis against the enraged crowd.

"The man of nature resumed his rights over the man brutalized by the effects of social disease; the barbarians calling themselves civilized, were conquered by two mothers.

"Mine, rescued, descends into the court of the Palace of Justice, crosses it, goes toward the square, without receiving a blow, or the least injury. She reached the grating, and gave back the child to the person who had lent it to her; and, in the same moment, they separated without speaking a single word. The place was not favorable for thanks or explanations. They said nothing to each other of their secret. They never saw each other again! *The souls of these two mothers will meet somewhere else.*"—*From the French of De Custine.*

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD AND CHARLES I.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE Earl of Strafford defended himself against the accusations of the House of Commons, with all the presence of mind, judgment, and sagacity, that could be expected from innocence and ability. His children were placed beside him, as he was thus defending his life and the cause of his royal master. After he had, in a long and eloquent speech, delivered without premeditation, confuted all the accusations of his enemies, he thus drew to a conclusion. "But, my lords, I have troubled you too long: longer than I should have done, but for the sake of these dear pledges, which a saint in heaven

has left me." Upon this he paused; dropped a tear; looked upon his children, and proceeded. "What I forfeit for myself is a trifle: that my indiscretions should reach my posterity, wounds me to the heart. Pardon my infirmity. Something I should have added, but I am not able; and therefore I let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself. I have long been taught that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory which awaits the innocent. And so, my lords, even so, with the utmost tranquillity, I submit myself to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death: not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

His eloquence and innocence induced those judges to pity who were the most zealous to condemn him. The king himself went to the House of Lords, and spoke for some time in his defence; but the spirit of vengeance, which had been chained for eleven years, was now roused, and nothing but his blood could give the people satisfaction. He was condemned by both houses of Parliament; and nothing remained but for the king to give his consent to the bill of attainder. But in the present commotions, the consent of the king would very easily be dispensed with; and imminent danger might attend his refusal. Charles, however, who loved Strafford tenderly, hesitated, and seemed reluctant; trying every expedient to put off so dreadful an office as that of signing the warrant for his execution. While he continued in this agitation of mind and state of suspense, his doubts were at last silenced by an act of great magnanimity in the condemned lord. He received a letter from that unfortunate nobleman, desiring that his life might be made a sacrifice to obtain reconciliation between the king and his people; adding, that he was prepared to die, and that to a willing mind there could be no injury. This instance of noble generosity was but ill-repaid by his master, who complied with his request. He consented to sign the fatal bill by commission; and Strafford was beheaded on Tower-hill, May 12th, 1641; behaving with all that composed dignity of resolution which was expected from his character.

PASTOR DANKWARDT.

(*Pomerania, 1807.*)

ANNIE FIELDS.

IT WAS in the Northern German land,
Fast by the Baltic Sea,
When the French Emperor sent his troops
To bend the people's knee,

And dwell within their houses,
Feasting on wine and corn,
Till German hearts should learn to feel
The might of foreign scorn;

They came to Bodenstede,
A hamlet green and still,
With fountain in the market place,
Where maids their pitchers fill;

They overran the village street,
They overran the inn,
They stole the peasants' ripening crops,
And strove the maids to win;

And up and down, throughout the night,
They sang their ribald song,
While hidden evils darted forth
To join the lawless throng.

How fair was Bodenstede!
But deeds the Frenchmen wrought
Among her pleasant summer fields
No peaceful harvest brought.

The people seized the soldiers,
And bore them to the strand,
And shipped them to a barren shore
Within a hostile land,

And then returned rejoicing;
But he, the nation's fate,
Quickly dispatched a mightier corps
To hold the conquered State.

Alas for Bodenstede!
How sad the sun uprose
That day; the foreign flags returned
Before his golden close!

Rode forth Commander Mortier:
"Seize all the men," he cried,
"Who rule in Bodenstede,
And place them side by side;

"And at the signal given,
Shoot each man where he stands;
They that remain shall live to see
Their blazing homes and lands."

Then forward stepped the pastor;
His eyes were bright as flame;
"If any man is shot, shoot me;
Mine is the guilt and shame.

"I bade the people to revolt,
And drag the men away;
I sent them to the Swedish shore;
'Twas I urged on the fray.

"Hear me, O sire, how innocent
These people surely are;
I pray thee burn my guilty roof,
But all the others spare."

The stern Commander, Mortier,
Heard what the pastor said,
One moment stood irresolute,
Then turned his horse's head,

And putting spurs to flank they rode
Out from the wondering town;
And as they passed, the word was given,
"These fisher-huts burn down!"

A few poor sheds where no man dwelt!
No blood that day they spilled.
And thus Commander Mortier
The Emperor's law fulfilled.

Those battle-fields are overgrown;
Dim is their glory now;
But Virtue, ever wakeful, shines;
The stars are on her brow.

The pastor, in his flowing gown,
Before the armèd host,
Joyfully giving life and home
If he may save the lost.

Deep in the German fatherland
This rooted memory grows,
And safe within the children's heart
The living picture glows.

—*Harpers' Magazine.*

MAHMOUD.

AHMOUD, the third prince of the dynasty of Ghwzni, was born in the latter part of the tenth century. He was noted for his strict sense of justice, as well as for his martial spirit. In the course of his reign, he extended his dominions from the Tigris to the Ganges, and from the Oxus to the Indian Ocean. He died about the year 1030 A. D. The following instance of his determined justice is recorded by all his historians:—

A poor man had complained that a young noble of the court came constantly to his house at night, turned him out of doors, and committed other outrageous indignities. The monarch bade him give notice the next time this occurred. He did as he was directed, and Mahmoud went with him to his house. When he reached it, he put out a lamp that was burning, and, having found the paramour, struck off his head with one blow of his cimeter. He then called for a light, and, after viewing the corpse, fell upon his knees and returned thanks to heaven,

after which he bade the astonished husband bring him water, of which he drank an immoderate quantity. "You are surprised at my actions," said Mahmoud, "but know that since you informed me of the outrage you suffered, I have neither slept, ate, nor drank. I conceived that no person, except one of my sons, would dare openly to commit so great a crime; resolved to do justice, I extinguished the light, that my feelings as a father might not prevent me from doing my duty as a sovereign; my prayers were a thanksgiving to the Almighty when I saw that I had not been compelled to slay one of my own offspring, and I drank, as you observed, like a man that was expiring of thirst."

There came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right,
And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognize its right, as king with king;
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed: I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."
"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No; he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft,
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud;
I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,
And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"
(For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go:
And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,

And went with the vexèd man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window fluttered in affright:
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!—
A table falls, the window is struck dark:
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind,
With curses, comes the fiend, in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud:
'Twas done: *he took it in his hand and bowed*
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the beholders wait;
They bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man, amazed, all mildness, now in tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in his place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villainies were done
Must be some lord of mine,—ay, e'en perhaps a *son*.
For this I had the light put out; but when
I saw the face, and found the stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
And then I rose and was refreshed with food,
The first time since thy voice has marred my solitude."

LEIGH HUNT.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

IT was on the twenty-fifth of October, 1854, during the Crimean War, while the opposing armies—Russian on the one side, and the French and English on the other—were encamped near the village of Balaclava, a Russian port on the northern shore of the Black Sea, that the events commemorated in the following sketch and poem took place.

It appears that the quartermaster-general, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order, in writing, to Captain Nolan, Fifteenth Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan.

When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared, without a thought, to rush on almost certain death.

It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support;" that infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous, and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dan-

geneus. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length. At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed toward the front the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendor of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position!

Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valor knew no bounds, and for indeed was it removed from its so-called better part discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed toward the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of flame and smoke through which hissed the deadly balls. The light was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt or check their speed an instant, with diminished ranks, closed in mass by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the utmost deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on

the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood.

To our delight, we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank-fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale. Demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the Eighth Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of the Russian guns.

W. H. RUSSELL.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

N. P. WILLIS.

ND Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said: "If thou shalt, without fail, deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then shall it be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh, unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass that when he saw her he rent his clothes and said: "Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot

go back." And she said unto him, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon." And she said unto her father, "Let this thing be done for me." * * * * * * * *

And it came to pass at the end of two months that she returned to her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed. And it was a custom in Israel that the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah, the Gileadite, four days in a year.—*Judges, chap. xi.*

* * * * * * The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands; clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear, at intervals;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe!
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
The brow of death as well. The chariot wheels
Of warriors roll magnificently on—
Their weight hath crushed the fallen. *Man* is there,
Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
And elevated brow and God-like frame,
Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel
Hath trod the dying, like a wine press, down!

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curled slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's Leopard; and his mail—
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear—
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye and bended brow
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow;
And his proud lip was pressed as if with pain.

He trod less firmly, and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intently forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye—
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things, stole up,
Like the recovered passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly—a moment more,
And he had reached his home; when, lo! there sprang
One, with a bounding footstep, and a brow
Of light, to meet him Oh, how beautiful!
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—
And her luxuriant hair—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She called him "Father;" but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like chords;
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God, in agony.
She knew that he was stricken, then, and rushed
Again into his arms; and with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He told her—and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened; and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
And she would die. * * * * * *
* * * * * * * The sun had well nigh set;
The fire was on the altar; and the priest

Of the high God was there. A wasted man
Was stretching out his withered hands to Heaven,
As if he would have prayed, but had no words;
And she who was to die—the calmest one
In Israel at that hour—stood up alone,
And waited for the sun to set. Her face
Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels!
The sun set;
And she was dead, but not by violence.

THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

They fell, devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memories sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.

LORD BYRON.

THERMOPYLÆ is a celebrated pass, or defile, between Thessaly and Locris, and was, in antiquity, the only passage for an enemy from Northern into Central Greece. It is situated between Mt. Ætna and the Maliac Gulf, and the road or passage was then only wide enough for a single wagon track.

When Athens and Sparta resolved to resist the invasion of Xerxes, it was here that Leonidas, king of the latter country, took up his position. His forces numbered about 7000; but when, during the battle, he learned that one Ephialtes, a

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ

Thessalian, had betrayed to the Persians a circuitous pass over the mountains, leading to the rear, he dismissed all but his chosen band of 300 Spartans, with about 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans, who volunteered to share his fate. This small host sallied out and fought till Leonidas and all the Spartans and Thespians were killed. The fate of the Thebans is uncertain. One Spartan, Aristodemus, who was prevented by illness from partaking in the combat, returned home, and was received with scorn, but in the following year he retrieved his honor by a heroic death at Platæa.

It was a wild midnight—a storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave it light and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

Swift, from the deluged ground three hundred took the shield;
Then, in silence, gathered round the leader of the field!
All up the mountain's side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners pale.

And foremost from the pass, among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas, like the lightning's living brand;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased its moan;
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy;
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartans' bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greeks rushed on, where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet there;
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.

[illegible] to Greece one cup poured high
[illegible] Immortality
[illegible] from the tomb
[illegible] the warriors come

[illegible] with charge
[illegible] Spartan tange
[illegible] fight again
[illegible] the self-same men?

[illegible]

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS

REV. ET. AB. KELLOGG

REGULUS was a Roman general who, in the first Punic war, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians and after a captivity of several years was sent by them to Rome with an embassy to solicit peace, or at least an exchange of prisoners. But Regulus earnestly dissuaded his countrymen from both, and resisting all the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, he returned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to death with the most cruel tortures. The following animated description of his arrival at Carthage is everywhere radiant with the spirit of Rome in those brave days of old:—

The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given with its rich and mellow light a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, a hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city

The artisan had forsaken his shop; the judge his tribunal; the priest the sanctuary; and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the Senate house startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

"Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded were dying in the dungeons of Rome; and gray-haired men and matrons whom the Roman sword had left childless.

"But when the stern features of Regulus were seen and his colossal form, towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman Senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and the Carthaginians, the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans and curses, and yells of vengeance. But, calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that phrenzied crown, with gestures as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome.

"The tumult ceased; the curse, half uttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he addressed them:—

"Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one's country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter!

worthiness I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you, to you expert in womanly inventions, to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold! If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

I am a Roman citizen: therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you! Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered Senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime, compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow ere it had been over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce roll of war nerved my sinews, did, with fondest memory of bygone hours, entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, and buckled on my harness with trembling hands while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled Senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

Last night as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange clamour around. It seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general,

by whose aid you conquered me, and [illegible] when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest he thus addressed me. Roman I come to bid thee curse with thy dying breath this fated city. Know that in an evil moment the Carthaginian generals furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But for my foul deed the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter. And then he vanished.

And now go, bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die, but my death shall prove a proud triumph, and for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy noble walling at the feet of Roman Senators, thy citizens in terror, thy ships in flames. I hear the victorious shouts of Rome. I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed. The curse of God is on thee—a clinging wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION.

Sibilla was the wife of Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest son of William the Conqueror. He was a prince of a generous and noble spirit, and was tenderly beloved by his friends.

Having been wounded by a poisoned arrow, the physicians declared that nothing could save him, but the venom's being sucked from the wound by some one whose life must fall a sacrifice.

Robert disdained to save his own life by hazarding that of another, but Sibilla did this in his sleep, and died to save her husband.

MATILDA BETHAM.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

T is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dominant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and of ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought and dominion over his fellow-men.

But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks the hidden treasures.

She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness; it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed or secluded, a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won, and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some strong fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim; how many soft cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness!

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed; the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood" until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her after a little while and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but

lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree—the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perishing away, it falls, even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well-known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason.

His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid.

The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless

hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that directed his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love.

When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image?

Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth; —who have sat at its threshhold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored. There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances that endear the parting scene; nothing to melt the sorrow into those blessed tears sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction.

She was led into society, and they tried, by all kinds of

occupation and amusement, to dissipate her grief and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul, that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depth of solitude.

She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay; to see it out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-be-gone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time, with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gairish scene, she began to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrecoverably engrossed by the memory of her former lover.

He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with a solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one, but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away, in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Thomas Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

O! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

IN the excavations made by the government authorities to restore the ancient city of Pompeii, the workmen discovered the bones of a Roman soldier in the sentry box at one of the city's gates. As rocks of shelter were near at hand, and escape from the volcano's fiery deluge thus rendered possible, the supposition is that this brave sentinel chose to meet death rather than desert his post of duty.

In his famous work, "The Last Days of Pompeii," Edward Bulwer Lytton gives a brief but vivid description of the situation on that awful day in the year A. D. 79 :—

"Day was turned into night, and light into darkness; an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land and sea and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, *while the people were sitting in the theatre.* Such is Vesuvius!

"Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountains cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets, in frequent intervals. And full where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed; that cry had been of death—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes, the pitchy stream, sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests.

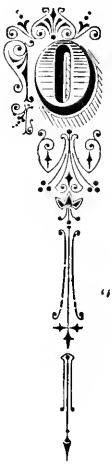
"Meanwhile the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but here and there you heard the steps of fugitives craunching them wearily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning,

or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished those wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

"The air was now still for a few minutes; the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear; the fugitives hurried on—they gained the gate—they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood amidst the crashing elements; he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape."

"THE NOBLEST KNIGHT OF SPAIN."

REGINALD HEBER.



CAPTAIN of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me!
And I will give thee gems and gold
To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
"Thy suit is soon denied;
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christian rite;
The turban he hath ta'en;
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned,
A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
And anger in his eye;
From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down, of golden grain;
"Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!

"Go look on Lugo's gory field,
Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turned to flight,
Granada's Sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

"By Allah yea!" with eyes of fire,
The Lordly paynim said,
"Granada's Sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade;
And though thy gold were forty fold,
The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!"

"Ah! Moor, the life that once is shed,
No vengeance can repay;
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!"

"And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud—
Thy locks of gold, the heaving breast—
A moon beneath a cloud?
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?
He may depart, that captive knight,
The conquered knight of Spain."

"Ah, speak not so!" with voice of woe,
The shuddering stranger cried;
"Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honor stain,
To loose the bands of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

"And know'st thou, then, how hard the doom
Thy husband may yet bear?
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain."

"Oh! that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb
With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And plead the cause of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire!"
She drew a poignard, small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain—
"*He* taught me how—my Christian knight—
To guard the faith of Spain!"

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly;
She bared her breast—she raised her arm,
And knelt, in act to die:
But ah! the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein!
He stood before her—Lara's knight—
The noblest knight of Spain!

"TAKE THESE, FOR YOU WILL WANT THEM."

MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

THE long, arduous and eventful retreat of General Greene through the Carolinas, after the battle of the Cowpens, that retreat on whose issue hung the fate of the South—with the eager pursuit of Cornwallis, who well knew that the destruction of the army would secure his conquests—is a twice-told tale to every reader.

The line of march lay through Salisbury, North Carolina; and while the British commander was crossing the Catawba, Greene was approaching this village. With the American army were conveyed the prisoners taken by Morgan in the late bloody and brilliant action, the intention being to convey them to Virginia. Several of these were sick and wounded, and among them were some British officers, unable, from loss of strength, to proceed further on the route.

General Greene, aware of the objects of Cornwallis, knew his design, by a hurried march to the ford, to cross the Catawba before opposition could be made, and had stationed a body of militiamen there to dispute the passage. Most anxiously did the General await their arrival before he pursued his route. The day gradually wore away, and still no signs appeared of the militia; and it was not till after midnight that the news reached him of their defeat and dispersion by the British troops, and the death of General Davidson who had commanded them. His aids having been despatched to different parts of the retreating army, he rode on, with a heavy heart, to Salisbury. It had been raining during the day, and his soaked and soiled garments and appearance of exhaustion, as he wearily dismounted from his jaded horse at the door of the principal hotel, showed that he had suffered much from

exposure to the storm, sleepless fatigue, and harassing anxiety of mind. Dr. Reed, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners, while he waited for the General's arrival, was engaged in writing the paroles with which it was necessary to furnish such officers as could not go on. From his apartments overlooking the main street, he saw his friend, unaccompanied by his aids, ride up and alight, and hastened to receive him as he entered the house. Seeing him without a companion, and startled by his dispirited looks, the doctor could not refrain from noticing them with anxious inquiries, to which the wearied soldier replied: "Yes; fatigued, hungry, alone and penniless!" The melancholy reply was heard by one determined to prove, by the generous assistance proffered in a time of need, that no reverse could dim the pure flame of disinterested patriotism. General Greene had hardly taken his seat at the well-spread table, when Mrs. Steele, the landlady of the hotel, entered the room and carefully closed the door behind her.

Approaching the distinguished guest, she reminded him of the despondent words he had uttered in her hearing, implying, as she thought, a distrust of the devotion of his friends, through every calamity, to the cause. Money, too, she declared he should have, and drew from under her apron two small bags full of specie, probably the earnings of years. "Take these," she said, "for you will want them and I can do without them."

Words of kindness and encouragement accompanied this offering of a benevolent heart, which General Greene accepted with thankfulness.

"Never," says his biographer, "did relief come at a more propitious moment; nor would it be straining conjecture to suppose that he resumed his journey with his spirits cheered and lightened by this touching proof of woman's devotion to the cause of her country."

General Greene did not remain long in Salisbury; but before his departure from the house of Mrs. Steele, he left a

memorial of his visit. He took from the wall of one of the apartments a portrait of George III, which had come from England as a present from a person at court to one of Mrs. Steele's connections attached to an embassy, wrote, with chalk, on the back, "O, George! hide thy face and mourn," and replaced it with the face to the wall. The picture, with the writing unaltered, is still in possession of a granddaughter of Mrs. Steele, a daughter of Dr. McCorkle, and may be seen in Charlotte.

Elizabeth Steele was distinguished not only for her attachment to the American cause during the war, but for her piety that shone brightly in her useful life. Among her papers was found, after her death, a written dedication to her Creator, and a prayer for support in the practice of Christian duty, with a letter, left as a legacy to her children, enjoining upon them to make religion the great work of life.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THE King sang, with his soldiers, Luther's grand hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and then his own battle song, "Verrage nicht, du Häuflein klein!" He addressed, first to the Swedes, then to the Germans, two of the noblest orations before a battle that history records. In an enthusiasm of heroism he threw off his cuirass, and cried: "God is my armor!" Wallenstein was suffering from gout in the feet. Although his stirrups were thickly padded with silk, he could not ride, and took his place in a litter. He called his officers together, and gave them his orders, which were to fight chiefly on the defensive. Gustavus gave out the war cry, "Gott mit uns!" Wallenstein gave to his troops as a battle cry "Jesus Maria!"

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS AT LUTZEN

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

[illegible] The [illegible] opening [illegible] the knightliest of Wallenstein's commanders, and Colorado were both killed. Piccolomini had five horses shot under him. Holk, Terky, Harrach and many others were severely wounded, but apart from the greatness of the victory, the sadness of Lutzen was and remains the [illegible] death of Gustav Adolf. Wallenstein rewarded [illegible] and [illegible] shot severely. He distributed 85,210 gulden among officers who had behaved well, but he executed as [illegible] officers by the sword, he hanged others, some [illegible] broken by the hangman under the gallows, and the names of many were nailed in infamy on the gibbet. A Te Deum on the first news of the battle was performed in Vienna, but Wallenstein at least knew certainly the magnitude of the defeat that he had suffered.—*Nineteenth Century.*

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting over the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden [illegible]
He with steps so slow and weakened, she with sunny floating hair,
He with sad bowed head and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, Curfew must not ring to-night.

Sexton Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke, in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart:
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night."

She with light step, bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;

Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after; as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands, all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face, so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

DEMOSTHENES.

E. S. CREASY.

"OF all political characters," says the German historian, Heeren, "Demosthenes is the most sublime; he is the purest tragic character with which history is acquainted. When, still trembling with the vehement force of his language, we read his life in Plutarch, when we transfer ourselves into his times and his situation, we are carried away by a deeper interest than can be excited by any hero of the epic muse or of tragedy. From his first appearance, till the moment when he swallowed poison, in the temple, we see him contending against destiny, which seems to mock him with malignant cruelty. It throws him to the ground, but never subdues him.

"What a crowd of emotions must have struggled through his manly breast, amid this interchange of reviving and expiring hopes! How natural was it that the lines of melancholy and of indignation, such as we yet behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his severe countenance! It was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to this cause, nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country."

It was about the middle of the fourth century before our era, when Demosthenes began to command attention in the Athenian assemblies. His first attempt, like those of Walpole and Sheridan, in the British Parliament, was a failure; and the derision which he received from the multitude would have discouraged an inferior spirit forever. It only nerved Demosthenes to severer study, and to a more obstinate contest with his physical disadvantages. He assiduously practiced his growing powers as an advocate before the legal tribunals, before he again ventured to speak on State affairs. But, at length, he reappeared before the people, and the dominion of his genius was supreme.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF COURAGE AND OBEDIENCE.

THE hero of the incident so touchingly portrayed in the following verses by the gifted Mrs. Hemans, was the ten-year old son of Captain Casabianca, the commander of the French Ship-of-the-line, *L'Orient*, 120 guns. This vessel belonged to the French Mediterranean Squadron, which was attacked and annihilated in Aboukir Bay, by the English fleet, led by Nelson, August 1, 1798.

The "Battle of the Nile," as it is now generally called, was one of the most terrific combats in the history of naval warfare; and a peculiar interest attaches itself to the fate of this

youthful hero by reason of the awful calamity that resulted in his death.

Fighting commenced late in the afternoon, and raged with undiminished fury until nearly midnight. The *Orient* occupied a position in the centre of the French line of battle, and therefore participated in the heaviest fighting on that memorable day.

Young Casabianca had accompanied his father on this cruise to Africa, and on this particular occasion was directed to remain on duty at a certain place, while he—the father—hurried off to another part of the vessel to give orders. He promised to return, but soon after leaving his beloved boy, he was disabled, and about the same time the vessel took fire near the powder magazine. What next occurred, we will give in the words of a recent naval historian :—

"At about ten o'clock the *Orient* blew up with a tremendous explosion, which served, for the time, to paralyze every one in both fleets. It must have been an awful sight, of which description would fall short; for certainly, no vessel of such a size had blown up before, and none so large has blown up since. The shock of the explosion shook the ships to their very keelsons, opened their seams, and did considerable other injury.

"After the explosion, it was full ten minutes until a gun was fired again. On both sides there was a sort of paralysis, and a waiting for what next was to occur!"

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more, aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
The boy—O, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE DEVOTED WOMEN OF WEINSBURG

IN the year 1138, the Duke of Wittenberg warmly opposed the election of Conrad III, who was proclaimed emperor, and when the new emperor had assumed the diadem, he refused to acknowledge him, and shut himself up in the little city of Weinsburg.

The angry emperor immediately laid siege to the place; the garrison resisted his attacks with manly bravery, and only yielded to force and superior numbers. The conqueror, at first, determined to submit all to fire and sword; but he relented in favor of the women, to whom he granted permission to depart, each carrying with her as much as she was able of what she most valued in the world. The wife of the Duke took advantage of this indulgence to save the life of her husband. She mounted him upon her shoulders, and all the women followed her example.

When Conrad saw them going out loaded with this precious burden, and with the Duchess at their head, he could not maintain either his gravity or his anger against such a spectacle; he pardoned the men for the sake of the women, and the city was saved.

Which way to Weinsburg? Neighbor, say
  'Tis sure, a famous city,
It must have cradled, in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay
  And matrons wise and witty;
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsburg maid my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,
  Fell out with this good city;
So down he came, one luckless day,
Horse, foot, dragoons in stern array,
  And cannon,—more's the pity!
Around the walls the artillery roared,
And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare:
  Then, red with indignation,
He bade the herald straight repair
Up to the gates, and thunder there
  The following proclamation:—
"Rascals! when I your town do take,
No living thing shall save its neck!"

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent
  These tidings through the city,
To every house a death knell went;
Such murder-cries the hot air rent
  Might move the stones to pity.
Then bread grew dear, and good advice
Could not be had for any price.

Then "Woe is me!" "O misery!"
  What shrieks of lamentation!
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried
The pastors, and the flock replied,
  "Lord, save us from starvation!"
"O, woe is me, poor Corydon!
My neck! my neck! I'm gone! I'm gone!"

Yet oft, when counsel, deed and prayer
  Had all proved unavailing,
When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there!
  A refuge never failing;
For woman's wit and Papal fraud,
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame—praised be her name!
  Last night had seen her plighted—
Whether in waking hour or dream,
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,
  Which all the town delighted;
Which you, if you think otherwise,
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin,
  And gun and bomb were sleeping,
Before the camp, with mournful mien,
The loveliest embassy were seen,
  All kneeling low and weeping!

So sweetly plaintively they prayed,
But no reply but this was made —

"The women have free leave to go,
Each with her choicest treasure;
But let the knaves their husbands know
That unto them the King will show
The weight of his displeasure."
With these sad terms the lovely train
Stole weeping to the camp again.

But when the morning gilt the sky,
What happened? Give attention:
The city gates wide open fly
And all the wives come trudging by,
Each bearing—need I mention?
Her own dear husband on her back,
All snugly seated in a sack.

Full many a sprig of Court the joke
Not relishing protested
And urged the King; but Conrad spoke:
"A monarch's word must not be broke!"
And there the matter rested.
Brave! he cried. Ha, ha! Brave!
Our lady guessed it would be so!

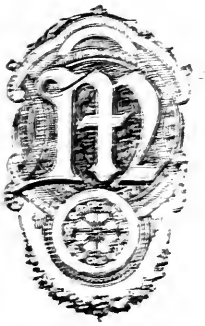
He pardoned all, and gave a ball
That night at royal quarters:
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,
And up and down the dancers flew
Court sprigs with city daughters
The Mayor's wife—O rarest sight! —
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsburg, sir, I pray?
'Tis sure a famous city:
It must have cradled in its day,
Full many a maid of noble clay,
And matrons wise and witty:
And if ever marriage should happen to me,
A Weinsburg dame my wife shall be.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BUERGER.

Translated by J. T. Brooks.

THE LEAP OF CURTIUS



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"And if to Rome it augurs ill, then ask we, ere it be too late,
How we may but avert the doom, and save the sacred State;
That State to every Roman dear, as dear as brother, friend or wife,
For which each true-born son would give, if needful, even life.

"For what, O fathers! what were life apart from altar, hearth and home?
Yea, is not all our highest good bound up with that of Rome?
And now adjourn we for a space, till three full days have circled round,
And on the morning of the fourth, let each one here be found."

Then got they up, and gloomily, for such short interval, did part,
For they were Romans, staunch and tried, and sad was every heart.
The fourth day dawned, and when they met, the Oracle's response was known;
Something most precious in the chasm, to close it, must be thrown.

But if *un*closed it shall remain, thereon shall follow Rome's decay,
And all the splendor of her State shall pale and pass away!
Something most precious! What the gift that may prevent the pending fate?
What costly offering will the gods indeed propitiate?

While this they pondered, lo! a sound of footsteps fell on every ear,
And in their midst a Roman youth did suddenly appear;
Apollo's brow, a mien like Mars, in Beauty's mould he seemed new-made,
As on his golden hair the sun with dazzling radiance played.

'Tis Marcus Curtius! Purer blood none there could boast, and none more brave;
There stands the youthful patriot, come, a Roman, Rome to save!
His own young life, he offers that, yea, volunteers *himself* to throw
Within the cleft, to make it close, and stay the heavy woe!

And now, on horseback, fully armed, behold him, for the hour hath come;
The Roman guards keep watch and ward, and beat the muffled drum!
The consuls, proctors, soothsayers, within the Forum group around,
Young Curtius in the saddle sits, there yawns the severed ground!

Each pulse is stayed; he lifts his helm, and bares his forehead to the sky,
And to the broad, blue heavens above upturns his flashing eye!

"O, Rome! O country best beloved! Thou land in which I first drew breath!
I render back the life thou gav'st, to rescue *thee* from death!"

Then spurring on his gallant steed, a last and brief farewell he said,
And leapt within the gaping gulf, *which closed above his head*."

GEORGE ASPINWALL.

HEROISM IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"THE world knows nothing of its greatest men," is an old saying, and it comes near its realization in the following mournful episode. The hero of it was a young drug clerk. When the yellow fever broke out, in Savannah, several years ago, the whole force in the drug store where he was employed deserted the post of danger and left the city. His friends, who lived in Augusta, sent word to him to come home, but he refused, and remained on duty until the proprietor of the store ordered him to close it. He then went to another apothecary shop in Savannah, and worked laboriously as prescription clerk. He was kept so busily engaged that he had little time for meals, no chance to change his clothes, and no opportunity for rest or amusement. His employer took the fever and died, although the boy nursed him faithfully. The cook took it, and he attended to her also, and she recovered.

A young comrade was then taken ill, and the steadfast druggist nursed him and performed his duties in the store, night and day. His friend regained his health slowly, and then the clerk was himself seized with the fever, but as he was strong and cheerful, he sent word to his relatives that he had no fears. It was then his companion's turn to show the kind of stuff of which he was made; and the material turned out to be pure gold. He nursed his friend from day to day, keeping up con-

stant communication with his home, by telegraph, as long as the telegraph messengers could be persuaded to venture into the infected part of the town. His last dispatches were, "I will stick to him to the last," and, "I shall not sleep to-night." Both of the young men died that evening. Such steadfast courage and self-denial deserve more than a passing notice.

We are likely to forget such unostentatious acts, because they occur in the ordinary walks of life, and yet they are no less worthy of our admiration than the most valiant deed of plumed knight or mailed warrior. —*Anonymous.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

J. M. S. CARTER.

THIS lady, so famed for her labors in reforming the sanitary condition of the British army, is the daughter of William Shore Nightingale, and was born at Florence, Italy, in 1823. Nightingale was the name of Mr. Shore's grand-uncle, and had been assumed by him on inheriting his estates. Florence's grandfather, Hon. William Smith, was one of the members who supported Wilberforce in Parliament, in the abolition of West India slavery.

From her very childhood, Miss Nightingale exhibited the most intense sympathy with suffering, and it is related of her, that, when a little girl, she heard that the gardener was going to kill a favorite dog because it had in some way hurt its leg so badly that he was afraid it would never be able to use it again; and she went, with tears in her eyes, and begged him not to do so; then, carrying the poor dog home in her arms, she bathed and bandaged the wounded leg, so that in a few days the animal was as well as ever. As she grew up to womanhood, this tender sympathy for suffering humanity in-

creased, and led her, in 1844, to turn her attention to the condition of hospitals. She visited and inspected hospitals, both civil and military, all over Europe, then studied with the Sisters of Charity, in Paris, the system of nursing carried on in that city, and, in 1851, went into training as a nurse in the institution of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine. On returning to England she put into complete working order the Sanitarium for Governesses, in connection with the London Hospital. In 1854, soon after the war with Russia broke out, Miss Nightingale offered to go to Scutari and organize a training school for nurses. Her offer was at once accepted, and in company with her nurses, she left England, in October, arriving at Constantinople, November 4th, on the eve of the battle of Inkermann, in time to receive the wounded into wards already containing two thousand three hundred patients.

She soon saw that the bad sanitary arrangements of the hospitals were the main cause of the frightful mortality, and all her energies were bent to the removal of these, as well as the lessening of their effects.

While in the Crimea she was prostrated with a fever, the result of continuous toil and anxiety, but she refused to leave her post, and on her recovery remained until Turkey was evacuated, in 1856. With her labors at Scutari all the world is familiar; so great was her devotion, that she has stood twenty hours at a stretch, in order to see that the wounded were comfortably provided for. The soldiers almost worshiped her; it is said one poor fellow kissed her shadow as it fell across his pillow; and well they might, for many of them owed their lives to her tender care. But the price paid was the loss of her own health; the physical and mental strain of those two years in the Crimea had been too much, and for years Miss Nightingale has been an invalid; yet, in her sick room she has continued—through the pen—her beneficent labors.

In 1857 she furnished the "commissioners appointed to inquire into the regulations affecting the sanitary condition of the British army," with a written evidence, expressing with

great force and clearness the important lesson of the Crimean war, which she terms a sanitary experience on a vast scale. The next year she published her "Notes on Hospitals," and also, "Notes on Nursing," an invaluable work which should be in every household.

On her return from the Crimea, the Queen sent her an autograph letter of thanks and a costly diamond, while the soldiers, in their gratitude, offered to build her a monument, but she chose rather that an institution might be opened for the training of nurses, for which object a fund was at once subscribed, the yearly interest of which amounts to about $7000.

We honor Miss Nightingale for the decided stand she takes on the temperance question; if every physician were to follow, it would do much toward abating the evils of intemperance. In a letter written to Lord Stanley, on the sanitary condition of the army in India, she says:—

"The long-cherished idea as to the necessity of ardent spirits for the British soldier is thoroughly exploded. A man who drinks tea or coffee will do more work than a dram drinker though considered sober."

If on this verse of mine
These eyes shall ever shine
Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
Think not that for a rhyme,
Nor yet to fit the time,
I name thy name—true victress of this strife!
But let it serve to say
That, when we kneel to pray,
Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
And that thy gallant deed,
For God, and for our need,
Is in all hearts as deep as love can go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
From two of earth's fair things—
A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
'Tis well that in all homes,
When thy sweet story comes,
And brave eyes fill—that pleasant sounds be heard.

O voice! in night of fear,
As night's bird, soft to hear;
O great heart! raised like city on a hill;
O watcher! worn and pale,
Good Florence Nightingale,
Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and will!
England is glad of thee—
Christ, for thy charity,
Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

ALL along the track of history heroic deeds are recorded which stir the soul like the blast of a trumpet. Such a clarion note was sounded three hundred years ago, at Leyden, and its echoes have not yet died away.

Phillip II claimed the right to do the thinking for his subjects, and brought powerful reasons to support his propositions. The Empire of Spain was firmly held in the monarch's grasp; with the inquisition as his weapon, and the wealth of the new world, and strong armies as his allies, surely the heretics would see the propriety of returning to the bosom of the Holy Roman Church. If even then they failed to fall into his line of thought, the whole of the Netherlands were to be laid waste with fire and sword.

Philip had not counted the cost of his undertaking. True, the inhabitants of these "sand banks of the North Sea" were few in number and feeble in resources, compared with the mighty Spanish Empire. But they had brave hearts and lofty ideas of worshiping God according to conscience and the Bible, instead of bowing to tradition and the voice of their king.

Leyden was besieged and sent forth a cry for help to William, Prince of Orange, the father of his country. From

whence could he bring aid? The treachery of France—the awful massacre of Saint Bartholomew—had laid low all the bright expectations in that quarter. A disastrous campaign had annihilated his army; his right-hand general and noble brother, Louis of Nassau, went into the fatal battle of Mookerheyde and was seen no more. Germany failed him; England was not to be relied on. His country lay prostrate and desolate at his feet. William the Silent did not despair; his hope and trust were in God. He wrote to the citizens of Leyden that "the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issues about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty."

On the 26th of May, 1574, Valdez, the Spanish commander, led his thousands of soldiers before the walls of the beautiful city. It was situated amid fair fields, rescued from the ocean by the stern labor of Netherlanders. Leyden was not upon the sea, but the Prince "could send the sea to Leyden." He saw no hope for the beleaguered city except to break the dykes and to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," exclaimed the patriots, as they yielded up the treasures of their fruitful fields to the incoming waves. Leyden was about fifteen miles from the outer dyke. This was broken through, and a fleet of war vessels, manned by a few hundred veterans, going to death or victory, floated to an inner dyke, five miles from the city. From thence on Leyden was defended from the ocean by dyke within dyke, and one rampart after another was to be broken through.

Meanwhile the long days of June, July and August had worn their weary hours away. The people were starving one by one, the work progressing slowly. William of Nassau, the brave author of the plan, lay at Rotterdam in a fever bordering on delirium. With an unfaltering trust in God and a heroic spirit, still the strain on his mind was more than the body

could bear. Schemes for the relief of the suffering and prostrate country were the subjects of his agonizing thoughts, and were the thorns in his pillow. No man to lift the burden for a little time until exhausted nature might rally. From his chamber, through his friends, he continued to send words of courage and cheer to the perishing people.

An ancient ruined tower of unknown origin rose in the centre of the city. To this elevation the starving people went, seeking a glimpse of hope. A few faithless ones, who clung to the royal cause, tauntingly exclaimed, "Go up to the tower, ye beggars, . . and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief!" And, day after day, did they go up to the ancient tower, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. Other ramparts were broken through, and the fleet advanced slowly toward the city walls.

Pestilence and starvation, hand in hand with untold horrors, marched through the doomed city; the inhabitants fell by thousands, and yet men and women heroically resisted all appeals to surrender.

"As well," shouted the Spaniards in derision, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the wall of Leyden for your relief."

But Leyden had reached the sublimity of despair; rather than yield to Spain, the citizens would set fire to the city and all perish in the flames.

The 28th of September a carrier-dove brought the joyful tidings of the situation of the fleet, and the assurance of relief in a few days at most. The bells rang out the joyful news. But in the morning the wind was unfavorable, and the water sinking, instead of rising. The Admiral was bordering on despair; unless the spring-tide," with "a strong and favorable wind," should come speedily to their aid all these labors were in vain.

But the tempest did come, "a violent equinoctial gale, on

the nights of the first and second of October," sent the ocean waves dashing furiously "across the ruined dykes."

A fine naval battle, in the darkness of the night, followed, as the fleet came sweeping over the rising waters. The routed Spaniards fled to a strong fortress; there entrenched, they still held the city, and the brave patriots were again on the verge of despair.

A night of thick darkness, "filled with anxiety to the Spaniard, to the armada, to Leyden," succeeded. At morning's dawn a desperate assault was to be made on the fortress. In the fort all was still—had the enemy entered the city? Was relief too late?

No, panic-stricken, the army of Spain had fled under cover of the darkness. They could withstand armed foes, but the terrors of the ocean, led on by the tempest, filled them with dismay.

The morning of the 3d of October looked upon a delivered city. The worn, emaciated people gladly welcomed friends and food.

Nearly every man, woman and child joined in the grand procession to the great church. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children."

In this terrible siege, Philip might have seen how deep in the very nature of the Netherlands lay the principle of liberty. They could die, but not yield to tyranny; yet a long and desperate struggle followed, before the king and empire learned the lesson. On the fourth of October, the day after the city was relieved, the wind changed, and again came the strong breath of the tempest. The ocean had accomplished its mis-

sion, and he who holds the waves in the hollow of his hand, swept them back. Soon the land was bare, and the dykes began to be repaired.

The next February, the city was radiant with flowers and gladness. A joyous procession marched through its streets in triumph; with elaborate and allegorical ceremonies, the University of Leyden, destined to be so famous, was then founded. Thus, an institution of learning became a living monument to the heroism of the citizens, in the renowned siege of Leyden.—*Chicago Standard.*

A VALIANT SULIOTE.

ARCO BOZZARIS was a Greek patriot, born about 1790. On the night of August 19th, 1823, he attacked the camp of the Pasha of Scutari, who was advancing toward Missolonghi, at the head of a considerable army. He fought his way, with 350 Suliote soldiers, into the midst of the camp, near Carpenisi, but was mortally wounded by a shot in the face, while spreading carnage around him. He was borne from the battle field, after the victory, on the shoulders of a relative, and died soon after. His last words were: "Could a Suliote leader die a nobler death?" He was no less remarkable for modesty than for patriotism and bravery. So highly has the following beautiful poem, by Fitz-Greene Halleck, an American, been esteemed by the Greeks, that it has been translated into their language:—

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk lay, dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Platæa's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! They come—the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
"*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires!
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires!
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your *native land!*"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurra,
And the red field was won;
Then saw, in death, his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother when she feels,
For the first time, her firstborn's breath!
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke!
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm!
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet, song, and dance, and wine!
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,—
  The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells.

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak—
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

LADY GODIVA.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HAVE you ever heard of Coventry, an old town not very far from London, where some of the streets are so narrow that no wagons can pass through them, and where the second stories of the quaint old mansions jut over so far into the streets that they almost touch each other?

Here once lived a sweet and beautiful lady, about whom the people never tire of telling you.

She was the wife of an Earl who governed Coventry. He was immensely rich, but he taxed his subjects so that petitions came in, every day, to have them lowered. Finally, as all their beseeching did no good, the poor people came to his wife, Lady Godiva, to beg her to intercede for them. Her heart was touched, and she went to her husband, but he was angry, and bade her never speak of it again.

Several months went by. He had been away to some wars in the northern part of England, and, coming home, was so delighted to meet his wife and darling little boy, that he clasped them both to his heart, asking her if she needed anything to complete her happiness. She had money, an elegant home,

and lived like a queen, but she could not be happy. She said, "While our people groan under oppression, the most luxurious entertainment can afford me no real enjoyment."

Leofric, her husband, again became violently angry, but said, since he had promised to do what she wished, he would keep his word, but she must ride on horseback, at noonday, from one end of the city to the other, with no clothing upon her. He supposed, of course, that she would never consent to this. For a moment, her noble, womanly heart sank within her, and then she said, "I will go."

Her mind was made up, and she ordered all the people to darken the fronts of their houses, and retire to the back parts of them, while she took her lonely ride. When the appointed day came, the whole city was as still as death. Lady Godiva's beautiful white horse was brought to the palace. With a face as blanched as her charger, drawing her long dark hair like a scarf about her body, she mounted, and rode in solemn silence through all the principal streets. No sound was heard save that of the horse's hoofs, as the grateful people waited for their burdens to be lifted.

And when the ride was over, and the people opened their doors and unbarred their windows, a great cry of rejoicing went up from thousands, for Coventry was free. Lady Godiva, after founding several churches, died, about the year 1059.

Every three or four years, in Coventry, a quaint procession still takes place in honor of this noble act of devotion to her people. The City Guard and High Constable lead the column. Then follows a beautiful woman, clothed in a white linen dress, fitted close to her body, with long hair floating about her, and a large bunch of flowers in her hand, riding on a cream-colored horse. On either side of her are two city officials, dressed in green and scarlet. Two men come next, bearing the sword and mace, emblems of the high authority of the mayor, followed by the mayor himself, in his scarlet robes, trimmed with fur, wearing a cocked hat, and carrying a white wand in his hand. Then come the sheriffs, in their black gowns; all the

different trades of the city, the Odd Fellows, Foresters, and other benevolent societies.

The principal characters of the show are attended by beautiful children in costly habits, riding on horseback. These children are so small that they are obliged to sit in basket-work seats, which are fastened to the horses' backs. The men who lead the horses walk without their coats, and are decorated with a profusion of ribbons.—*Wide Awake.*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you, naked, thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides, among his dogs.

So, left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other in an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose

The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then, till noon, no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, till she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple, blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity;
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed, for fear
The little, wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Like horrors through her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole, in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivel'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him; so the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancel'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd, and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence, reissuing, rob'd and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

A TRUE HERO.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

IT is said that "simple duty has no place for fear," and this seems to have been exemplified in the following mournful occurrence: On the 22d of June, 1861, there was a great fire in London, England. James Braidwood, the chief fireman, fearlessly ventured into a burning warehouse to encourage his men and to fight the flames to better advantage, when suddenly the huge walls toppled and fell, killing him instantly. Duty was more to him than life.

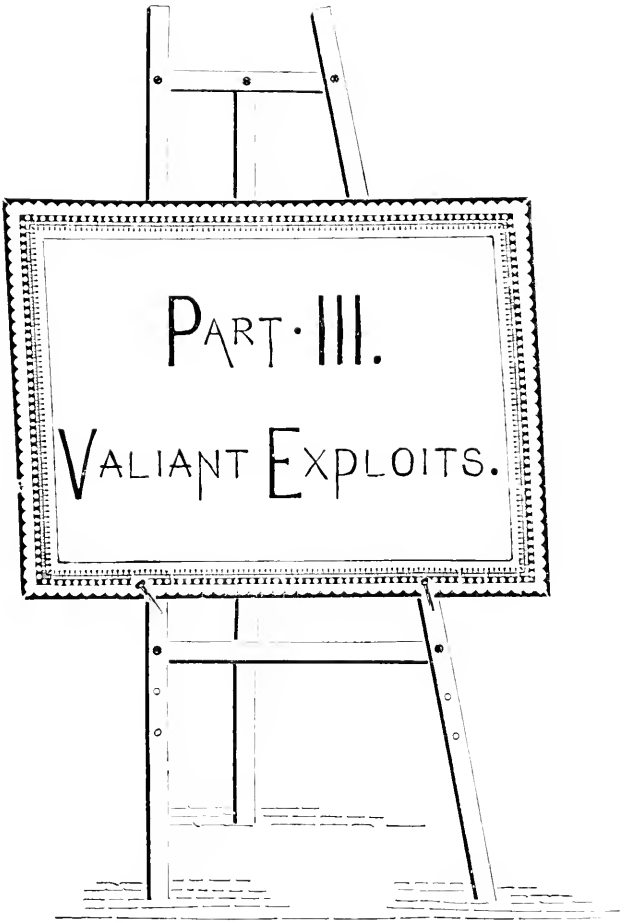
Not at the battle front, writ of in story,
Not on the blazing wreck, steering to glory,
Not while in mortal pangs soul and flesh sever,
Died he, this hero new—hero forever!

No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchained him;
No friends, applauding, watched, no foes arraigned him;
Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty—
Only an honest man, doing his duty!

Just a God-fearing man, simple and lowly,
Constant at kirk and hearth, kindly and lowly;
Death found and touched him with finger, in flying,
So he rose up complete—hero undying.

All now lament him—lovingly raise him
Up from his life obscure, chronicle, praise him;
Tell his last act, done midst peril appalling,
And the last words of cheer from his lips falling.

So many a hero walks daily beside us,
Till comes the hour supreme, sent to divide us,
Then the Lord calls his own, like this man, even,
Carried Elijah-like, fire-winged, to heaven!


PART · III.
VALIANT EXPLOITS.

"My hour at last is come,
But not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed
Of which mankind shall hear in after-time."

— Homer.

PART III.

VALIANT EXPLOITS.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

OF the few cities that succeeded in holding out against Napoleon, on the occasion of his first attempt to seize the Spanish Crown, Saragossa claims to hold the foremost rank. The inhabitants, without distinction of age, sex or calling, fought and fell in its defence, and history has rewarded their patriotism by chronicling deeds such as Homer sung.

Wellington had not yet quitted England for the field that was to make him famous, and on which he was to earn some of his proudest titles, when a French army, commanded by Desnouettes, advanced on Saragossa.

The siege may be said to have actually commenced on the 14th of July, 1808, a siege deservedly more memorable than others, from the fact of the city being unfortified, or nearly so, a brick wall constituting its only defence. Many years previously, a writer, alluding to its want of fortification, observed that "this defect was repaired by the bravery of its inhabitants."

And they proved themselves not unworthy of encomiums like this, for never was greater daring or more heroism shown than by its gallant defenders. Palafox, under whose orders the defence was conducted, displayed an ability unusual

amongst the Spanish generals at that time; and greatly contributed, by the judiciousness of his measures, to hold the enemy in check.

An attempt was made by the French, the day following the investment, to storm the city; but they were beaten back with much loss, and forced to regain their works. Allowing a few days to intervene, they again advanced to the assault; but the Spaniards, elated at their first success, fought with a courage and tenacity that baffled every attempt of the enemy. Desnouettes, mad with rage at being thus foiled, overwhelmed the place with a perfect storm of shells, the havoc from which was fearful, not a single building in the city being bomb-proof. Then was shown the heroism of the inhabitants.

No one thought of surrendering, but all were animated by a warlike spirit. "They tore down the awnings from the windows and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before the gates to serve as a battery, digging round it a deep trench. They broke holes in the walls and intermediate buildings for musketry, and stationed cannon where the position was favorable for it. Women of all ranks assisted; they formed themselves into companies—some to relieve the wounded; some to carry water, wine and provisions to those who defended the gates.

"The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which had now become her duty; nor throughout the whole of a two months' siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree divert her from her heroic purpose.

"But great and noble as was the example set by this gently-nurtured lady, still another act of devotion claims our attention—one that has inspired painters and been the poet's theme. When the fire from the French lines was most severe, a battery that had been erected by the besieged in an exposed

position, suffered greatly from its effects. Nearly every man that served the pieces was either killed or disabled. Suddenly a woman rushed forward, over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege." The heroine was Augustina Saragossa, a young girl belonging to a family of the common people, who thus braved the fire of the enemy, and rallied her countrymen by the courage she displayed.

It is said her lover was among the fallen, and that it was his place she took, determined to avenge him. Throughout the whole of the siege she appeared to bear a charmed life. Even in the most exposed situation, she urged her companions, by her example, to great deeds, and escaped unharmed, though she eventually fell into the hands of the French, as a prisoner.

"Ye who shall marvel when ye hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hours,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease, like her, a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge, so well, a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand before a battered wall?"

Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa, who, by her valor, elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders by command of the Junta. LORD BYRON.

HEROIC AMERICANS.

FAYAL is a town on an island of the same name, one of the Azores group, lying west of and belonging to Portugal. It has a very fine harbor, and for this reason is very much visited by ships of all nations for purposes of refitting, making repairs, obtaining water, etc.

The heroic defence of the "General Armstrong" when attacked by an overpowering British fleet in this neutral port, deserves to be ranked with that of Leonidas and his Spartan band. In the account given below, no one can claim that unmerited praise was bestowed on the Americans since the writer was an Englishman, a resident of Fayal. The letter was addressed to the celebrated William Cobbett of London, England. It is dated, "Fayal, October 19th, 1814."

The American privateer brig, "General Armstrong," of New York, Captain Samuel C. Reid, of seven guns and ninety men, entered here on the 26th ultimo, about noon, seventeen days from that place, for the purpose of obtaining water. The captain seeing nothing on the horizon, was induced to anchor. Before the lapse of many hours, His Majesty's brig, "Carnation," came in and anchored near her.

About six His Majesty's ship "Plantagenet," of seventy-four guns and the "Rota" frigate came in and anchored also. The captain of the privateer and his friends consulted the first authorities here about her security. They all considered her perfectly secure, and that His Majesty's officers were too well acquainted with the respect due to a neutral port to molest her. But to the great surprise of every one, about nine in the evening four boats were despatched armed and manned, from His Majesty's ships for the purpose of cutting her out. It being about the full of the moon, the night perfectly clear and

calm, we could see every movement made. The boats approached rapidly toward her when, it appears, the captain of the privateer hailed them and told them to keep off several times. They, notwithstanding, pushed on, and were in the act of boarding before any defence was made from the privateer. A warm contest ensued on both sides. The boats were finally dispersed, with great loss.

The American, now calculating on a very superior force being sent, cut his cables and rowed the privateer close in alongside of the fort within a half-cable's length, where he moored her head and stern with four lines. The Governor now sent a remonstrance to Captain Lloyd of the "Plantagenet" against such proceedings, and trusted that the privateer would not be further molested, she being in the Dominion of Portugal, and under the guns of the Castle was entitled to Portuguese protection.

Captain Lloyd's answer was that he was determined to destroy the vessel, at the expense of all Fayal, and should any protection be given her by the fort he would not leave a house standing in the village. All the inhabitants were gathered about the walls, expecting a renewal of the attack. At midnight fourteen launches were discovered to be coming in rotation, for the purpose. When they got within clear gunshot a tremendous and effectual discharge was made from the privateer, which threw the boats into confusion. They now returned a spirited fire, but the privateer kept up so continual a discharge it was almost impossible for the boats to make any progress. They finally succeeded, after an immense loss in getting alongside of her, and attempted to board at every quarter, cheered by the officers with a shout of [illegible] which we could distinctly hear as well as their shrieks and cries. The termination was near about a total massacre.

Three of the boats were sunk, and but one poor solitary officer escaped death in a boat that contained fifty souls; he was wounded. The Americans fought with great firmness; some of the boats were left without a single man to row them,

others with three or four; the most that any one returned was about ten. Several boats floated on shore full of dead bodies.

With great reluctance I state that they were manned with picked men and commanded by the first, second, third and fourth lieutenants of the "Plantagenet;" first, second, third and fourth ditto of the frigate, and the first officers of the brig, together with a great number of midshipmen. Our whole force exceeded four hundred men; but three officers escaped, two of which were wounded. This bloody and unfortunate contest lasted about forty minutes.

After the boats gave out, nothing more was attempted till daylight next morning, when the "Carnation" hauled alongside and engaged her. The privateer still continued to make a most gallant defence. These veterans reminded me of Lawrence's dying words, of the "Chesapeake," "Don't give up the ship!" The "Carnation" lost one of her topmasts and her yards were shot away; she was much cut up in the rigging, and received several shots in her hull. This obliged her to haul off to repair and to cease firing.

The Americans, now finding their principal gun, "Long Tom," and several others, dismounted, deemed it folly to think of saving her against so superior a force; they, therefore, cut her masts to the deck, blew a hole through her bottom, took out their small arms, clothing, etc., and went ashore. I discovered only two shot-holes in the hull of the privateer, although much cut up in the rigging.

Two boats' crews were afterwards dispatched from our vessels, which went on board, took out some provisions, and set her on fire.

For three days after we were employed in burying the dead that washed ashore in the surf. The number of the British killed exceeded 120, and 90 wounded. The enemy, the Americans, to the surprise of mankind, lost *only two* killed and seven wounded. We may well say, "God deliver us from our enemies," if this is the way the Americans fight.

After burning the privateer, Captain Lloyd made a demand

of the Governor to deliver up the Americans as prisoners—which the Governor refused. He then sent 500 men on shore to take them by force. The Americans immediately retired, with their arms, to an old Gothic convent, knocked away the adjoining drawbridge, and determined to defend themselves to the last. The Captain, however, changing his mind, made no further attempt; only demanded two men, which, he said, deserted from his vessel when in America. The Governor sent for the men, but found none of the description given.

Many houses received much injury on shore, from the guns of the "Carnation." The American Consul here has made a demand on the Portuguese government for a hundred thousand dollars for the privateer, which our Consul, Mr. Parkin, thinks, in justice, will be paid; and that they will claim on England. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Bayley and another English gentleman disapprove of the outrage and depredation committed by our vessels on this occasion. The vessel that was dispatched to England with the wounded was not permitted to take a single letter from any person. Being an eye-witness to this transaction, I have given you a correct statement as it occurred. H. K. F.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

(A Revolutionary Battle fought October 7th, 1780.)

"We marched to the Cowpens; Campbell was there,
Shelby, Cleaveland and Colonel Sevier;
Men of renown, Sir, like lions, so bold;
Like lions, undaunted, ne'er to be controlled.
We set out on our march that very same night;
Sometimes we were wrong, sometimes we were right.
Our hearts being run in true liberty's mold,
We valued not hunger, wet, weary or cold.
On the top of King's Mountain the old rogue we found,
And, like brave heroes, his camp did surround;
Like lightning, the flashes; like thunder, the noise;
Our rifles struck the poor tories with sudden surprise.

Old Song.

FEMININE INTREPIDITY.

WILLIAM ROBBINS.

IN the year 1697, Mademoiselle de Verchères, a little more than fifteen years old, was walking on the banks of the St. Lawrence, when she heard the hissing of bullets, and beheld a party of Iroquois on the point of surrounding her. She fled at her best speed, and they pursued her; she threw herself into the fort, shut the gates and gave the alarm.

She heard the cries of the terrified women, and fearing that they would impede rather than assist the defence, she shut them up in a secure place. A single soldier was on duty in the fort. She flew to join him, put on a hat and a uniform coat, armed herself with a musket, showed herself on the walls, and fired on the Iroquois. She then affected a loud, manly voice, pretended to have a numerous troop under her command, and flew from sentry box to sentry box, as if to distribute the posts. Warming with her work, the heroine then loaded a cannon, and discharged it by herself. This spread terror among the Iroquois; it, at the same time, warned the garrisons of the neighboring forts to be on the defensive, and quickly the banks of the river resounded with the roar of artillery.

Thus, this young person saved the Fort of Verchères, and perhaps the whole colony. This courage, hereditary in her family, seemed to be transmitted to the women, as well as to the men. Her mother, two years before, had displayed the same intrepidity. The place had been invested by the Iroquois at a time when the garrison was absent. There were only three soldiers, who were all killed. When Madam de Verchères saw the last fall, while defending himself like a brave man, in a redoubt fifty paces from the fort, she armed herself in haste,

advanced alone along the covered way, gained the redoubt before the enemy could scale it, fired at them, and at every shot brought down an assailant.

They were astonished and terrified, and were on the point of flying before a woman, when the approach of a body of French completed their dispersion.

AN INDIAN HERO.

JOSEPH Dana is only an Indian, eighty years old, and, like many others, he sometimes imbibes the exhilarating and intoxicating fluid. He stands about six feet, unshod, is broad-shouldered, full-chested, carries his head erect, and has a straight spinal column. On November 19th, 1883, at about 4 o'clock, he arrived at Lincoln, Maine, on a ride from Lee, a distance of twelve miles; being thinly clad, he was cold, and, being cold, and in the act of taking his inner warming, the cry, "A boy in the pond! A boy drowning! The ice has broken, and lots are in the water!" sounded on his ear. Like a chieftain of old of his tribe, at the sound of the war-whoop, he leaped through the door with Indian stride, rushed to the scene of danger, and stayed not his pace until he broke through the ice within about ten feet of where four small boys were struggling for life. Then, as a wild moose escaping the hounds breaks the ice with his fore feet, so Dana with his fists and giant arms smashed the ice between himself and the drowning boys. He reached them, and with the aid of another Indian who had plunged into the water three were landed. The other, a boy of about six years, had risen and sunk twice, and was then beneath the cold water, far from the reach of rope or pole. It was then that Joseph showed himself a hero. Plunging beneath the

ice, nearly chilled to death himself, he grasped the boy, and brought him to the surface in an exhausted condition. Life was not quite extinct, and though the sled rope he grasped had to be cut before it could be taken from his hands, through prompt and skillful efforts the boy still lives.—*Ludlow (Mo.) Gazette.*

A BRAVE GIRL.

THE Iowa Legislative Committee recently presented Miss Kate Shelley, a young girl of eighteen, with a gold medal, for bravery.

At about dark, on the sixth of July, 1881, a storm of wind and rain of unparalleled severity broke over this region. In an hour's time every creek was out of its banks, and the Des Moines River had risen six feet. So sudden was the flood and such was the velocity of the wind, that houses, barns, lumber, and all portable objects within reach of the waters were carried away. Looking from her window, which in daylight commanded a view of the Honey Creek railroad bridge, Kate Shelley saw, through the darkness and storm, a locomotive headlight. A second later it dropped, and though the crash which it must have made was not perceptible above the roar of the wind, she knew that the bridge had gone and that a train of cars had fallen into the abyss. There was no one at home but her mother and her little brother and sister, and the girl understood that if help was to be given to the sufferers, and the express train, then nearly due, warned, she would have to undertake the task alone.

Hastily filling and lighting an old lantern, and wrapping herself in a waterproof, she sallied out in the storm. She first made an effort to reach the water's edge, but finding that the flood was already far above all the paths and roadways, and realizing that she could do nothing in or near that mad torrent,

she climbed painfully up the steep bluff to the track, tearing her clothing to rags on the thick undergrowth, and lacerating her flesh most painfully. A part of the bridge still remained, and, crawling out on this to the last tie, she swung her lantern over the abyss, and called out at the top of her voice. It was pitchy dark below, but she was answered faintly by the engineer, who had crawled up on some of the broken timbers, and, though injured, was safe for the time being. From him the girl learned that it was a freight train that had gone into the chasm, and that he alone of that train's hands had escaped. He urged her, however, to proceed at once to the nearest station, to secure help for him, and to warn the approaching express train of the fall of the bridge.

The girl then retraced her steps, gained the track and made her way, with all the speed that the gale would permit, toward Moingona, a small station about one mile from Honey Creek. In making this perilous journey it was necessary for her to cross the high trestle bridge over the Des Moines River, about five hundred feet in length. Just as she tremblingly put her foot on this structure, the wind, rain, thunder and lightning were so appalling that she nearly lost her balance, and in the endeavor to save herself, her sole companion, the old lantern, went out. She had no matches, but if she had had thousands of them they would have been of no service in such a place and in such a storm. Deprived of her light, she could not see a foot ahead of her, save when dazzling flashes of lightning revealed the grim outlines of the bridge and the seething waters beneath. Knowing that she had no time to lose, the brave girl threw away the useless lamp, and dropping on her hands and knees, crawled from tie to tie across the high trestle. Having gained the ground again, she ran the short distance remaining to the station, told her story in breathless haste, and fell unconscious at the feet of the gaping rustics, who, in their eagerness to know her adventures, forgot the terror and suspense which she had endured.

—*New York Christian Advocate.*

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thundrous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love; then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

MILL RIVER RIDE—1874.

J. W. DONOVAN.

OVER the hills, through the valley away,
Spreading confusion and dreadful dismay,
Spurring his horse to his uttermost speed,
Halting a moment and changing his steed,

Crying aloud, in a voice of command:
"Run! run! for your lives, high up on the land!
Away, men and children! up, quick, and begone!
The water's broke loose; it is chasing me on!"

Away down the river, like a spirit, he runs,
While the roar of the torrent, like the roaring of guns,
Wakes the air with the echo of trembling might,
Till the flood from the reservoir rushes in sight.

Bear away! bear away, in confusion and haste;
What of value remains will be swallowed in waste;
The torrent rolls onward in terrible force,
Dealing death and destruction to all in its course!

But bold Collins Graves has reached Williamsburg hills,
Spreading terror and fright throughout all the mills;
While the flood follows faster, increasing its speed,
New horsemen set forth on lightning-limbed steed.

In the valley of death, swept away like a flower,
Six scores of brave workmen destroyed in an hour!
With the rough, rugged rubbish, that swept down the river,
'Mid groanings for help, they have perished forever!

Oh! God, what a sight for mortals to see!
Whole households engulfed in the stream, like a tree!
The day breaks in terror—in sorrow it ends,
For hundreds bewail the sad loss of their friends.

All night, through the darkness, loud groans may be heard,
Yet hundreds are dumb, who can utter no word!
The flood has gone down, and the ruins along
The course of the rapids have passed into song.

Of all that gave aid, or that battled those waves,
No name will shine brighter than bold *Collins Graves*.
'Twas he that first rose at the sound of alarm,
And rode through the valley, foretelling of harm;
Forgetting his danger, in haste to do right—
Let us honor the gateman, and keep his name bright.

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

THAT the display of knightly and chivalrous deeds is not always reserved for the field of battle, is abundantly demonstrated by the following thrilling incident, which occurred during one of the grand reviews of the Austrian army. Not far from where 30,000 cavalry were in line, a little child—a girl of not more than four years—standing in the front row of spectators, either from fright, or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made the detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade-ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down, directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The Empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable, and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs. Directly under the feet of the horse was the little one—another instant must seal her doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it with safety on his saddle-bow, and this he did without changing his pace, or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed, with rapturous applause, the

gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they heard it. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the Empress. A proud and happy moment it must have been to the hussar, when the Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly-enameled cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper.

—*Anonymous.*

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

IN the Summer of 1857 the British garrison in Lucknow, India, were reduced to perilous straits. They were besieged by the native rebels in a largely outnumbering force. Cruel, vindictive, and remorseless, these mutineers, could they enter the city, would put all the men, women and children to a fearful death. They had advanced their batteries and mines so far that in less than an hour the city must fall, unless relief should be at hand. And relief was at hand, though no one was aware of it. Havelock, with 2500 men, was approaching, but amid the din and smoke of the cannonade nothing could be heard or seen.

On came Havelock and his men; they hewed a passage through the rebel masses up to the very walls of Lucknow, and snatched their countrymen from the horrors of their impending fate.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please waken me!"

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregors? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! We're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; they were there to die;
But was life so near them then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
  Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
  And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "the slogan's done;
  But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbell's are coming! It's nae a dream;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,
  A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played *Auld Lang Syne!*
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time when we welcomed them,
  Our men put Jessie first;
And the General gave her his hand, and cheers,
  Like a storm, from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
  Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
  As the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne!*

ROBERT LOWELL.

HEROISM OF GRACE DARLING.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

GRACE DARLING was the daughter of the lighthouse keeper of Longstone, on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. She was born at Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, England, November 24th, 1815, and died October 20th, 1842.

On the night of September 6th, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked on one of the crags of the Farne group. Of fifty-three persons on board, thirty-eight perished, including the captain and his wife.

On the morning of the 7th the survivors were discovered by Grace, clinging to the rocks and remnants of the vessel, in imminent danger of being washed off by the returning tide.

Grace, with the assistance of her parents, but against their remonstrances, immediately launched a boat, and with her father, succeeded in rescuing nine of them, and six escaped by other means. Presents and demonstrations of admiration were showered upon her from all parts of the United Kingdom, and a public subscription to the amount of £700 was raised for her.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched; and public way
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favor divine, exalting human love,
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low,
Through the whole land—to manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous youth—
To infancy, that lisps her praise—and age,
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration.

Such true fame
Awaits her *now*. But, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find,
Save in the rolls of Heaven, where hers may live,
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power calls forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!

A maiden gentle, yet at duty's call
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling-place,
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies, far off, a wreck amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel—half, no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge.

With quick glance
Daughter and sire through optic glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved!"

The daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and looks beaming with faith,
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble-minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth—father and child!

[illegible]

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT

[illegible]

Now and then, however, the girl [illegible] literature in [illegible] and even in war. [illegible] Joan of Arc [illegible] the armies of France [illegible] Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring [illegible] into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in [illegible]. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dykes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall

pyramid a relievo representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milkmaid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:—

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgomaster, who had not yet left his bed. They were soon admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The council was assembled; measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honored the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honored with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone. —*Harper's Young People.*

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright, on the dewy buds, glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden vail
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green, where the fresh leaf is springing,
  Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death volley around them is ringing!
  Look! with their life blood the young grass is wet!
    Faint is the feeble breath,
    Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
    Nerveless the iron hand,
    Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
  From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm clouds the thunder burst rolling,
  Circles the beat of the mustering drum,
    Fast, on the soldier's path,
    Darken the waves of wrath;
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall;
    Red glares the musket's flash,
    Sharp rings the rifles' crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly, the plume of the horseman was dancing,
  Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly, at morning, the war steed was prancing,
  Reeking and panting, he droops on the rein;
    Pale is the lip of scorn,
    Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
    Many a belted breast
    Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags, where the hoarse wind is raving,
  Rocks, where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds, where the fir by the furrow is waving,
  Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
    Far as the tempest thrills
    Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
    Roused by the tyrant-band,
    Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where the martyrs are lying—
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest!
While, o'er their ashes, the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine,
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea,
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

JOHN SOBIESKI RELIEVING VIENNA—1683.

CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

VIENNA, the beautiful capital of the Empire of Austria, lies on a level plain, surrounded by a low circle of hills and traversed by the river Danube. Its name is taken from a sluggish stream, the Wien, which flows under the walls into an arm of the great river that separates the city from the suburb of Leopoldstadt, on the northeast. From its geographical position and its political importance, the city has been subjected to several sieges, and has been the scene of many a great conference and treaty of peace between the various European powers; but, for years of its early existence, it lay in the track of every horde of barbaric invaders, and after the establishment of Mussulman power in Eastern Europe, it was incessantly threatened by the Turks. These people besieged it, in strong force, in 1529; but it was gallantly defended, and they were driven back with great loss. Then, during the "Thirty Years' War," the troops of Sweden several times came within alarming proximity to

its walls, but without attack. Then came a brief respite, and finally, in 1683, nearly forty years after the long and disheartening war in which the Empire had been engaged, there came a siege that well-nigh wiped it out of existence.

Leopold, I, was Emperor of Austria. He had been crowned King of Hungary, in 1654, but had to fight for his possessions, with the Turks, in which contest his general, the same Montecuculi who had won such distinction in the "Thirty Years' War," gained a great victory over the Infidels, at St. Gothard, on the Raab, and from that time the Sultan had been busily preparing his revenge.

In 1683, the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, marched with an immense army and powerful train to lay siege to Vienna, and humble it and its master in the dust. Leopold stood not upon the order of his going, but, with his family, court and thousands of inhabitants, he went at once. The country was filled with fugitives, carts and plunder, and the Turks, falling upon the hindermost, slaughtered or made captive, as they saw fit. So secure did the Vizier feel against counter-attack on his great army, that he disdained to fortify his camp.

Vienna, with its strong fortifications, its artillery, magazines and public buildings, had been confided to the charge of Count de Staremberg, a thorough theoretical soldier. He burned the suburbs outside the walls, so as to clear the way for his guns, and then with a garrison of perhaps 15,000 effectives, he set about the task of defending the capital against probably five times that many.

The Turks broke ground for their first trenches in the suburbs of St. Ulric, on the fourteenth of July, about fifty yards from the ditch, which, partly dry, partly flooded, extended around the walls.

In his flight and refuge, Leopold had appealed for aid to the only man then living who was a terror to the Tartar—John Sobieski, King of Poland. Rich and powerful Austria begged this little monarchy to come to the rescue of the Empire and the Christian world; and at the head of 25,000 veteran troops,

Sobieski started. He had to march nearly six hundred miles, the winding way he came, but on the fifth of September he was crossing the bridge of Tuln, fifteen miles above Vienna. His cavalry were superbly mounted and equipped; his infantry were in rags and tatters. The people looked aghast at their poverty-stricken appearance, but Sobieski laughed it off. "Those fellows," said he, "have taken an oath to wear no clothes except those of the enemy. In the last war they were all dressed as Turks." And his hardy soldiers seemed to delight in the joke. On September 7th, the army of Poland had joined that of Germany, and the united forces were now 74,000 strong.

To Sobieski was accorded the command-in-chief, for he was already recognized as the finest soldier then in the ranks of war. He lost no time in organizing his forces, for he well knew the desperate condition of affairs in Vienna, and that he could not too soon appear before the walls, to the relief of the suffering garrison.

From the heights of Calemburg Sobieski had carefully reconnoitred the position of the Turks. "That Vizier is an ignorant fellow," said he; "we shall beat him." Close under the heights the ground was cut up into vineyards, ravines and ridges. The cavalry of the Turks, which had advanced with great spirit, were met by fierce discharges from the guns which they strove in vain to reach; and, at length, thrown into confusion by the rapid fire and the broken nature of the ground, they broke and galloped back in much disorder. While they were being rallied some of the Turkish generals led forward the infantry to the foothills, and then began to breast the heights against the slowly descending allies. All at once the guns of Sobieski ceased their thunder, and with one accord the bristling lines of infantry marched out beyond them; then, with mighty shouts, pikemen and musketeers came charging down the slopes at the irregular masses of the Turks. It was a dashing and impetuous assault; the Moslems could make no stand whatever against it. Back they went,

through the ravines and vineyards, closely pressed by the cheering allies, and at last they were forced out on to the open plain.

Meantime things had gone badly with Kara Mustapha. The grand assault on the walls had been repulsed with heavy loss. The besieged, animated by the sight of their coming comrades, fought with great valor and determination. Then, he was dismayed by the ease with which his troops had been whipped back from the heights by the German infantry; and now, thoroughly alarmed, as he marked the gallant and spirited bearing of the Polish lancers as they rode up into line, their bright banneroles waving and flashing in the sunlight, he hastily sent orders to concentrate the entire army on the plain, to face the allies. All the time his infidel hordes were keeping up a deafening chorus of shouts and yells.

On the side of the allies all was disciplined silence. In perfect silence the lines were accurately dressed; the army enjoyed a brief resting spell; then, at length, Sobieski, sabre in hand, rode out to the front of the centre and gave the signal. Sudden as the flash of their own guns six splendid regiments of Polish cavalry leaped forward to the charge, and, with bared sabres and quivering lances, bore down on the very centre of the Turkish position. In vain footman, Jannissary and Spahi braced themselves for the shock and struggled to hold their ground against them; these northern horsemen rode through or over everything and everybody, and, never drawing rein, overturned the very squadrons that surrounded the Vizier himself.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the whole Mussulman army, abandoning its vast encampment, was in disorderly flight eastward, down the valley of the Danube, pursued and sabred by the Polish cavalry. The siege of Vienna was raised in good earnest.

The amount of money and valuables left behind by Kara Mustapha in his panicky flight was simply incalculable. King

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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At every rod, the artillery on the height sent its messengers of death through the dense column; but still there was no flinching. The voice of the noble Miller, as he waved his sword before the bloody gap, was heard, uttering the short and expressive order, "Steady, men—close ranks—march!" Around him the flower of the regiment fell, like the withered leaves of Autumn; but he heeded not his loss; he was ordered to take the battery on the hill, and he intended to do it. He advanced, therefore, coolly and steadily to his object. Amidst a tremendous blaze of artillery, and at the point of the bayonet, he carried the height. It was a gallant deed. I have never heard of its equal, except at the siege of San Sebastian.

It was superior in temerity to Bonaparte's attack upon Little Gibraltar, at Toulon, because Miller had no covering for his troops, in case of a retreat. It was a dead march to glory! Yet, at every step, the rear rank trod upon the dead and the dying; and the groans of suffering humanity mingled in with the hoarse rattle of the drum. When the conqueror, with his remnant of a regiment, trod upon the height of Lundy's Lane, and turned the cannon upon the astonished enemy, a death struggle ensued between the American and English armies. "These guns will decide the battle; they must be regained, or the army of Britain will be cut to pieces; and, if regained, the Americans will be conquered." Such were the thoughts of each general.

Now came the iron gripe of war. A terrible conflict raged upon the height; and when the morning sun rose upon Bridgewater, 1600 soldiers, friends and foes, lay sleeping in gory death, upon the hillside in Lundy's Lane. Surely, the battle of Bridgewater will never be forgotten by the patriot, the historian, or the poet; surely, the day will never dawn when the hero of Lundy's Lane shall be forgotten by an American citizen. We glory in the service of the brave. May the laurel circle the victor's brow in life, and at last hang upon a broken column over a deathless tomb!—*National Intelligencer.*

BRAVERY OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

DURING an attack, by the Indians, on Fort Henry, a small establishment near the Wheeling Creek, now Wheeling, W. Va., in the summer of 1777, the powder of the garrison becoming exhausted, Ebenezer Zane, one of the garrison, remembered that there was a keg of the article in his house, sixty yards away. The man who should attempt to go for it would be exposed to the close and numerous shots of the Indians. Only one man could be spared from the fort, for the service. Colonel Shepard, the commander, was unwilling to order any one to the duty; he asked for a volunteer. Every man present eagerly offered to undertake the hazardous duty. They contended so long for the honor, that it was feared that the Indians would return to the siege before an attempt to get the powder should be made. At this moment, Elizabeth Zane came forward and asked permission to go for the powder, giving, as a reason, that her life was less valuable to the garrison than that of a man. She was a sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane—the former the future founder of Zanesville, O.—and had just returned from Philadelphia, where she had finished her education, and was but little accustomed to the horrors of border warfare. With other females, she had assisted in casting bullets, making cartridges, and loading rifles. At first, she was peremptorily refused, but so earnest were her solicitations that consent was reluctantly given. She went out the gate and fearlessly passed the open space to her brother's house. The Indians saw her, and watched her movements. When she came out of the house, and, with the keg of powder in her arms, sped with the fleetness of a fawn

toward the fort, they sent a full volley of bullets after her, but not a ball touched her person.

The shield of God's providence was about her, and the noble girl entered the fort in safety with her valuable prize. A loud shout welcomed her, and every man, inspired by her heroism, resolved to repulse the foe, or die in the trench. The story of Elizabeth Zane ought to be perpetuated in marble, and preserved in the Valhalla of our Revolutionary heroes.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ON the second day of December, 1777, late in the afternoon, an officer in the British uniform ascended the steps of a house in Second street, Philadelphia, immediately opposite the quarters occupied by General Howe, who, at that time, had full possession of the city. The house was plain and neat in its exterior, and well known to be tenanted by William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends. It was the place chosen by the superior officers of the army for private conference, whenever it was necessary to hold consultations of importance; and selected, perhaps, on account of the unobtrusive character of its inmates, whose religion inculcated meekness and forbearance, and forbade them to practice the arts of war.

The officer, who seemed quite familiar with the mansion, knocked at the door. It was opened; and in the neatly furnished parlor he met the mistress, who spoke to him, calling him by name. It was the Adjutant-General; and he appeared in haste to give an order. This was that the back room above stairs might be prepared for the reception, that

evening, of himself and his friends, who were to meet there and remain late. "And be sure, Lydia," he concluded, "that your family are all in bed at an early hour. I shall expect you to attend to this request. When our guests are ready to leave the house, I will, myself, give you notice, that you may let us out, and extinguish the fire and candles."

Having delivered this order with an emphatic manner, which showed that he relied much on the prudence and discretion of the person he addressed, the Adjutant-General departed; Lydia betook herself to getting all things in readiness. But the words she had heard, especially the injunction to retire early, rang in her ears; and she could not divest herself of the indefinable feeling that something of importance was in agitation. While her hands were busy in the duties that devolved upon her, her mind was no less actively at work. The evening closed in, and the officers came to the place of meeting. Lydia had ordered all the family to bed, and herself admitted the guests, after which she retired to her own apartment, and threw herself, without undressing, upon the bed.

But sleep refused to visit her eyelids. Her vague apprehensions gradually assumed more definite shape. She became more and more uneasy, till her nervous restlessness amounted to absolute horror. Unable longer to resist the impulse—not of curiosity, but surely of a far higher feeling—she slid from the bed, and taking off her shoes, passed noiselessly from her chamber and along the entry.

Approaching cautiously the apartment in which the officers were assembled, she applied her ear to the keyhole. For a few moments she could distinguish but a word or two amid the murmur of voices; yet what she did hear but stimulated her eager desire to learn the important secrets of the conclave.

At length was profound silence, and a voice was heard reading a paper aloud. It was an order for the troops to quit the city on the night of the fourth, and march out to a secret attack upon the American army, then encamped at White Marsh.

Lydia had heard enough. She retreated softly to her own

room, and laid herself quietly on the bed. In the deep stillness that reigned through the house she could hear the beating of her own heart, that heart now throbbing with emotions to which no speech could give utterance. It seemed to her but a few moments had elapsed when there was a knocking at her door. She knew very well what that signal meant, but took no heed. It was repeated, and more loudly ; still she gave no answer.

Again, and yet more loudly, the knocks were repeated; and then she arose quickly, and opened the door. It was the Adjutant-General, who came to inform her they were ready to depart. Lydia let them out, fastened the house, and extinguished the lights and fire.

Again she returned to her chamber, and to bed; but repose was a stranger for the rest of the night. Her mind was more disquieted than ever. She thought of the danger that threatened the lives of thousands of her countrymen, and of the ruin that impended over the whole land.

Something must be done, and that immediately, to avert this widespread destruction. Should she awaken her husband and inform him? That would be to place him in special jeopardy, by rendering him a partaker of her secret; and he might, too, be less prudent and wary than herself. No, come what might, she would encounter the risk alone. After a petition for heavenly guidance, her resolution was formed; and she waited with composure, though sleep was impossible, till the dawn of day. Then she waked her husband, and informed him that flour was needed for the use of the household, and that it was necessary that she should go to Frankford to procure it. This was no uncommon occurrence; and her declining the attendance of the maid servant excited little surprise. Taking the bag with her, she walked through the snow, having stopped first at headquarters, obtained access to General Howe, and secured his written permission to pass the British lines.

The feelings of a wife and mother, one whose religion was

that of love, and whose life was but a quiet round of domestic duty, bound on an enterprise so hazardous, and uncertain whether her life might not be the forfeit, may be better imagined than described. Lydia reached Frankford, distant four or five miles, and deposited her bag at the mill. Now commenced the dangers of her undertaking; for she pressed forward with all haste toward the outposts of the American army.

Her determination was to apprise General Washington of the danger. She was met on her way by an American officer who had been selected by Washington to gain information respecting the movements of the enemy. According to some authorities, this was Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the Light Horse.

He immediately recognized her, and inquired whither she was going. In reply she prayed him to alight and walk with her; which he did, ordering his men to keep in sight. To him she disclosed the secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise not to betray her individually, since the British might take vengeance on her and her family. The officer thanked her for her timely warning, and directed her to go to a house near at hand, where she might get something to eat. But Lydia preferred returning at once, and did so; while the officer made all haste to the commander-in-chief. Preparations were immediately made to give the enemy a fitting reception. With a heart lightened and filled with thankfulness, the intrepid woman pursued her way homeward, carrying the bag of flour which had served as the ostensible object of her journey.

None suspected the grave, demure Quakeress of having snatched from the English their anticipated victory. Her demeanor was, as usual, quiet, orderly, subdued, and she attended to the duties of her family with her wonted composure. But her heart beat, as, late on the appointed night, she watched from her window the departure of the army—on what secret expedition bound she knew too well!

She listened breathlessly to the sound of their footsteps and the trampling of horses, till it died away in the distance, and

silence reigned through the city. Time never appeared to pass so slowly as during the interval which elapsed between the marching out and return of the British troops. When at last the distant roll of the drum proclaimed their approach; when the sounds came nearer and nearer, and Lydia, who was watching at the window, saw the troops pass in martial order, the agony of anxiety she felt was too much for her strength, and she retreated from her post, not daring to ask a question or manifest the least curiosity as to the event. A sudden and loud knock at her door was not calculated to lessen her apprehensions. She felt that the safety of her family depended on her self-possession at this critical moment. The visitor was the Adjutant-General, who summoned her to his apartment. With a pale cheek, but composed—for she had placed her trust in a higher power—Lydia obeyed the summons.

The officer's face was clouded and his expression stern. He locked the door, with an air of mystery, when Lydia entered, and motioned her to a seat. After a moment of silence, he said, "Were any of your family up, Lydia, on the night when I received company at this house?" "No, they all retired at eight o'clock." "It is very strange," said the officer, and mused a few minutes; "you, I know, Lydia, were asleep; for I knocked at your door three times before you heard me; yet, it is certain that we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack, to General Washington! On arriving at his encampment we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us, that we have been compelled to march back, like a parcel of fools, without injuring our enemy. It is not known whether the officer ever discovered to whom he was indebted for the disappointment. But the pious Quakeress blessed God for her preservation, and rejoiced that it was not necessary for her to utter an untruth in her own defence. And all who admire examples of courage and patriotism, especially those who enjoy the fruits of them, must honor the name of Lydia Darrah.

SERGEANT JASPER.

WILLIAM JASPER was a martyr to freedom. The Emerald Isle, that garden spot of beauty, chivalry and song, a land ordained by the Creator, in his wise beneficence, for a higher destiny than she has ever yet occupied, gave birth to this youthful hero of the Revolution. The annals of American history afford no brighter example of heroism, and fearless devotion to our sacred colonies; such boldness of execution and indomitable will, as is exhibited in the temperament and character of our beloved Jasper; well may we exclaim:—

> "He tore aside the azure robe of night,
> And planted here the glorious star and stripe!"

From the land of his nativity, he emigrated at an early age to South Carolina, where he married and settled in one of the interior districts of that State, some time previous to the bloody era of the Revolution. The first well authenticated record that we can trace of him, where he occupied an enviable position, was at the defence of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, on the 28th of June, 1776. Here, where the generous and valiant had been gathered to seek honorable justice and preserve the name of liberty, he wore proudly the laurel wreath. Amid the desolation and havoc of that ever-memorable conflict, which, for a time, cast a gloomy shadow over the manly heart of many a true soldier, did he portray all the noble qualities which Nature had bestowed upon him. When the battle appeared as one universal scene of struggle and dismay, and the moment for action had arrived, a cannon ball struck the flagstaff, that signal of the brave, and bore it to the earth. One continued shout of victory was heard from the enemy, amid the volleys of artillery and the density of smoke. But Providence, that presides over the destinies of war, had

decreed otherwise. At another instant, Jasper leaped the ramparts, seized the ensign already crimsoned with the blood of the dying and dead, placed it on his spontoon, unfurled it to the breeze, and cried aloud, when danger threatened and peril was nigh, "Heaven save liberty and my country." Who can recall such an achievement, and such unfading zeal, without a tribute of praise?

The brave Carolinians echoed his name far and near, with gratitude and honor. His patriotism and warm benevolence of heart won the lasting affection of his countrymen. He was associated with all that was bright and beautiful. So conspicuous was this daring deed among all, that Governor Rutledge visited Fort Moultrie, and generously offered him a commission. "You have won a sword, sir, and you must wear it," said the Governor. "Nay, sir," replied our gallant hero, "I am not worthy of the trust; adversity has been my schoolmaster—liberty my only schoolmistress. I cannot mingle with those who are superior to me in education and manners, without exposing myself to deserved contempt. Let me alone; let me serve my country in the way that suits me best, as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom." After much reluctance he accepted the gift, and bore it with distinguished ability. Passing over many traditionary accounts of his discipline and valor, we will glance at those more prominent in his character.

Jasper having learned that a number of American prisoners were to be conveyed from Ebenezer, a British garrison a short distance from Savannah, he at once determined to rescue them. He and Sergeant Newton, another son of the Revolution, arranged to capture them from the guard who had them in charge, or die in the struggle. All their plans were, however, unfortunate in execution, until their arrival at a spring, where the prisoners had been carried for the purpose of drink. Locating themselves in thick ambush, which surrounded the "Spa," they remained in silence, with a watchful eye for the men, as they approached.

They soon arrived at the place of destination, and, having placed a sentinel on guard, they prepared to fill their canteens. Suddenly, Jasper and Newton sprang upon the astonished enemy, grasped their muskets, which they had placed against a neighboring tree, and shot the sentinel. A dreadful conflict ensued between the British soldiers and the young Americans, which proved victorious to the latter, the former having the advantage of numbers and skill. Jasper rescued the prisoners, unchained them, crossed the river, and joined the army at Purisburg.

We cannot reflect upon such a perilous adventure without the highest award of merit; had it occurred in the palmy days of Napoleon, it would have gained for him imperishable fame and unceasing admiration, for he lived for his country, and for freedom he died. But we hasten our sketch to the closing act in the drama of the life of Jasper.

On the 9th October, 1779, at the disastrous attack upon the British lines at Savannah, he again attempted to struggle for civil and religious liberty, and to preserve his untarnished reputation; but, alas! his desires were unrealized, and he fell a victim to devotion's holy cause. In a desperate action to regain the colors entrusted to him by Mrs. Elliott, and which had been carried bravely, in the early part of the contest, by Lieutenants Bushe and Hume, he was about to seize them when a ball struck him, and he fell to the earth. "Take my sword to my father," said he, "and tell him it was never dishonored; tell the poor old man that his son forgot not his country nor his sire; tell him, above all, that he died in peace with all mankind, and with the darling hope of a glorious resurrection. Bear my respect to the giver of this flag, and tell her I did preserve it; tell all my friends who shall remember to ask for me, that their poor friend has fought his last fight, has struck his last blow, and may the blessings of Providence rest upon my country and her cause."

So died lamented Jasper. Our very soil is enriched with his life blood. Raise high your monuments to his virtue, and

crown them with the emblems of the brave. Let his deeds be inspiration for others who admire their native land. Visit in your wanderings the now neglected "Spa," and there refresh your sight and memory with the associations of the scene. Let not time blot from your memories, fair readers, the name of Sergeant Jasper, the friend of liberty—unsullied patriot—and true defender of our rights. Truly,

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Or named thee but to praise."

—*Southern Patriot.*

MILES STANDISH.

MILES STANDISH was a soldier of New England, born in Lancashire, England, about 1584, died in Duxbury, Mass., October 3d, 1656. He had served in the Netherlands, and on coming to Plymouth with the first company, in 1620, was chosen Captain by the Pilgrims. He had great courage, energy and determination, with a fiery temper, and rendered important service to the early settlers. He commanded frequent expeditions against the Indians who annoyed the settlements, and by the boldness and skill of his attacks inspired them with great awe of his military prowess. During his service with the Plymouth Colony, he conceived a high admiration for "Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," but being "a maker of war and not a maker of phrases," he delegated his young friend, John Alden, to solicit for him, in marriage, the hand of Priscilla.

The fair-haired, taciturn young stripling, accordingly, proceeded on his errand, but he did not embellish the theme nor array it in beautiful phrases, as Standish had desired. "He came straight to the point and blurted it out like a school-

boy," and finally received for an answer, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" On hearing of his rejection, Miles Standish resolved to devote himself, henceforth, to the defence of the Colony against the Indians.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a path, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort:
He who was used to success and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden;
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!
"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly!
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'T was but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white man,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate, and sabre, and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them, advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, King of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives, in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle;
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

"Welcome English," for these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then, in their native tongue, they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother, the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spoke to the Captain:—
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak tree riven by lightning."
Forth he sprang, at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, "Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from his sheath, and plunging it back as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ah! but shall not speak!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set in their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendish fierceness upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of lightning, thunder; and death, unseen, ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their Sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his stature,
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And, as a trophy of war, the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from the spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand as the prize and reward of his valor.

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace, the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden plot and with mere-stead,
Busy with breaking the glebe and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.

All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scourging the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight, and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS."

—Oliver Hazard Perry.

"September the tenth, full well, I ween,
In eighteen hundred and thirteen;
The weather mild, the sky serene;
Commanded by bold Perry,
Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
In safety, moored in Put-in-Bay.
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day
The British fleet
We chanced to meet;
Our Admiral thought he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie."

PERRY'S decisive victory over the English fleet in the Battle of Lake Erie, during the War of 1812, was of immense consequence, both in its material results and in its moral effect. It gave us complete command of all the upper lakes, prevented any fear of invasion from that quarter, increased our prestige with the foe and our confidence in ourselves, and ensured the conquest of Upper Canada.

Commodore Perry's name is more widely known than that of any other commander of the war. The courage with which his vessel, the "Lawrence," was defended has hardly ever been surpassed, and may fairly be called heroic. He showed indomitable pluck and readiness to adapt himself to every circumstance. His energy and activity deserve all praise, not

PERRY LEAVING THE "LAWRENCE" TO BRING THE "NIAGARA" INTO ACTION.

only for his success in collecting sailors and vessels and building brigs, but especially for the manner in which he succeeded in getting them on the lake.

The following admirable word painting of the concluding scenes of this memorable conflict, from the pen of that accomplished historian, J. T. Headley, will be read with interest—even by those who are already familiar with its details and results:—

"As the sun went down over the still lake, his last beams looked on a mournful spectacle. Those ships, stripped of their spars and canvas, looked as if they had been swept by a hurricane, while desolation covered their decks. At twilight, the seamen who had fallen on board the American fleet were committed to the deep, and the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church read over them.

The uproar of the day had ceased, and silence rested on the two squadrons riding quietly at anchor, broken only by the stifled groans of the wounded, that were echoed from ship to ship. As Perry sat that night on the quarter-deck of the "Lawrence," conversing with his few remaining officers, while ever and anon the moans of his brave comrades were borne to his ear, he was solemn and subdued. The exciting scene through which he had safely passed, the heavy load taken from his heart, the reflection that his own life had been spared, and the consciousness that his little brother was slumbering sweetly and unhurt in his hammock beside him, awakened emotions of gratitude to God.

It had been a proud day for him; and as he lay that night and thought what a change a few hours had wrought in his fortunes, feelings of exultation might swell his bosom. Such unshaken composure, such gallant bearing, such stern resolution and steadiness and tenacity of purpose in a young man of twenty-seven, in his first battle, exhibit a marvelous strength of character, and one wonders more at him than at his success.

It was a great victory; and as the news spread, bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon and shouts of excited multitudes announced the joy and exultation of the nation.

The gallant bearing of Perry, his daring passage in an open boat, through the enemy's fire, to the "Niagara;" the motto on his flag; the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy's line, and then closed in half-pistol shot; his laconic account of the victory in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy: "WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS!" furnished endless themes for discussion and eulogy, and he suddenly found himself in the front rank of heroes.

The day after the battle the funeral of the officers of the two fleets took place. A little opening on the margin of the bay, a wild and solitary spot, was selected as the place of interment. It was a beautiful Autumn day; not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the lake or moved the still forests that fringed that lovely clearing. The sun shone brightly down on the new-made graves, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath stillness that rested on forest and lake. The fallen officers, each in his appropriate uniform, were laid on platforms made to receive them, and placed with their hands across their breasts in the barges. As these were rowed gently away, the boats fell in behind, in long procession, and the whole swept slowly and sadly toward the place of burial. The flags drooped mournfully in the still air; the dirge to which the oars kept time rose and fell in solemn strains over the water, while minute guns from the various vessels blended their impressive harmony with the scene.

The day before had been one of strife and carnage; but those who had closed in mortal hate now mourned, like a band of brothers, for their fallen leaders; and gathering together round the place of burial, gazed a last farewell, and firing one volley over the nameless graves, turned sadly away. There, in that wild spot, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual dirge, they slept the sleep of the brave. They had fought gallantly, and it mattered not to them the victory or defeat, for they had gone to that still land where human sacrifices are forgotten, and the clangor of battle never comes."

J. T. HEADLEY.

TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.

H. W. HILLIARD.

PERHAPS in the history of the world the power of a single will was never more triumphantly exhibited than it was at Buena Vista. Taylor had been advised to fall back, for safety, to Monterey, stripped of some of his best troops, far advanced into the enemy's country, with an army numbering only about four thousand, and but one-third of them regulars; with no reserved force to support him; with the intelligence brought in that Santa Anna, at the head of twenty thousand men, was marching against him, he took his position in a gorge of the Sierra Madre, and determined to meet the shock of battle. He would neither retreat nor resign; he would fight.

There flashed forth a great spirit! The battle came; the odds were fearful; but who could doubt the result when American troops stood in that modern Thermopylæ, and in the presence of such a leader? It was in vain that Mexican artillery played upon their ranks, or Mexican infantry bore down with the bayonet, or Mexican lancers charged. The spirit of the great leader pervaded the men who fought with him, and a single glance of his eye could reanimate a wavering column.

Like Napoleon at the Danube, he held his men under fire because he was exposed to it himself; and like him, wherever he rode along the lines, mounted on a white charger, a conspicuous mark for balls, men would stand and be shot down, but they would not give way. Of Taylor, on that day, it may be said, as it has been said of Lannes at Montebello: "He was the rock of that battle-field, around which men stood

with a tenacity which nothing could move. If he had fallen, in five minutes that battle would have been a rout." That battle closed General Taylor's military career; and that battle alone gives him a title to immortality.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

ARCAS was the widow of Balahac, the king of Carcassonne, who died during the siege of that city. She was a woman of uncommon courage. A representation of her is to be seen over the gate of this famed old city, with the inscription: "*Carcassum*;" the corruption of which has undoubtedly given name to the place. She undertook to avenge her husband's death; and sustained the siege with so much bravery, that Charlemagne left her in possession of the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the city. Afterward the Saracens came, and insulted the Countess of Carcassonne under her own walls; jesting at the idea of a female warrior, and recommending her to spin rather than to fight.

Arming herself, therefore, with a lance, to which she affixed, as to a distaff, a quantity of hemp, leaving only the point bare, she set fire to it and rushed into the midst of the enemy, whom she filled with terror and put to flight. Her shield and victorious lance are yet shown at Carcassonne; the government of which, joined to her personal glory, induced the handsomest and bravest knights of the time to solicit her hand, which she eventually bestowed on a young Frenchman of the name of Roger.

THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

TO hold the city of New York, its harbor, and the river Hudson, and by means of the fortresses on the lakes, to keep open a free communication with Canada, was the scheme by which it was hoped to insulate and reduce New England. On Saturday, the 29th of April, 1775, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, as they passed through Hartford, had secretly met the Governor and Council of Connecticut, to promote the surprise and capture of Ticonderoga, which had been planned by the Green Mountain Boys.

Ethan Allen was encouraged by an express messenger to hold his forces in readiness, and the necessary funds were furnished by the treasury of Connecticut. Sixteen men of that colony, leaving Salisbury, were joined in Massachusetts by John Brown (who had first proposed the enterprise in a letter from Montreal), by Colonel James Eaton, and by about fifty volunteers from Berkshire.

At Bennington they found Ethan Allen, who was certainly "the proper man to head his own people." Repairing to the north, he sent the alarm through the hills of Vermont, and on Sunday, the 7th of May, about one hundred Green Mountain Boys, and nearly fifty soldiers from Massachusetts, under the command of Eaton, rallied at Castleton. Just then arrived Benedict Arnold, with only one attendant. He brought a commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, which was disregarded, and the men unanimously elected Ethan Allen as their chief.

On the 8th of May the party began the march; late on the 9th they arrived at Orwell. With the utmost difficulty a few boats were collected; and eighty-three men, crossing the lake

with Allen, landed near the garrison. The boats were sent back to Seth Warner, and the rear guarded; but if they were to be waited for there could be no surprise. The men were, therefore, at once drawn up in three ranks, and as the first beams of the morning broke upon the mountain peaks, Allen addressed them: "Friends and fellow-soldiers: We must, this morning, quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on, contrary to your will. You that will undertake voluntarily poise your firelocks."

At the word every firelock was poised. "Face to the right," cried Allen, and placing himself at the centre of the file, Arnold keeping emulously at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open. The sentry snapped a fuse at him. The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in a hollow square.

One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the commanding officer. "Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison!" cried Ethan Allen, as he reached the door.

At this Delaplace, the commander, came out undressed, with his breeches in his hand. "Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen.

Delaplace began to speak again, but was peremptorily interrupted, and at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head, he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

Thus was Ticonderoga taken, in the gray of the 10th of May. What cost the British nation eight millions sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

The Americans gained with the fortress nearly fifty persons, more than one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels, stores and small arms. To a detachment under Seth Warner, Crown Point, with its garrison of twelve men, surrendered upon the first summons. Another party succeeded in making a prisoner of Skeene, a dangerous British agent, and in getting possession of Skeensborough.

Messengers carried to the Continental Congress news of the great acquisition which inaugurated the day of its assembling. "A war has begun," wrote Joseph Warren, from the Massachusetts Congress, "but I hope, after a full conviction, both of our ability and resolution to maintain our rights, Britain will act with necessary wisdom. This I most heartily wish, as I feel a warm affection for the parent State."

THE KEEPING OF THE BRIDGE.

IT is recorded in the annals of ancient Rome, that Horatius, assisted by Lartius and Herminius, defended the Sublician bridge over the Tiber, against the whole Etruscan army, under Porsena, while the Romans broke down the bridge behind the "dauntless three." When the work was nearly finished, Horatius sent back his two companions. As soon as the bridge was quite destroyed, he plunged into the stream and swam across to the city in safety, amid the arrows of the enemy. Janiculum, referred to below, is one of the ancient hills of Rome, and is separated from the main city by the river Tiber. Porsena took this stronghold, and compelled the Romans to retreat over the bridge into the city. Mount Janiculum is best known in our time as being the hill on which the world-famous St. Peter's Cathedral is situated. The Vatican, the official residence of the Pope, is also located here, and adjoins the latter.

The Rhamnenses, Tatienses and Lucerenses, were the three orginal tribes into which the Romans were divided by Romulus, the founder of the city. The term "Fathers" was frequently applied to the Roman Senators, since they were supposed to exercise a fatherly care and influence over the destinies of their charge.

In the Etruscan language, *Lars* meant "Mighty Chief," or Lord. Lord Macaulay has given us such a soul-stirring poem, describing this heroic event, that one is almost compelled to accord him as high a rank as a poet as he occupies as a prose writer:—

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate,
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed you may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play;
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Rhamnian, proud, was he—
"Lo! I will stand on thy right hand
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spoke strong Herminius—
Of Tatian blood was he—
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be;"
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three;
For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon their foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.
But soon Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink, to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path of the dauntless three!

Meanwhile, the axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide;
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a loud shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still, in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face;
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spoke to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome;
"O, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray!
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips, and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;

And when, above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear a cheer.

"Out on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day,
We would have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now the ground he touches,
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

CATHERINE VASSENT.

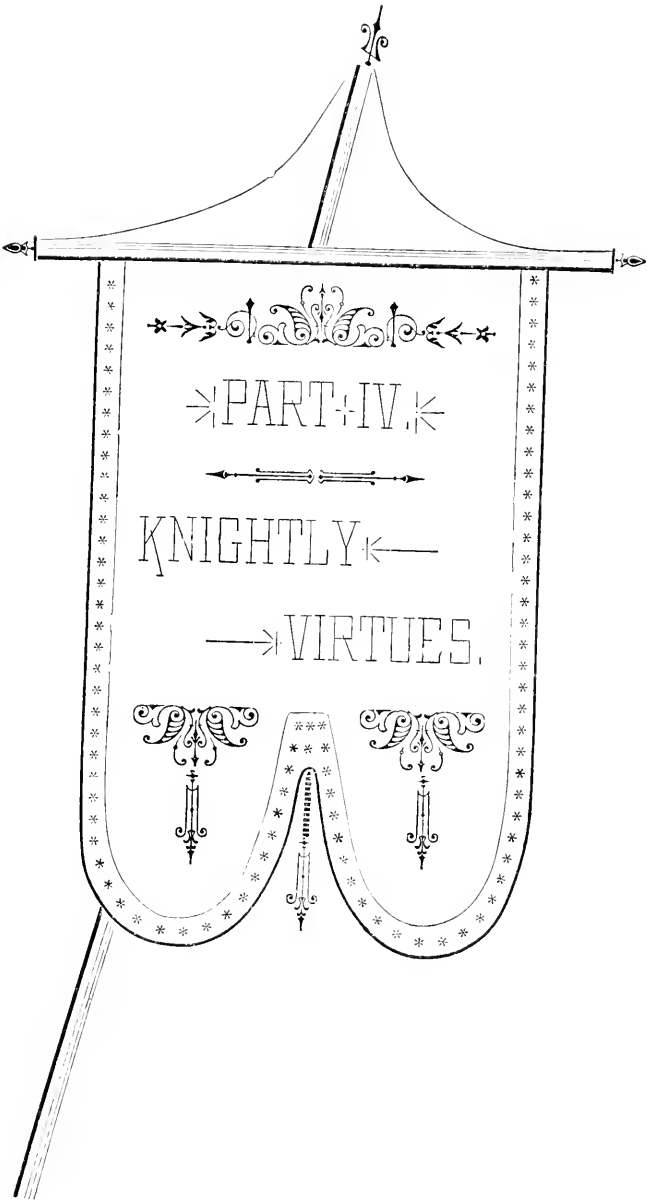
E. PAXTON HOOD, D. D.

CATHERINE VASSENT, the daughter of a French peasant, exhibited at the age of seventeen, and in the humble capacity of a menial, a proof of intrepid, persevering sympathy which ranks her with the noblest of her sex. A common sewer, of considerable depth, having been opened at Noyon, for the purpose of repairs, four men passing by, late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precaution having been taken to prevent so probable an accident.

It was almost midnight before their situation was known; and besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that un-

seasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from exposing himself to similar danger by attempting to rescue these unfortunates, who appeared already in a state of suffocation from the mephitic vapor. Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children, who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant in the town, insisted on being lowered, without delay, into the noxious opening, and fastened a cord, with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, around two of their bodies. Assisted by those above, she restored them to life and to their families; but in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind, although in a fainting condition, to fix a rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long, luxuriant curls around a full but well-formed neck. Her neighbors, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford, compatible with safety; and pulling up, as they thought, the third man's body, were equally concerned and surprised to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine, suspended by the hair, and swinging by the same cord. Fresh air, with *eau de vie*, soon restored this excellent girl.

In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was brought up a lifeless corpse. Such conduct did not pass unnoticed. A procession of the corporation, and a solemn *Te Deum*, were celebrated on the occasion. Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematical medal, with considerable pecuniary contributions, and a civic crown. To these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that estimable reward of a benevolent mind.


PART IV.
KNIGHTLY
VIRTUES.

"Dream not of helm and harness,
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew."

—Whittier.

PART IV.

KNIGHTLY VIRTUES.

FLORA MACDONALD AND THE PRETENDER.

FTER the disastrous battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746, Prince Charles Edward, known as the Pretender, grandson of James II, of England, was compelled to flee for his life.

He quitted the large body of horsemen who had accompanied him from the fatal moor, having resolved to make his way, with a few of his personal friends, to the West coast, in order to embark for France. Riding past the ruins of Fort Augustus, he halted at Invergarry, an almost deserted house of MacDonald of Glengarry. Here he was left to pursue his course, with two of his companions and a poor Highlander, Ned Burke, who had been his guide from the battle-field. On the second of May he was sailing in a small boat from Loch Na Naugh, where, nine months before, he had landed with few companions, but with the support of the most sanguine hopes. These solitary lakes and islands were now unsafe. Parties of soldiers penetrated into the most remote places, hunting down rebels and chasing women and children from their desolate homes. Soon after the wanderings of Charles Edward begun, the Duke of Cumberland had fixed his headquarters at Fort

Augustus, in the very heart of the country where the young prince was hiding, for whose apprehension a reward of thirty thousand pounds had been offered. Five months did this ill-fated adventurer lead a life of constant privation and alarm; generally evading observation; sometimes known; but never betrayed. When he had gained a place of shelter in the house of the elder Clanranald, in the Island of South Uist, he was soon disturbed by parties of militia who landed, and by vessels of war cruising about the coast. Obliged to quit his hospitable abode, he wandered alone among the hills till he was enabled to escape. This he effected through the compassionate courage and sagacity of Flora MacDonald, a name ever to be numbered in the illustrious *rôle* of heroic women.

Flora had just come from school at Edinburgh, and was visiting her kinsfolk, when the extreme peril of the prince became known to her and aroused her sympathies. She proposed that he should put on the clothes of a servant woman, and in company of a lady, as waiting maid, leave the island. But who had the courage? Flora's stepfather was on the island, in command of a corps of soldiers, searching for the prince.

Regardless of the certain displeasure of her stepfather, and the extreme peril of the undertaking, she resolved to save Charles Edward; and that very night, in company with a trusty officer, she went among the crags of Carradale, to the cave where the royal fugitive was concealed. Great was the astonishment and delight of the Prince when he was informed of the plan for his escape.

Within a day or two Flora procured a passport from her unsuspecting stepfather for herself, a young companion, a boat's crew, and *Betsy Bourke*, an Irish woman whom Flora pretended she had procured as a spinster for her mother. The prince, attired as Betsy Bourke, embarked with Flora and her companions, on the 28th of September, 1746, for the Island of Skye. A furious tempest tossed them about all night, and a band of soldiers prevented their landing in the morning. They finally landed near the residence of Sir Alex-

ander MacDonald, where the Prince was concealed in the cavity of a rock; for the Laird was his enemy, and his hall was filled with soldiers seeking the fugitive.

Flora touched the heart of Lady MacDonald, and by her aid the Prince and the maiden made a safe journey of twelve miles, on foot, to Potarce. There they parted forever, the Prince to escape to France, Flora to be soon afterward carried a prisoner to London and cast into the Tower. The story of her adventure excited the admiration of all classes; and as she was not a partisan of the Pretender, nor of his religious faith, the nobility interfered in her behalf.

The father of George III visited her in prison, and so much was he interested in her that he procured her release. While she remained in London her residence was surrounded by the carriages of the nobility; and Lady Primrose, a friend of the Pretender, introduced her to Court society.

When presented to the old King, George II, he said to her: "How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" Flora replied, with great simplicity: "It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty, had you been in like situation." A chaise-and-four were fitted up for her return to Scotland, and her escort was Malcolm McLeod, who often said afterward: "I went to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four, with Flora MacDonald." Four years afterward she married Allan, the son of the Laird MacDonald, and became mistress of the mansion where the Prince passed his first night in the Island of Skye.

In 1775 Flora and her husband, with several children, emigrated to North Carolina. The American Revolution just breaking out, and being in full sympathy with the mother country, she found it uncongenial in her new home, and after a short stay, resolved to go back again to Scotland.

On the homeward passage the vessel was attacked by a French cruiser, and brave Flora, who was on deck during the engagement, was severely wounded in the hand. They reached their country, where she lived until the 5th of March, 1790.

She was buried in the cemetery of Killmuir, in the Isle of Skye; her shroud was the sheet in which the Prince slept while under her guidance; and three thousand persons stood and wept as her coffin was let down into the grave.—*Selected.*

HEROIC VIRTUES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, a distinguished author, courtier and soldier, was born at Penshurst, Kent, England, November 29th, 1554.

After having successfully discharged several important trusts in the civil service of his government, both at home and abroad, he was sent to the Low Countries as General of the Horse, under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, to aid the Dutch in their struggle for independence. The war was altogether mismanaged. The Prince of Parma, who commanded the troops of Spain, was an experienced General. Leicester was always hesitating; sometimes successful, through the bravery of his captains; but gradually losing fortress after fortress, and obtaining petty advantages with no permanent results. There was one in his army, however, who, in this disastrous campaign, closed a short career of military experience, but who left a name which Englishmen cherish among their most eminent examples of real greatness. Few were the heroic deeds of Philip Sidney, but his heart was the seat of true heroism. The rare scholar, the accomplished writer, the perfect gentleman, might have been forgotten as a soldier, if his night march upon Axel and its daring capture had been his chief title to distinction. On September 22d, 1586, a small detachment of English troops under his command unexpectedly encountered 3000 Spaniards, who were marching to the relief of Zutphen, and a desperate engagement was fought under the walls of the fortress, in which the enemy were signally defeated. Sidney, seeing the Spanish

leader going into battle lightly armed, was induced, by a chivalric spirit of emulation, to imitate his example; and after a series of gallant charges, in which he had a horse killed under him, he received a musket ball in his left thigh.

"While leaving the field," says Lord Brooke, "being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his lips, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the same bottle," which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words: "Thy necessities are greater than mine."

He lingered several weeks in great agony, and met his death with Christian serenity, solacing even his last hours with literary composition. His body was taken to London, and after lying in state, was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, February 15th, 1587, and a general mourning, the first on record in England, was observed. —*Anonymous.*

"HERE I STAND; I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE; GOD HELP ME!"

IN the early part of the sixteenth century, there appeared on the stage of action, in Europe, two characters whose names deserve a place in history. One was a monarch, whose power and influence were vastly greater than those of any other living prince. He ruled, with a sway almost absolute, over vast millions of the most industrious, enlightened and opulent people of Europe. No other commander could bring such well-trained hosts on to the battle-field; no other financier could command such untold sums of treasure. And Europe alone would not have equaled one-half of the extent of his territories.

His name was pronounced with awe in all quarters of the globe. The swarthy East Indian and the copper-colored American, in their own distant but gorgeous homes, did homage to the mighty Emperor. His tables were adorned and his treasury filled with gold wrung from the unwilling but feeble grasp of Inca and Aztec. The mines of Mexico and Peru swelled his shining stores to an unapproachable magnitude.

His men-of-war and merchant ships everywhere whitened the sea; the former invincible to his foes, and the latter groaning under their cargoes of gold. Nor had his mind been left unfurnished. He had been thoroughly and carefully educated in all the wisdom of his time, both scholastic and practical.

He was an accomplished linguist, and possessed unrivaled skill in diplomacy. And his natural abilities were such as enabled him to shine in every department of kingcraft. He triumphed in war over the ablest sovereigns who chose to assail him, and at the council-board was none who could go beyond him in meeting emergencies.

The other, as he tells us himself, was a peasant, whose ancestors had always been genuine peasants before him. He was an obscure subject of the great Emperor. His father toiled for a scanty living in the German iron mines. His mother worked in house and field through the weary hours of the livelong day. He himself was reared amid the hardest and sternest poverty, and when he went to school, was compelled to subsist by begging his bread from door to door; and when he became an inmate of the Augustine convent, he undertook the humblest and most laborious tasks; took the lowliest place among the lowly brotherhood of monks.

One day the great Emperor and the poor monk met. It was a grand council, called, in part, for the trial of the monk, and under the auspices of the Emperor. The latter had come from a remote part of his vast dominions, with all the pomp of a triumphal march. He had been greeted on his way by the

...s thou (the Pope) hast troubled the Holy One of the Lord, may the ...al fire trouble and consume thee."

Doctor Martin Luther

verbrannte an dieſer Stelle, am 10. Dezember 1520,

die

Päpſtliche Bannbulle.

Luther, surrounded by his students, colleagues and towns-people, committing the Papal bull of excom-...nication, together with the Canon law and several books of Eck and Emser, to the flames, before the ...ster gate of Wittenberg.

The words quoted at the top of the page were addressed by Luther to the offensive document, when in ...e act of casting it into the fire.

A tree has since been planted on the spot, and this is now surrounded by an iron railing, to protect it ...ainst memento-hunters. On this enclosure there is a tablet bearing the foregoing German inscription.

huzzas of millions of subjects. He sat in the Diet, surrounded by a brilliant assembly of nobles, princes and kings, who all acknowledged his supremacy. He was at the summit of earthly grandeur.

The poor monk was arraigned for heresy and obstinacy, tried and found guilty, and pronounced an outlaw under the ban of the Empire. His memorable words in that great assembly, when asked to rétract his teaching and preaching, "*Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!*" are familiar to everybody. They are great in themselves, but infinitely greater when considered in connection with the man who used them and the occasion which called them forth.

Luther, after struggling upward toward the light, seemed finally to have reached it. He at last approached it so closely that he broke completely away from the Pope. The bull of excommunication which had been issued against him he had publicly burned. His words against it consumed even more fiercely than the flames. The representatives of the Empire could not help noticing conduct so daring, and he was, therefore, summoned to attend the "Diet" at Worms. He prepared to go; and when pleaded with by his friends to stay away, he made the memorable reply: "Though there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on its houses, still would I go." And he did go, and there stood in the presence of electors, bishops and prelates, defending himself and his books, and claiming his right to freedom of speech and conscience. "Athanasius against the world" was but a trifling spectacle compared with this. It was at the close of his defence that he used the words, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!" The scene, which has been called "the most splendid in history," was properly closed by so sublime a declaration.

We are hardly able at this day to understand the peril in which he stood and the courage that was necessary to carry him through so trying an ordeal. Those days, three centuries and a half ago, were not such as ours. Freedom of conscience

was not one of its prerogatives and blessings. The right to think, speak, and act for himself was no man's privilege.

In all the attitudes in which he is seen during those memorable days, none is more striking than this one at Worms. He is alone, or nearly so. His cause has as yet made but little progress. He was in the presence of men who regarded him as an apostate and enemy of God. They thirsted, many of them, for his blood; but he did not falter. He spoke warmly, but collectedly. His boldness increased with his danger, until he became the very impersonation of moral heroism. After justifying his works and reaffirming his determination to stand by the Scriptures and his conscience, he ended all with the words that are so sublimely linked with the immortality of his name.

Suppose the question had been put to some prince of the Empire, or some high ecclesiastical dignitary, which of the two men, the convicted heretic, accursed by the Pope and outlawed by the Empire, or the mighty Charles V, successor of the Cæsars, was most influential? what would have been the answer? And yet, what says the world to-day? Measure the lives of the two men. Weigh their deeds, the principles they advocated, and the policy inaugurated by each.

Charles lived and reigned, engaged in the intrigues and diplomacy of his time; schemed against Francis I, of France; deceived the Pope, and was deceived by the Pope; and finally died, in a self-imposed obscurity, declaring that he was weary of the incessant and unmeaning contests of life. And in his long reign of thirty years, what else can be said than that it was not marked by a single measure of permanent utility in advancing the interests of humanity.

But Luther has changed the entire face of Christendom. Catholic no less than Protestant countries feel the good effects of his fearless devotion to duty. His heroism has gone into the very life of the race. Who can tell how much higher the mass of mankind now stand for Luther's having lived? Who, then, was the man of influence, the prince or the peasant, the Emperor or the monk? What painter shall fitly portray the figures at the Diet of Worms? —*Selected.*

TAMERLANE AND THE DERVIS.

TAMERLANE. Thou bring'st me thy credentials from the Highest;
From Allah, and our Prophet? speak thy message,
It must import the best and noblest ends.

Dervis. Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has given thee
To reign and conquer. Ill dost thou repay
The bounties of his hand; unmindful of
The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow,
Thou hast forgot high Heaven, hast beaten down
And trampled on Religion's sanctity.

Tam. Now, as I am a soldier and a king,
The greatest names of honor, only show
The imputation true, and Tamerlane
Shall do thee ample justice on himself;
So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,
Could I suspect my soul of harboring aught
To its dishonor, I would search it strictly,
And drive the offending thought with fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet's honor,
By fostering the pernicious Christian sect;
Those whom his sword pursued with fell destruction,
Thou tak'st into thy bosom, to thy councils;
They are thy only friends. The true believers
Mourn to behold thee favor this Axalla.

Tam. I fear me thou exceed'st the prophet's order,
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter
A wideness ill becoming thee to use,
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend,
Thou nam'st a man beyond the least suspicion,
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

Der. He's a Christian; and our law condemns him,
Though he were even all thou speak'st and more.

Tam. 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the virtuous
For differing from the rules your schools devise;
Look around, how Providence bestows alike

Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,
On different nations, all of different faiths;
And though by several names and titles worshiping,
Heaven takes the various tribute of their praise;
Since all agree to own, at least, to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all!
Thus, when he viewed the many forms of nature,
He found that all was good, and blest the fair variety.

Der. Most impious and profane! No, frown not, prince!
Full of the prophet, I despise the danger
Thy angry power may threaten; I command thee
To hear and to obey; since thus says Mahomet:
"Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations?
Why have I given thee conquest, but to spread
My sacred law even to the utmost earth,
And make my holy Mecca the world's worship?
Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,
Plant there the prophet's name; with sword and fire
Drive out all other faiths, and let the world
Confess him only."

Tam. Had he but commanded
My sword to conquer all, to make the world
Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard;
'Twere but to do what has been done already,
For Philip's son and Cæsar did as much;
But to subdue the unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehension, to force this
Or that man to think alike, and just as thou or it!
Impossible! Unless their *souls* were like;
But human faces are not more unlike than these.

Der. Well might the holy cause be carried on,
If Mussulman did not make war on Mussulman.
Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch?
Now, as thou hop'st to escape the prophet's curse,
Release the royal Bajazet and join
With force united to destroy the Christians!

Tam. 'Tis well; I've found the cause that moved thy zeal;
What—shall politicians set thee on,
In hopes to fright me, this way, to complaisance?

Der. Our prophet only!

Tam. No; thou dost belie him,
Thou maker of new faith, that dares to build
Thy fond inventions on Religion's name!
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and free from every art;
You falsify her! Hence, hypocrite, thou'rt unmasked!

Der. I have but one resort. Now, aid me, prophet! [Aside.]
Yet have I somewhat further to unfold:
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus—

[The *Dervis* draws a concealed dagger, and attempts to stab *Tamerlane.*]

Tam. No; villain! Heaven is watchful o'er her worshipers
[Wresting the dagger from him.]
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou wretch!
Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble
When I shall doom thee!

Der. 'Tis but death at last;
And I will suffer greatly for the cause
That urged me first to the bold deed.

Tam. O impious!
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs; [Pausing.]
It shall be so. To die 'twere a reward.
Now learn the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine;
Thine bids thee lift thy dagger to my throat;
Mine can forgive the wrong and bid thee live;
Keep thine own wicked secret and be safe!
If thou repent'st I have gained one to virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy!
If thou continuest still to be the same,
'Tis punishment enough to be a villain;
Hence from my sight. It shocks my soul to think
That there is such a monster in my kind!
Whither will man's impiety extend?
O gracious Heaven! dost thou withhold thy thunder
When bold assassins use thy name
And swear they are the champions of thy cause?

NICHOLAS ROWE.

KING HENRY, IV, AT IVRY.

T B. MACAULAY.

THE murder of Henry, III, had given Henry of Navarre the legal title to the throne of France; but his rights were denied by the Roman Catholic party, who resisted him in arms. In the course of the year 1590 the King won a splendid victory over his opponents at Ivry. Ivry is near the town of Dreux, where Maine and the Isle of France abut upon the southeast corner of Normandy.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! HURRAH! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! HURRAH! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;

HENRY IV AT IVRY.

He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high;
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andrè's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge—for the Golden Lilies—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazes the Helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry: "No Frenchman is my foe;"
"Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!"
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war?
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey;
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearman's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright.
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

LADY JANE GREY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LADY JANE GREY, "the mirror of her age," an illustrious but unfortunate personage of the blood royal of England, was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, whose mother was wife to Edward IV. Lady Jane, on her mother's side, was great-grand-daughter of Henry VII, and second cousin to Mary, Queen of Scots. She was born in 1537; and "was not more distinguished," says Horace Walpole, "by her descent, than by her extraordinary accomplishments, and these were adorned with such sweetness of temper and innate goodness of heart, as rendered her the delight and wonder of all who knew her."

Under the tuition of Bishop Aylmer, she made surprising progress in arts and sciences, and could express herself properly in the Latin and Greek tongues. We are told by Ascham "that she wrote Latin with great strength of sentiment;" and her contemporary, Sir Thomas Chaloner, says, "she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French and Italian. She played well, wrote a curiously fine hand, was excellent at her needle; yet with all these endowments, so rare in any age, and

still more remarkable in the reign of Edward VI, she was of a mild, humble and modest spirit." Fuller quaintly says, "she had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences." Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's schoolmaster, says, "Aristotle's praise of women is perfected in her. She has good manners, prudence, and a love of labor. She possesses every talent without the least weakness of her sex. I found her in her chamber, reading Plato's Phædon in Greek with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace."

Indeed, he tells us it was to read Plato she gave up a hunting party that was at the moment sweeping through her father's park. Asking her "how she could lose such pastime?" she said, "I wisse (know) all the sport in the park is but the shadow of what pleasure I find in this book:" adding, that one of the greatest blessings God ever gave her, was in sending her sharp parents and a gentle schoolmaster, which made her take delight in nothing so much as studies. The whole conversation, as he reported it, is touching and simple, and specially interesting as illustrative of the cold formality of the relation of parent and child in that age and rank.

Through her father's machinations Edward VI was induced to set aside Henry VIII's will, disinherit his sister, afterwards the bloody Mary, and settle the crown on Lady Jane, who had just married Lord Guilford Dudley. It was on July 10th, 1553, that the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, the last her father and the first her father-in-law, repaired to her residence, and explaining to her the state of affairs, kneeled to her in homage as Queen of England. Astonished, but not moved or elevated by these new dignities, she refused to take a crown which of right belonged to the late king's sisters, and told them "she understood the infamy of those who violated

right to gain a sceptre, for it would be to mock God, and deride justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling and not at the usurpation of a crown. I am not so young, or so little read in the guiles of fortune as to suffer myself to be taken by them. Even if I escape death," she added, "liberty is more precious to me than the chain you offer, with whatever gold and precious stones it be adorned."

However, she was at last prevailed upon by the entreaties of father, mother and husband, and assumed the crown.

"She lifted not up the least finger to put the diadem on herself," says old Fuller, "but was only contented to sit still whilst others endeavored to crown her; or rather, was so far from biting at the bait of sovereignty, that unwillingly she opened her mouth to receive it."

She is not reckoned as having reigned in England, being so soon defeated and executed for high treason by her successful competitor, Mary, on the twelfth day of February, 1554. Her letters to her friends and father, from prison, breathe the most touching spirit of resignation. That to her father is a striking picture of a strong mind struggling with the then supposed duty of a child.

Her husband was executed first. As his dead body was borne by her window, she wrote in her table-book three sentences, one in Latin, one in Greek, and one in English. The first two relate to her husband; the third was, "If my fault deserved punishment, my youth, at least, and my inexperience were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favor." This book she gave to the lieutenant of the Tower. At the block the executioner kneeled and asked her pardon; she answered, "Most willingly." Being blindfolded she felt her way to the block, laid her head on it, murmured, "Lord, into thy hand I commend my spirit;" and then her head was severed from her body by a single stroke. She was in her eighteenth year. It is said that even Bloody Mary herself was disposed to pardon her. Her fate was lamented throughout Europe; and Brooks relates that Morgan, the judge who

sentenced her, fell mad, and died crying, "Take away the Lady Jane, take away the Lady Jane."

It is Fuller who calls her "the mirror of her age;" and she seems to fill among women the place given to Sir Philip Sidney among men. Her letters and small pieces have been published in many languages. The following lines are said to have been pricked by her with a pin, possibly in prison, in Latin, which have thus been translated :—

> To mortal's common fate thy mind resign;
> My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine;
> While God assists us, fruitless all our pain;
> After this dark I hope for light again.

A HUMANE AND HONORABLE ENGLISHMAN.

(Extract from the Speech of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords, in opposition to the employment of Indians against the Americans.)

WHO is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; but, atrocious as they are, they have found a defender in this House. 'It is perfectly justifiable,' says a noble Lord, 'to use all the means that God and Nature put into our hands.' I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country, principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

"My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again upon

your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty to proclaim it. As members of this House, as men, as Christians, we are called upon to protest against the barbarous proposition. 'That God and Nature put into our hands!' What ideas that noble Lord may entertain of God and Nature, I know not; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, revealed or natural; every sentiment of honor, every generous feeling of humanity!

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation! I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned Bench to defend and support the justice of their country! I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution! I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own! I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of the noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country!

"Turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child? Send forth the infidel savage? Against whom? Against your brethren! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hounds of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extir-

pate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savages, these fiendish hounds, against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity!

"My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine into it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away with these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

"This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne, in the language of TRUTH. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other—as to give an unlimited support to measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us; measures which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? *But yesterday, and* England *might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do* her *reverence!*

"France, my Lords, has insulted you. She has encouraged

and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn the officious insult of French interference. Can even *our* Ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? The people whom they affected to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies—the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility—this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their Ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy—and our Ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect!

"My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. You cannot, I venture to say it, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, still more extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German Prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!"

HUMANITY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ONE morning the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon King Robert Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have risked a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favored his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king; and he was informed by his attendants that a poor woman, a laundress or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel.

The mother was shrieking, for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages or means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated. King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "let it never be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians. In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English

general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

A PROMISE IS SACRED.

EDWARD GIBBON.

A SPANISH cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued, but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden, and the Spaniard, falling upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him up in a summer house, and left him with the assurance that, when night came, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards the dead body of his son was brought to him, and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt, and retiring to his chamber, he remained there until midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer house, and thus accosted the cavalier: "Christian, the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime deserves the severest punishment. But I have solemnly

pledged my word not to betray you, and I disdain to violate a rash engagement even with a cruel enemy."

He then conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing him with one of his swiftest mules, "flee," said he, "while the darkness of night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment to him."

QUEEN PHILIPPA AND THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS.

JOHN FROST.

AFTER the battle of Crecy, France, August 26th, 1346, King Edward of England laid siege to Calais, and fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege or throw succors into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant Governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put her second sickle into the harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard of calamities, they resolved to attack the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates.

The command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of common birth, but of exalted virtues; he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted him to depart with his life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they

delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed upon every countenance. To a long and deadly silence deep groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends—We are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering those who have suffered every misery with you on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends—there is one expedient left—a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any one here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up His only Son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke; but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length St. Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but that many here are as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be; though the station to which I am raised, by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

"Your son," exclaimed a son not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child," cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But, no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next,

my friends? This is the hour of heroes!" "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire. "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "Why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieux of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced—they clung around—they fell prostrate before them. They groaned—they wept aloud—and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold and contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which

they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny. "They are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward. "Was there no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an example equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience has ever shown," says he, "that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission, by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with powerful reinforcements of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive Her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

"My lord," said she "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage upon which they would suffer would be to them a stage

of honor, but a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach on his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense.

"We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

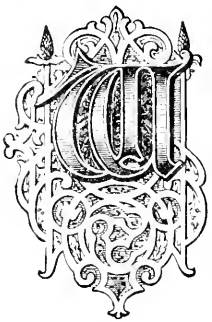
"I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward. "Prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of your erroneous judgment; and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You, noble burghers! you, excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, but respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty infuses with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and

honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed St. Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa conquers hearts."

VOLNEY BECKER, THE HERO SAILOR BOY.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.



HILE Volney was yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of the boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way, Volney Becker, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued. He would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant ship, in which, it appears, his father sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvering. The squirrel does not skip with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in

the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock.

Such was the cleverness and good temper of Volney Becker that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The Captain of the ship on board which he served cited him as a model to other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of the whole crew, "If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valor and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I now occupy."

Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity, saved them in many a dangerous emergency. An opportunity at length arrived, in which the young sailor performed one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel into the sea.

The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. While he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Becker perceived at a distance a shark advancing directly toward him. He called for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared go further; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets, with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his

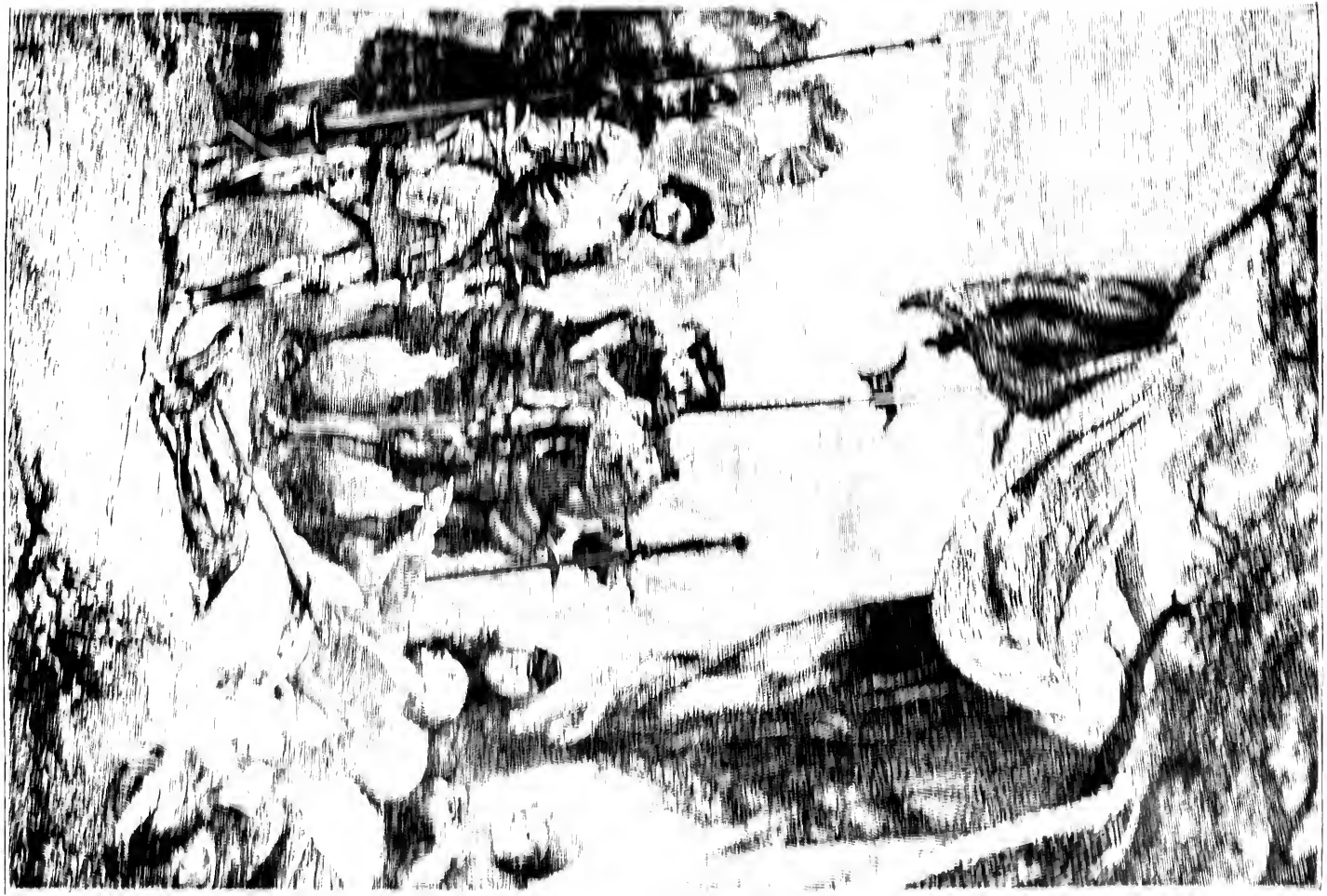
[illegible] was just about to seize its prey. In this terrible extremity, that strong men would not venture to attempt, [illegible] to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea, then [illegible] with the velocity of a fish he slipped under the animal and stabbed his sword into its body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of its prey and turned against its assailant who attacked it with repeated lunges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On the one side the American trembling for his little girl who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to avert it from his father.

The combat was too unequal and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were speedily thrown out to the father and son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard. "Here they are—here they are—they are saved." "Alas! no—they are not saved." At least one victim was to be sacrificed. Enraged at seeing its prey about to escape, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring, then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and [illegible] with the sharp teeth of its capacious mouth it tore asunder the body of the intrepid, but unfortunate boy, while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship while his father and the fainting child were saved.

Thus perished at the age of twelve years and some months this hopeful young sailor who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed in saving the life of his father and of the little girl who was a stranger to him at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes.

THE CONNÉTABLE DE BOURBON AND BAYARD

The Connétable was revenged on Francis I. the French



after, Bayard found himself, a few years later, opposed in mortal combat to this skillful commander, who had meanwhile gone over to the side of Spain. A desperate engagement took place at Sesia, Italy, in which Bayard was mortally wounded by an arrow from an arquebuse. So highly was he esteemed for all noble qualities, that his death was lamented, not only by the French king and nation, but also by his enemies. His love of virtue was so passionate, that he was wont to declare that all countries and provinces where justice did not rule were mere forests filled with brigands.

Connétable. Is it the Chevalier Bayard that I see, stretched upon the grass, at the foot of that tree, stricken with a great wound? Yes, it is he. Alas! I pity him. Truly, two great men perished this day by our hands; Vandenesse and he. These two Frenchmen were ornaments to their country by reason of their bravery. I feel that my heart is touched anew for his country. But let us advance and speak to him. Ah! my poor Bayard it is with sadness that I see you in this condition.

Bayard. It is with sadness also that I see you.

Connétable. I comprehend very well that you are sorry to find yourself a prisoner in my hands, by the fate of war; but I do not wish to consider you a prisoner. I wish to treat you as a good friend, and take as much pains to secure your recovery as if you were my own brother. Therefore, you need not be sorry to see me.

Bayard. Alas! Think you that I am not sorry to be under obligations to the greatest enemy of France? It is neither on account of my captivity nor of my wound that I am sad; my time is short; death will soon deliver me out of your hands.

Connétable. No, no, my dear Bayard, I hope that by our skill and attention you will soon be restored.

Bayard. It is not that, that I long for, and I am content to die.

Connétable. What, then do you wish? Is it, that having been vanquished, and made a prisoner in the retreat from Bonnivet, you cannot reconcile yourself to your fate? It is not your fault; the others are to blame. Your reputation is already well established by the performance of many noble deeds. The Imperialists can never forget your gallant defence of Mézières.

Bayard. As for me, I can never forget that you are the Grand Connétable, a prince of the most noble blood in the world, and that you are laboring, with your own hands, to destroy your fatherland, and the kingdom of your ancestors.

Connétable. What! Bayard; I praise you, and you condemn me! I pity you, and you insult me!

Bayard. If you pity me, I pity you also; and I feel that you are more to be pitied than I. I go out of this world unsullied. I have sacrificed myself to duty. I die for my country and my king, esteemed by the enemies of France, and regretted by all good Frenchmen. Truly, my lot is worthy of envy.

Connétable. And I—I am victorious over an enemy who has insulted me; I am revenged; I have driven him from the Milanese territory; I will make him and all France feel the misfortune of driving me to extremes, and losing my services. Am I to be pitied on this account?

Bayard. Yes, one is always to be pitied when one acts in opposition to his duty. It were better to perish in fighting for the fatherland than to vanquish and triumph over it. Oh! What horrible glory—that of destroying one's own country.

Connétable. But my country has been ungrateful to me, although I have rendered it great service. The king has done me a great injustice; he has robbed me of my entire fortune; he has even taken from me my two servants. I have been compelled to flee, in

order to preserve my life, which was seriously threatened. What was to be done?

Bayard. You should rather have endured all injuries than to offend against France and the greatness of your house. If you were persecuted, you could have retired; it would have been better to be poor and unknown than to take up arms against your country. Even in poverty and in the most wretched exile, your reputation would not have been lost.

Connétable. But do you not see that vengeance and ambition have joined hands and forced me to this extremity. I desire that the king apologize for having treated me so badly.

Bayard. To bring him to repentance, a test of patience on your part is necessary, which is not less a heroic virtue than courage.

Connétable. The king continuing so unjust, and allowing himself to be blinded to every sense of right, does he merit an avowal of so great respect from me?

Bayard. If the king does not merit it, the country, as a whole, does. The dignity of the Crown, of which you are the heir, deserves it. You owe it to yourself to spare France, of which you may one day become king.

Connétable. Well, I am in the wrong. I admit it; but do you not know that the best of hearts finds it hard to resist bearing feelings of resentment on such occasions.

Bayard. I know it well; but true courage consists in resisting. If you are conscious of your fault, hasten to atone for it. As for me, I am about to die, and I find that you are more deserving of pity in your prosperity than I am in my sufferings. Even if the Emperor would not deceive you; even if he were to give you his sister in marriage and share France with you, he could not efface the stain that dishonors your life. The Connétable a rebel! Oh! what a shame! Listen! Bayard dying as he lived, and never ceasing to speak the truth.—*From the French of Fénélon.*

the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

To which the President replied:—

"SIR: The United States, in Congress assembled, receive with emotions too affecting for utterance the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war. Called by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds or a government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow-citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety and independence, on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

"Having defended the standard of liberty in this new world; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and those who feel oppression; you retire from the great theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate remotest ages.

"We feel with you our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

"We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you we address to Him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved may be fostered with all His care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious, and that He will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

Which was the most splendid spectacle ever witnessed, the opening feast of Prince George in London, or the resignation of Washington? Which is the noble character for after ages to admire, yon fribble dancing in lace and spangles, or yonder hero who sheathes his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory? Which of these is the true gentleman? What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as a gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty.

EMIR HASSAN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EMIR HASSAN, of the prophet's race,
Asked, with folded hands, the Almighty's grace;
Then, within the banquet hall he sat
At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There, a slave before him placed the food,
Spilling, from the charger, as he stood,
Awkwardly, upon the Emir's breast,
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,
Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching, said:
"Master, they who hasten to restrain
Rising wrath, in Paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:
"I'm not angry." "Yet," pursued the slave,

Yet doth higher recompense belong
To the injured who forgives a wrong."

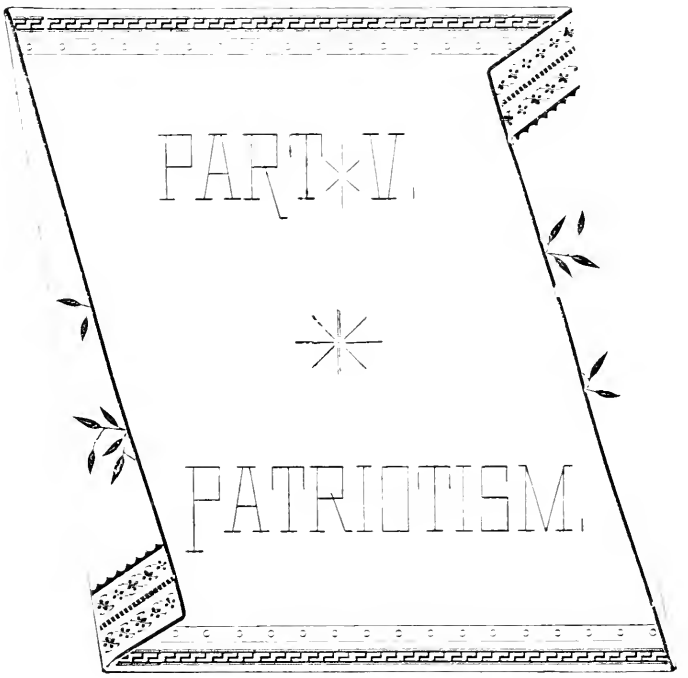
"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read,"
So the prostrate slave went on to plead,
"That a higher seat in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold
In thy hand I lay a purse of gold:
Let me never fail to heed, in aught,
What the prophet of our God hath taught."

A DOUBLE REWARD.

THE Prince of Conti, being highly pleased with the intrepid behavior of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburg, in 1734, threw him a purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained as being too poor a reward for such courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with two diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse I suppose you intended for me; but these I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deserved them by your bravery and by your honesty," said the Prince, "therefore you may keep them."

Anonymous.


PART V.
PATRIOTISM.

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Walworth. [*Comes behind him and stabs him.*] Insolent rebel,
Threatening the King!

Pierc. Vengeance! Vengeance!

Holt. Seize the King!

King. I must be bold. [*Aside among.*] My friends and loving subjects,
I will grant you all you ask: you shall be free;
The tax shall be repealed—all, all you wish;
Your leader menaced me; he deserved his fate.
Quiet your angers. On my royal word,
Your grievances all shall be done away;
Your vassalage abolished: a free pardon
Allowed to all: so, help me God, it shall be.

Ball. Revenge, my brethren, beseems not Christians.
Send us the terms, signed with the seal of State.
We will await in peace. Deceive us not;
Act justly, so to excuse your late foul deed.

King. The charter shall be drawn out. On mine honor,
All shall be justly done.

GERMANICUS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.

IN the year 14 A. D. the Roman soldiers of the Lower Rhine mutinied on receiving the news of the death of the Emperor Augustus, and accession of Tiberius. According to Tacitus, the following speech, by Germanicus, the consul, recalled the mutinous troops to their duty and restored discipline.

"To this audience what name shall I give? Can I call you *Soldiers?* Soldiers! You who have beset with arms the son of your Emperor—confined him in your trenches? *Citizens*, can I call you? You who have trampled under your feet the authority of the Senate; who have violated the most awful sanctities, even those which

I was there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. "But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity and plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?" Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct!—Are these acquisitions to boast of? Cast your eyes upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

DEFENCE OF PRA DEL TOR.

J. A. WYLIE.

NEGOTIATIONS had been opened between the men of the valleys and the Duke of Savoy, and as they were proceeding satisfactorily, the Vaudois were without suspicion of evil. This was the moment that La Trinita chose to attack them. He hastily assembled his troops, and on the night of the 16th of April, 1730, he marched them against the Pra Del Tor, hoping to enter it unopposed, and give the Vaudois "as sheep to the slaughter."

The snows around the Pra were beginning to burn in the light of the morning when the attention of the people, who

had just ended their united worship, was attracted by the unusual sounds which were heard to issue from the gorge that led into the valley. On the instant six brave mountaineers rushed to the gateway that opens from the gorge. The long file of La Trinita's soldiers was seen advancing two abreast, their helmets and cuirasses glittering in the light. The six Vaudois made their arrangements, and calmly waited till the enemy was near. The first two Vaudois, holding loaded muskets, knelt down. The second stood erect, ready to fire over the heads of the first two. The third two undertook the loading of the weapons as they were discharged. The invaders came on. As the first two of the enemy turned the rock, they were shot down by the two foremost Vaudois. The next two of the attacking force fell in like manner by the shot of the Vaudois in the rear. The third rank of the enemy presented themselves only to be laid by the side of their comrades.

In a few minutes a little heap of dead bodies blocked the pass, rendering impossible the advance of the accumulating file of the enemy in the chasm.

Meanwhile, other Vaudois climbed the mountains that overhung the gorge in which the Piedmontese army was imprisoned. Tearing up the great stones with which the hillside was strewn, the Vaudois sent them rolling down upon the host. Unable to advance, from the wall of dead in front, and unable to flee, from the ever-accumulating masses behind, the soldiers were crushed in dozens by the falling rocks.

Panic set in; and panic in such a position was dreadful. Wedged together on the narrow ledge, with a murderous rain of rocks falling on them, their struggle to escape was frightful. They jostled one another, and trod each other under foot, while vast numbers fell over the precipice, and were dashed on the rocks or drowned in the torrent.

When those at the entrance of the valley, who were watching the result, saw the crystal of the Angrogna begin, about midday, to be changed into blood, "Ah" said they "The Pra Del Tor has been taken; La Trinita has triumphed; there flows

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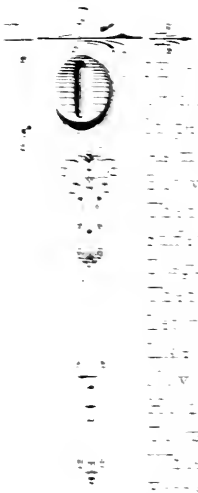
HENRY V TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR



SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

AMONG the bold energetic and faithful patriots of the South, no one holds a firmer place in the affections of the American people than General Francis Marion. His adventures were full of the spirit of romance and his whole military life was an epic poem. The followers of Robin Hood were never more devoted to their chief than were the men of Marion's brigade to their beloved leader. He was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, S. C. in 1732. When the Revolution broke out he was found on the side of liberty and was made captain in the second South Carolina regiment. He fought bravely in the battle at Fort Sullivan on Sullivan's Island and after many other valiant exploits he was made a Brigadier-General and raised a brigade with which he continued in the service to the close of the war. He died on the 26th of February 1795 on his plantation, near Eutaw in the sixty-third year of his age. His last words were: "Thank God since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any man."

On account of the celerity of his movements and his success in avoiding capture when closely pressed he was styled the "Swamp Fox" by the British. The following poem gives a graphic picture of his devoted band.—

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold.
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree.
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil;
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup:
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
  Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away;
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of Summer,
  And tears like those of Spring.
For them we wear those trusty arms,
  And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
  Forever from our shore.

COURAGE OF AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

IN 1777, during the American war, an officer in Virginia, having unintentionally offended another, received a challenge to fight a duel.

He answered that he would not fight, for three reasons; first, not having committed any fault, he would not expose his life to gratify the caprice of an impetuous man; secondly, that he had a wife and children who were dear to him, and he would not do them the injustice to run the chance of plunging them into misery; and thirdly, that as his life was devoted to the service of his country, it would be in violation both of moral and civil duty to risk it in private quarrel.

In consequence of his refusal his antagonist posted him as a coward, and he had the mortification of seeing himself shunned by the officers in general.

Knowing he had not merited such disgrace, he resolved to put an end to it, and having furnished himself with a large hand-grenade, he went to the mess room where the officers were assembled.

On his entrance they looked at him with disdain, and several of them said, "we don't associate with cowards."

"Gentlemen," replied he, "I am no more a coward than any one of you, though I am not such a fool as to forget my duty to my country and to my family; as to real danger, we shall soon see who fears it the least. On saying this he lighted the fusee of the grenade, and threw it among them; then, crossing his arms, he prepared to await the explosion. The affrighted officers immediately arose and ran towards the door in the greatest terror and confusion, tumbling over each other in their hurry to get out. The moment the room was cleared, our officer threw himself flat on the floor, and the grenade exploded, shattering the walls and ceilings, but without doing him any harm. After the explosion the fugitives ventured into the room, expecting to see the officer torn to pieces; but judge their surprise and shame, on being received with a hearty laugh.

From that moment they ceased to shun him, and to brand him with the epithet of coward. —*Anonymous.*

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'Ouverture, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, he refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for his kindness.

In 1797 Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed by the French Government, Commander-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and as such signed the Convention with Gen. Maitland, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From

this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to reëstablish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed in its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Le Clerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. It was the remark of Godwin, in his lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"Toussaint! thou most unhappy man of men;
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;
Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet, die not; do thou
Wear rather, in thy bonds, a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort; thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—Air, Earth and Skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
Dark Haytien! for the time shall come—
Yea, even now is nigh—
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from color's infamy;
And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits,
Born in servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,

In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no color, time, or clime;
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!
For other hands than mine may wreathe
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred;
Who crushed his foemen as a worm;
Whose steps on human hearts fell firm;
Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues, all thine own;
Some gleams of feeling, pure and warm,
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,
Proofs that the negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amidst its chains;
That kindness to the wronged is never
Without its excellent reward,
Holy to human-kind and ever
Acceptable to God.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR."

THÉOPHILE-MALO Corret de Latour d'Auvergne, a brilliant linguist and a valiant soldier, surnamed *The First Grenadier of France*, was born at Carhaix, France, November 23d, 1767, and met a heroic death at Oberhauser, Bavaria, June 27th, 1800.

After quitting the college at Quimber, where he already distinguished himself by his philological studies and researches, he entered the Military School, and was quickly admitted to the regiment of Black Musketeers, and soon promoted to a sub-lieutenancy. Profiting by a leave of absence, in 1781, he hurried away to Spain, where he did valiant service against the English.

When the French Revolution broke out, he remained true to the national flag, and although already a captain before 1789, he refused all advancement. In 1792, he was with the army of the Alps, and contributed powerfully to the first victories over the enemies of France. He was the first to enter Chambery, sword in hand, at the head of his company.

The year following he was sent to the Western Pyrennees, where, though nominally a captain, he found himself at the head of 8000 men. His division always formed the advance guard, and soon became the terror of the enemy, by whom it was styled the *Infernal Column*. The arrival of this corps on the field of battle was always the signal for victory, the impetuosity of the men, and the rapidity of their movements being irresistible.

In the intervals of inactivity, during the nineteen years of his military career, he returned each time to his favorite linguistic studies, and it was then that he composed his famous Polyglot Dictionary, in which the words and idioms of forty-two different languages and dialects are presented.

His last term of service was in the capacity of a substitute for the twenty-second and last child, a delicate son, of his friend Le Brigant. Latour went to Paris, and obtained permission to replace the son of his friend, and immediately afterward joined the army in Zurich. Here his valiant exploits again brought him so prominently into notice that Napoleon sent him a sword, with the title of "The First Grenadier of France." This offer of promotion was also distasteful to him, and he sent word back to Bonaparte, "Among us soldiers, there is neither first nor last." He begged permission to rejoin his troops in his old capacity—not as the *first*, but as the *oldest* grenadier of France.

The French next invaded Germany, and six days later he fell, pierced to the heart by the spear of a German Uhlan. His last words were: "I die satisfied; it was my desire to terminate my life thus." The whole army went into mourning, and each of his soldiers contributed one day's pay toward pur-

chasing a silver urn to hold his heart, which was carried at the head of his company. His sword was hung in the "Invalides," at Paris, and his name remained at the head of the register of the forty-sixth brigade until 1814, and every day, at roll-call, the oldest sergeant responded: "Dead on the Field of Honor!"

—*From the French.*

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

(*A. D. 272.*)

MODERN Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is, perhaps, the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor, Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion. Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed, in equal perfection, the Greek, the Syriac and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

"This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of

the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert—lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops.

"The success of Odenathus was, in a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the great king, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power.

"Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus.

"Amidst the barren deserts of Arabia a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor or Palmyra, by its significance in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into

an opulent and independent city, and connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe an humble neutrality, till, at length, after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sunk into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than a hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyreans constructed those temples, palaces and porticoes of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have excited the curiosity of our travelers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra, for awhile, stood forth the rival of Rome."

The foregoing outline of the life and character of Zenobia, and the brief sketch of her capital city, are from the pen of the stately Gibbon, the historian of the Roman Empire.

During the course of her reign, this queen of the East was accused of having ambitious designs, and we bring this article to an appropriate conclusion by giving her "defence," as portrayed by another gifted writer:—

"I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. *That* I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

"But why pause here? Is *so much* ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this Empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia

more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right. I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

"Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask—nor fear the answer—Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, and what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more over you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not *more* power than love.

"Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us, by the joint acts of ourselves and the late royal Odenathus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of sundered and hostile parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry, which here seeks its market.

"This is no vain boasting; receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth.

"He who traduces *himself* sins in the same way as he who traduces *another*. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for

the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that becomes me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it.

"But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I am ambitious, that I *crave dominion*; and while I live, will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too—you can bear me witness that I do—that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang yet a brighter glory around it." WILLIAM WARE.

HENRY, V, AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HE passed unquestioned through the camp;
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence or begged
A blessing as he went;
And so the hermit passed along,
And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone;
The map before him lay;
Fresh conquests he was planning there,
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

"Repent thee, Henry! of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land;
O King! repent in time, for know
The judgment is at hand.

"I have passed forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise;
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream
The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food, in better times,
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold
The white sail gliding down;
Famine, Disease and Death, and Thou
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveler's voice
As here he passed along,
Or maiden, as she loitered home,
Singing her evening song.

"No traveler's voice may now be heard;
I fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succor cry.

"I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came softened to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blackened corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou man of blood! repent in time,
And leave this leaguered town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;
Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"

The hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily looked down;
His face was gentle, and for that,
More solemn was his frown.

"What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm control;
Think you, for that, the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

"Thou conqueror King, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe!
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remembered him,
Upon his dying day.

KOSCIUSKO.

O, sacred truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a work of ruin laid,—
"O, Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! Our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-height arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly—
Revenge or death, the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunders flew;
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime:
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE virtuous hero of Poland, Thaddeus Kosciusko, was born in Lithuania, and educated at Warsaw. When very young he was informed that the Americans were preparing to shake off the yoke of Britain. His ardent and generous mind caught with enthusiasm the opportunity thus afforded for aspiring genius, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty.

His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity to greatly distinguish himself. But he was regarded throughout his service for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field could only be equaled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers for the goodness of his heart and the generous qualities of his mind.

Contributing greatly, by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained and shared the blessings which it dispensed under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a people whose independence he had so bravely fought to achieve; but Kosciusko had other views; he had drunk deep of the principles of the American revolution, and he wished to procure the same advantages for his native country—for Poland, which had a claim to all his efforts, to all his services.

That unhappy nation groaned under a complication of evils which had scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles; the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the instruments and the victims of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigues, corruption and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the republic; and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching a favorable moment for a second dismemberment. To regenerate a people thus debased; to obtain for a country thus circumstanced the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But to a mind like Kosciusko's, the difficulty and danger of an enterprise served but as a stimulant to undertake it.

The annals of these times give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciusko in accomplishing his great work from the period of his return from America to the adoption of the new constitution in Poland in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness which enveloped his countrymen; to stimulate the ignorant and bigoted peasantry with the hope of a future emancipation; to teach a proud but gallant nobility that true glory is only to be found in the paths of duty and patriotism. Interests the most opposed, prejudices the most stubborn, and habits the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated and broken by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular government bent before its fury, and submitted itself to the yoke of the Russian invader. But the natives disdained to follow its example; in their extremity every eye was turned on the hero who had already fought their battles; the sage who had enlightened them; and the patriot who had set the example of personal sacrifices to accomplish the emancipation of the people.

Kosciusko made his first campaign as brigadier-general,

under orders of Prince John Poniatowski. In the second, in 1794, he was appointed generalissimo of Poland, with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country.

Without funds, without magazines, without fortresses, Kosciusko maintained his army nine months against forces infinitely superior. Poland then only existed in his camp. Devotedness made up for want of resources, and courage supplied the deficiency of arms; for the general had imparted his noble character to all his soldiers. Like him, they knew no danger, dreaded no fatigues, when the honor and liberty of Poland were pending; like him, they endeavored to lessen the sacrifices which were required of the inhabitants for national independence; and their obedience to their venerated chief was the more praiseworthy as it was voluntary. He held his authority by no other tenure than that of his virtues. Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined and ill-armed militia charged with effect the veteran Russians and Prussians. The mailed cuirassiers of the Great Frederick, for the first time, broke and fled before the cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. ' After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day broke upon Poland., But to the discerning eye of Kosciusko the light which it shed was of that sickly and portentous appearance which indicated a storm more dreadful than that which he had resisted. He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate.

In addition to the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction in the heart of Poland. The unequal struggle could not be long maintained, and the day at length came which was to decide the fate of Poland and its hero. Heaven, for wise purposes, determined that it should be the last of Polish liberty; it was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor, Pinoski, who covered with a detachment the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy and retreated.

Kosciusko was astonished but not dismayed. The dispo-

sition of his army would have done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of the general could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor. The fabled prowess of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships, was realized by the Polish hero. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valor, they were irresistible. In this unequal contest Kosciusko was long seen, and finally lost to their view. He fell, covered with wounds, and a Cossack was on the point of piercing one of the best hearts that ever warmed a virtuous bosom, when an officer interposed. "Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its liberties." The name of Kosciusko struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius to the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted weapon dropped from his hand.

Kosciusko was conveyed to the dungeons of St. Petersburg; and to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catharine, she made him the object of her vengeance, when he could no longer be the object of her fears. But the Emperor Paul, on his accession to the throne, thought he could not grant the Polish nation a more acceptable favor than to restore to liberty the hero whom they regretted. He himself announced to General Kosciusko that his captivity was at an end. He wished him to accept, moreover, a present of fifty thousand ducats of Holland; but the General refused it. Kosciusko preferred rather to depend for subsistence on the recompense to which his services in America had entitled him.

With this humble fortune, obtained in so honorable a way, he lived for awhile in the United States; then in France, near Fontainbleau, in the family of Zeltner; and lastly, in Switzerland. From that time he refused to take any part in the affairs of his country, for fear of endangering the national tranquillity, the offers that were made to him being accompanied with no sufficient guarantee.

Bonaparte often endeavored to draw Kosciusko from his retirement, and once issued an address to the Poles in his name; but though the virtuous general still loved his country, he knew well that its emancipation could not be achieved under such auspices. Though an exile from his country, the Poles still considered themselves as his children, and presented, with just pride, to other nations, the model of the virtues of their country—that man, so pure and upright, so great at the head of an army, so modest in private life, so formidable to his enemies in battle, so humane and kind to the vanquished, and so zealous for the glories and independence of his country.

In the invasion of France, in 1814, some Polish regiments in the service of Russia passed through the village where the exiled patriot then lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage. "When I was a Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizen was respected." "And who art thou," said an officer, "who addressest us with a tone of authority?" "I am Kosciusko." There was magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps. The march was suspended. They gathered round him, and gazed with astonishment and awe upon the mighty ruin he presented. "Could it indeed be their hero," whose name was identified with that of their country? A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds. They remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces. We can easily conceive what would be the feelings of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion, to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory; and that he would have been on the point of saying to them—

> "Behold your general, come once more
> To lead you on to laureled victory,
> To fame, to freedom!"

The delusion could have lasted but for a moment. He was

himself, alas! a miserable cripple; and for them, they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage to mourn afresh over the miseries of his country.

Kosciusko died at Solene, on the 15th of October, 1817. A fall from his horse, by which he was dragged over a precipice, not far from Vevay, was the cause of his death. A funeral service, in honor of him, was celebrated in the church of St. Roche, in Paris, which was honored with the most distinguished personages of every nation then in the French capital. The name of Kosciusko belongs to the civilized world, and his virtues to humanity. Poland laments in him a patriot whose life was consecrated to the cause of her liberty and independence. America includes him among her illustrious defenders. France and Switzerland admire him as the man of beneficence and virtue; and Russia, by whom his country was conquered, never beheld a man more unshaken in his principles, or firmer in adversity. —*Anonymous.*

TELL ON HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ONCE more I breathe the mountain air; once more
I tread my own free hills! My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off in its proud flight.
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet, whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled. O ye mighty race,
That stand like frowning giants fixed to guard
My own proud land, why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche when at your feet
The base usurper stood?

A touch, a breath,
Nay, even the breath of prayer, ere now, has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head; and yet
The tyrant passed in safety. God of heaven!

Where slept thy thunderbolts? O liberty!
Thou choicest gift of Heaven, and wanting which
Life is as nothing, hast thou then forgot
Thy native home? Must feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene?

It cannot be!
Even as the smile of heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves, and bid the wild flowers bloom
In spots where man has never dared to tread,
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs. Some hearts still beat for thee,
And bow alive to Heaven; thy spirit *lives*;
Ay, and *shall* live when even the very *name*
Of tyrant is *forgot*.

Lo! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow,
The sunbeam touches it, and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head;
Oh! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world? While kneeling thus, I vow
To *live* for freedom, or with her to *die!*

Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God
And bless him that it was so! It was *free;*
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas FREE;
FREE as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How *happy* was I in it then! I *loved*
Its very *storms!* Yes; I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And, while gust followed gust more furiously,

As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, where storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was *free*
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
"BLOW ON! *this is the land of* LIBERTY!"

AGAINST TAXING AMERICA.

EDMUND BURKE.

OU have an act of Parliament stating that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America. Sir, leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only may they be discussed with safety.

But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those who govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery.

Sir, let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up and tell me what one

character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery; that it is *legal* slavery will be no compensation either to his feelings or his understanding.

AGAINST BRIBERY.

DEMOSTHENES.

IT were better, O Athenians! to die ten thousand deaths, than to be guilty of a servile acquiescence in the usurpations of Philip. Not only is he no Greek, and no way allied to Greece, but he sprang from a part of the barbarian world unworthy to be named—from Macedonia—where formerly we could not find a slave fit to purchase! And why is it that the insolence of this man is so tamely tolerated? Surely there must be some cause why the Greeks, who were once so jealous of their liberty, now show themselves so basely submissive. It is this, Athenians! They were formerly impelled by a sentiment which was more than a match for Persian gold; a sentiment which maintained the freedom of Greece, and wrought her triumphs by sea and land, over all hostile powers. It was no subtle or mysterious element of success. It was simply this—an abhorrence of traitors; of all who accepted bribes from those princes who were prompted by the ambition of subduing, or the base intent of corrupting, Greece. To receive bribes was accounted a crime of the blackest dye

—a crime which called for all the severity of public justice. No petitioning for mercy; no pardon was allowed. Those favorable conjunctures with which fortune oftentimes assists the supine against the vigilant, and renders men, even when most regardless of their interests, superior to those who exert their utmost efforts, could never be sold by orator or general, as in these degenerate days. Our mutual confidence, our settled hatred and distrust of all tyrants and barbarians, could not be impaired or turned aside by the force of money.

But now, opportunity, principles, private honor and the public good, are exposed to sale as in a market; and in exchange we have that pernicious laxity which is destroying the safety, the very vitals of Greece. Let a man receive a bribe, he is envied; let him confess it, he provokes laughter; let him be convicted, he is pardoned! His very accusation only awakens resentment, so thoroughly is public sentiment corrupted! Richer, more powerful, better prepared than ever before, we lose all our advantages through these traffickers in our country's welfare.

How was it formerly? Listen to the decree which your ancestors inscribed on a brazen column erected in the citadel: "Let Arthmius of Zelia, the son of Pythonox, be accounted infamous, and an enemy to the Athenians and their allies, both he and all his race!" Then comes the reason of his sentence: "Because he brought gold from Media into Peloponnesus." This is the decree. And now, in the name of all the gods, think upon it! Think what wisdom, what dignity appeared in this action of our ancestors! This receiver of bribes they declare an enemy to them and their confederates, and that he and his posterity shall be infamous! And the sentence imported something more; for in the laws relating to capital cases it is enacted that, "when the legal punishment of a man's crime cannot be inflicted, he may be put to death." And it was accounted meritorious to *kill* him! "Let not the infamous man," says the law, "be permitted to live;" implying that the citizen is free from guilt who executes this sentence.

Such was the detestation in which bribery was held by our fathers! And hence was it that the Greeks were a terror to the barbarians—not the barbarians to the Greeks! Hence was it that wars were fair and open; that battles were fought, not with *gold*, but *steel;* and won, if won at all, not by *treachery*, but by *force of arms*.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

FRIENDS: I come not here to talk! Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years;
Brother at once and son! He left my side,

A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! Her sons
Shall walk with princes!

CINCINNATUS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

AN assembly was now appointed to choose another Consul, when the Senate fixed upon Quintius Cincinnatus. Cincinnatus had, for some time, given up all views of ambition, and retired to his little farm, where the deputies of the Senate found him holding the plow, and dressed in the mean attire of a laboring husbandman. He appeared but little elevated with the addresses of ceremony, and the pompous habits they brought him; and upon declaring to him the Senate's pleasure, he testified rather a concern that his aid should be wanted. He naturally preferred the charms of country retirement to the fatiguing splendors of office, and only said to his wife, as they were leading him away, "I fear, my Attilia, that, for this year, our little

fields must remain unsown." Thus, taking a tender leave, he departed for the city, where both parties were strongly inflamed against each other.

The new Consul, however, was resolved to side with neither; but, by a strict attention to the interests of his country, instead of gaining confidence of faction, to secure the esteem of all. And having at length, by his moderation, humanity, and justice, restored that tranquillity to the public which he so much loved himself, he again gave up the splendors of ambition, to enjoy his little farm with the greater relish.

Cincinnatus was not long retired from his office, when a fresh exigency of the State again turned all eyes upon him, whom they resolved to make *Dictator*. Cincinnatus, the only person in whom Rome could now place her dependence, was found, as before, by the messengers of the Senate, laboring in his little field, with cheerful industry. He was at first astonished at the ensigns of unbounded power with which the deputies came to invest him; but still more at the approach of the principal of the Senate, who had come out to meet him on his approach. A dignity so unlooked for, however, had no effect upon the simplicity or integrity of his manners; and being now possessed of absolute power, and called upon to nominate the Master of the Horse, he chose a poor man, named Tarquilius, one who, like himself, despised riches when they led to dishonor.

Upon entering the city, the Dictator put on a serene look, and by his prompt measures, and the confidence which he inspired, effected the complete deliverance of his country from the imminent peril with which it had been threatened. Having rescued a Roman army from inevitable destruction; having defeated a powerful enemy; having taken their city, and still more, and having refused any part of the spoil, he resigned his dictatorship, after having enjoyed it but fourteen days. The Senate would have enriched him, but he declined their proffers, choosing to retire once more to his farm and his cottage, content with temperance and fame.

FATE OF THE INDIANS.

JOSEPH STORY.

N the fate of the Aborigines of our country—the American Indians—there is much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their character which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, to their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not an injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors and youth? the sachems and tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished! They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No—nor famine nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi.

I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch, but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance

upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, not unseen: it is to the general burial-ground of the race.

IRISH ALIENS.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

In reply to Lord Lyndhurst (1837), who had stigmatized the Irish as aliens.

HERE is a man of great abilities—not a member of this house, but whose talents and boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who has been heard to speak of the Irish as "*aliens*." Disdaining all imposture, and abandoning all reserve, he distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen: that they are "*aliens*." Aliens? Good heavens! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*" The "battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat,

which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse; and last of all, the greatest, Waterloo. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (*Sir Henry Hardinge*), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers; when the artillery of France, leveled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched! And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland flowed in the same stream, drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave! Partakers in every peril; in the glory shall we not be allowed to participate?—and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG.

YE call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in

the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die, like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody

work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! Warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL.

JOHN PIERPONT.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in the battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell.

"A TIME TO PRAY AND A TIME TO FIGHT."

PETER John Gabriel Muhlenburg was born in the village of Trappe, Montgomery County, Pa., October 1st, 1746. He was the son of Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenburg, D. D., the founder of the Lutheran Church in America. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Conrad Weiser, a celebrated officer, Indian agent and missionary.

Young Muhlenburg was dedicated in infancy to the Church, and he was educated for the ministry partly in this country and partly in Europe.

In order to take charge of a church to which he was called, in Virginia (this colony being then under Episcopal control), he went to London, in 1772, to receive ordination from an English bishop.

On his return to America, he assumed ministerial duties at Woodstock, Va., where he soon became a leading spirit among those who opposed British oppression. In 1774 he was chairman of the Committee of Safety in his county, and was also elected a member of the House of Burgesses. At the close of 1775 he was chosen colonel of a Virginia regiment, and gave up his pastoral charge. His farewell sermon was on the duties men owe to their country. He said that, in the language of Holy Writ, "there was a time for all things; a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times had passed away;" and then, in a voice that roused the congregation, he said, "that there was a time to fight, and that time had now come!"

Then, laying aside his sacerdotal gown, he stood before his flock in the full regimental dress of a Virginia colonel.

He ordered the drums to be beaten at the church door for recruits, and almost his entire male audience capable of bearing arms joined his standard. Nearly three hundred men

enlisted under his banner that day. He was in the battle at Charleston, in 1776, and served with fidelity in the southern campaign that year. Congress promoted him to the rank of brigadier general, in February, 1776, and he was ordered to take charge of all the Continental troops of the Virginia line in that State.

He joined the army under Washington at Middlebrook, in May following, and was with the chief in all his movements until 1779, including the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the sufferings at Whitemarsh and Valley Forge, the conflict on the plains of Monmouth, and the capture of Stony Point. At the close of that year he was directed to take command of the troops in Virginia, where he was very active until the attack of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In that battle and victory General Washington participated. At the close of the war he was elevated to the rank of Major General. He removed to Philadelphia, and in various civil capacities served that city. He was a member of the First and Third Congresses, and in 1801, was elected to the United States Senate.

His death occurred at his country seat, near Philadelphia, on the 1st of October (the anniversary of his birth), 1807, at the age of sixty-one years.

His grave is in the burying ground of the Lutheran Church at Trappe, where he was baptized, and the simple monument bears this inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of General Peter Muhlenburg, born October 1st, 1746; died October 1st, 1807. He was brave in the field; faithful in the cabinet; honorable in all his transactions; a sincere friend and an honest man."

In such high esteem is his memory held in Pennsylvania that, when Congress authorized the placing of two statues of illustrious men from each of the original thirteen colonies, in the Capitol at Washington, this Commonwealth immediately selected General Muhlenburg to be one of the representatives. —*Life of Muhlenburg.*

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

MY brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No; you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our State, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.

They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near—
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the night,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindling the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm;
A cry of defiance and not of fear;
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

TÉLÉSILE, THE HEROINE OF NANCY.

IN the year 1476, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to the town of Nancy, capital of the Duchy of Lorraine. In the absence of the young Duke, René II, who had gone to raise troops among the enemies of Charles, the town and its little garrison were left in charge of a brave and patriotic Governor, who had an only daughter named Télésile. It is with the noble conduct of this heroic young girl that our story has chiefly to do.

Charles the Bold, who ought rather to have been called the Rash, or the Furious, from his headlong and violent disposition, had sought to erect a kingdom within the dominions of his great rival, Louis XI, of France. To extend his power, he had overrun provinces which, as soon as his strong hand was withdrawn, took the first opportunity to revolt against him. Lorraine was one of these; and he now appeared before the walls of Nancy, resolved to punish its inhabitants, whom he regarded as rebels.

But, thanks to the Governor and his heroic daughter, the city held out bravely, both against the assaults of his soldiers and the threats and promises with which he tried to induce a surrender. While the Governor directed and encouraged the defenders, Télésile inspired their wives and daughters.

"Let us do," she cried, "as did the women of Beauvais, when this same cruel Charles laid siege to their town. Mothers armed themselves; young girls seized whatever weapons they could find—hatchets, broken lances—which they bound together with their hair, and they joined their sons and brothers in the fight. They drove the invader from their walls; and so we will defeat and drive him back!"

"Put no trust in the tyrant!" said the intrepid Governor,

addressing the people. "He is as faithless as he is cruel. He has promised to spare our lives and our property if we will accept him as our ruler; but be not deceived. Once within our walls, he will give up to massacre and pillage the city that has cost him so dear.

"But if not for your own sakes," he went on, "then for the love of your rightful lord, Duke René, let us continue the glorious struggle. Already, at the head of a brave Swiss army, he is hastening to our relief. He will soon be at our gates. Let us hold out till then; or, sooner than betray our trust, let us fall with our defences and be buried in the ruins of our beloved city!"

Thus defended, Nancy held out until Charles, maddened to a fury by so unexpected and so prolonged a resistance, made a final desperate attempt to carry the town. By stratagem, quite as much as by force, he succeeded in gaining an entrance within the walls, and Nancy was at his mercy.

In the flush of vengeance and success, he was for putting at once all the inhabitants—men, women and children—to the sword. A young maiden was brought before him.

"Barbarian!" she cried, "if we are all to perish, over whom are you going to reign?"

"Who are you, bold girl, that dare to speak to me thus?" said the astonished Charles.

"Your prisoner, and one who would prevent you from adding to the list of your cruelties!"

Her beauty, her courage, and the prophetic tones in which she spoke, arrested Charles' fury.

"Give up to me your Governor, whom I have sworn to punish," he said, "and a portion of the inhabitants shall be spared." But the Governor was her own father—for the young girl was no other than Télésile. Listening to the entreaties of his friends, he assumed the dress of a private citizen; and all loved the good old man too well to point him out to the tyrant.

When Télésile sorrowfully reported to her father, the Duke's words, he smiled. "Be of good cheer, my daughter!" he said, "I will see the Duke Charles, and try what I can do to persuade him." When brought before the conqueror, he said, "There is but one man who can bring the Governor to you. Swear on your sword to spare all the inhabitants of the town, and he shall be given up."

"That will I not!" cried the angry Duke. "They have braved my power too long; they have scorned my offers; they have laughed at my threats; now woe to the people of Nancy!" Then turning to his officers, he commanded that every tenth person should be slain, and they at once gave orders for the decimation.

The inhabitants, young and old, women and infants, were assembled in a line which extended through the principal streets of the city; while the soldiers ransacked the houses, in order to drive forth or kill any that might remain concealed. It was a terrible day for the doomed city. Families clung together, friends embraced friends, some weeping and lamenting, some trying to comfort and sustain those who were weaker than they, others calmly waiting their fate.

Then, at a word from the conqueror, a herald went forth, and waving his hand before the gathered multitude, began to count. Each one on whom fell the fatal number *ten* was to be given at once to the sword. But at the outset a difficulty arose.

Near the head of the line Télésile and the Governor were placed; and the devoted girl, watching the movements of the herald, and hearing him count aloud, saw by a rapid glance that the dreaded number was about to fall on her father. Quick as thought she slipped behind him and placed herself at his other side. Before the old man was aware of her object, the doom which should have been his had fallen upon his daughter. He stood for a moment stupefied with astonishment and grief, then called out to the herald, "Justice! justice!"

"What is the matter, old man?" demanded the herald, before passing on.

"The count is wrong! there is a mistake! Not her!" exclaimed the father, as the executioners were laying hands upon Télésile, "take me, for I was the tenth!"

"Not so," said Télésile calmly, "You all saw that the number came to me."

"She put herself in my way—she took my place—on me! let the blow fall on me!" pleaded the old man; while she as earnestly insisted that she was the rightly chosen victim.

Amazed to see two persons striving for the privilege of death at their hands, the butchers dragged them before Charles the Bold, that he might decide the question between them.

Charles was no less surprised on beholding once more the maiden and the old man who had already appeared before him, and at learning the cause of their strange dispute; for he knew not yet that they were parent and child.

Notwithstanding his violent disposition, the conqueror had a heart which pity could sometimes touch, and he was powerfully moved by the sight that met his eyes.

"I pray you hear me!" cried Télésile, throwing herself at his feet; "I am a simple maiden; my life is of no account; then let me die, my lord Duke! but spare, Oh, spare him, the best and noblest of men, whose life is useful to all our unhappy people!"

"Do not listen to her!" exclaimed the old man, almost too much affected to speak; "or, if you do, let her own words confute her argument. You behold her courage, her piety, her self-sacrifice; and I see you are touched! You will not, you cannot destroy so precious a life! It is I who am now worthless to my people. My days are almost spent. Even if you spare me, I have but a little while to live."

Then Télésile, perceiving the eyes of Charles bent upon

her with a look of mingled admiration and pity, said, "Do you think there is anything wonderful in my conduct? I do but my simple duty; I plead for my father's life!"

"Yes, I am her father," said the old man, moved by a sudden determination; "I am something more. My lord Duke, behold the man on whom you have sworn to have revenge. I am he who defended the city so long against you. Now, let me die!"

At this a multitude of people broke from the line in which they had been ranged, and, surrounding the Governor and his daughter, made a rampart of their bodies about them, exclaiming, "Let us die for him! We will die for our good Governor!"

All the better part of the rude Charles' nature was roused. Tears were in his own eyes; his voice was shaken by emotion. "Neither shall die!" he cried. "Old man! fair maiden! I spare your lives; and, for your sake, the lives of all these people. Nay, do not thank me; for I have gained in this interview a knowledge which I could never have acquired through years of conquest—that human love is greater than kingly power, and that mercy is sweeter than vengeance!"

Well would it have been for the rash Charles could he have gained that knowledge earlier, or have shaped his future life by it, even then. Still fired by ambition and the love of power, he went forth to fight Duke Rene, who now appeared with an army to relieve his fair city of Nancy. A battle ensued, in which Charles was defeated and slain; and, in the midst of joy and thanksgiving, the rightful Duke entered and once more took possession of the town.

Warmly as he was welcomed, there were two who shared with him the honors of that happy day—the old man who had defended Nancy so long and well, and the young girl whose heroic conduct had saved from massacre one-tenth of all its inhabitants. —*Selected.*

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

URGE me no more—your prayers are vain,
And even the tears ye shed;
When Regulus can lead again
The bands that once he led;
When he can raise your legions, slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will he seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death,
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like venomed serpents wreathe
Round every limb! If *lip* and *eye*
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I cursed my breath!
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's blighting doom,
I recked not; could they chain the *mind*,
Or plunge the *soul* in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth—I thought to die;
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy.

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed perchance my haughtier mood
Was *quelled* by chains and solitude;
That he who *once* was brave—
Was I *not* brave?—had now become
Estranged from honor, as from Rome

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne;
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn!
Silent their base commands I heard;
At length, I pledged a Roman's word,
Unshrinking, to return.
I go, prepared to meet the worst,
But I shall gall proud Carthage first!

They sue for peace—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear!
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare!
Fools that they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
The struggle of despair?
Else had they sent this wasted frame
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land—I must not call it mine—
No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
And e'en his father's grave;
But this not now—beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies;
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours; she knows it well—and you
Shall know, and make her *feel* it, too!

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me!
Ye know, no longer it is hers,
The empire of the sea;
Ye *know* her fleets are far and few,
Her bands a *mercenary* crew;
And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me;
My vows were heard on high.
Thy triumph, Rome, *I* shall not see,
For I return to die.

Then tell *me* not of hope or life;
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny.
One word concentres, for the slave,
Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE.

REV. T. DALE.

THE YOUNG TYROLESE.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

AMONG the gallant band of patriots that rallied so bravely around the standard of Andrew Hofer, there was not a more devoted champion of freedom than Gustavus Rosen. Placed by birth and fortune beyond the cares incidental to poverty, and blessed in the society of a beloved wife and two amiable children, Rosen had passed the meridian of his days in tranquil happiness; misfortune had been a stranger to his dwelling, till the invasion of the French army poured the red tide of war, with remorseless fury, into the once peaceful valleys of the Tyrol. All that was dear and lovely lay crushed beneath the steps of the conqueror; the voice of woe and wailing was heard throughout the land; mothers mourned for their children, children for their parents.

The sound of busy, cheerful labor ceased on the plain. The joyous voice of childhood was hushed. The note of the shepherd's pipe was heard no more, as he led his fleecy care from the fold. The chime of Sabbath bells no longer swelled with hallowed melody upon the breeze, summoning the inhabitants of the land to meet in the house of prayer, to mingle in one general chorus of praise and grateful thanksgiving to Him from whose hand all blessings flow.

Those bells were now only heard pealing forth the alarm that woke terror and dismay in the hearts of the feeble and

the helpless, mingling, in jangling and discordant sounds, with the rolling of drums, the shrill blast of the bugle or loud trumpet, and the deep roar of the artillery. The tumult of war had hushed all other sounds. Panic-stricken, the Tyrolese at first made no effectual effort to resist the invading army; they looked to Austria for succor; but she was unable to afford them any assistance, and the hapless Tyrol fell a victim to the policy of its princes.

In the hour of terror and dismay, when all had forsaken her, Hofer, the village innkeeper, alone stood forward as the champion of his country. Fired with patriotic zeal, he planted the standard of freedom once more on his native mountains, exhorting his countrymen to rally around it in defence of their country's rights. The fire of patriotism was kindled, and like an electric shock it flew from man to man. The thrilling cry of, "Hofer and liberty!" was repeated by every tongue. "We will conquer, or die in the cause of freedom!" and a thousand answering echoes from the hills returned, "We will die!" Even women and children seemed inspired with the same patriotic zeal, and vowed to die in defence of their country. Mothers were seen leading their sons, yet striplings in years, to the camp, and with their own hands arming them in the cause of liberty. "It is better to die than live the slaves of France!" they said.

The standard of the Tyrolese army was committed, by Hofer's own hand, to the care of the young son of Gustavus Rosen, a gallant boy of sixteen, with a solemn charge to defend it with his life. "I will defend it," replied the youth, as he unfolded it to the breeze, "and where this banner falls, there shall the son of Gustavus Rosen be found beside it. Death only shall part us."

Three times did the brave Tyrolese, led on by Hofer, beat back the invader to the frontier, and victory seemed to crown them with success; but the crafty Bavarian now poured his thousands into the Tyrol, overpowering, by the force of numbers, the brave men who were left to defend their country, and

effecting that which the armies of France had been unable to do alone. At this juncture Austria made peace with France, and the Tyrol was ceded to Bonaparte, who demanded it as one of the conditions of the treaty. Unable to defend the province, the emperor yielded up the Tyrol without reserve.

Hopeless, dejected, and overpowered by numbers, the unfortunate Tyrolese were obliged to relinquish the unequal strife; burning with indignation, they withdrew among the inaccessible glens and fastnesses of their native mountains, resolving to perish rather than yield to the usurper's power. The bravest and best of that devoted band had fallen, or were carried captives across the Alps.

> "Scattered and sunk, the mountain band
> Fling the loved rifle from their hand;
> The soul of fight is done."

During the heat of the war Gustavus Rosen had conveyed his wife and his infant daughter to a safe retreat among the mountains, where, under the care of an old and faithful friend, who for many years had followed the adventurous life of an Alpine hunter, he knew they would be safe from the horrors of the war which spared not, in its fury, either the infant or the gray-haired sire. "Here, my beloved Gertrude," he said, addressing his weeping partner, "you and our Theresa will find safety and repose; and although Albrecht's cot be rude and homely, it is better far than our camps and leagured walls."

"There is no safety where you are not," exclaimed the wife of Rosen, throwing herself into his arms; "if there be safety in this wild retreat, stay and share it with us." The eye of the patriot soldier flashed fire; he turned and pointed sternly to the wreaths of dim smoke that rolled in heavy volumes across the distant plains. "A thousand helpless mothers, with their orphan children, cry for vengeance against the spoiler on

yonder plain; and shall their appeal be unheard?" he cried vehemently, grasping his sword. "See, Gertrude! even now heaven blushes with the fiery glare of yon flaming hamlet; and shall I slumber here in inglorious ease, while my country demands my aid?"

Then softening the impetuosity of his manner, he strove to soothe his weeping spouse; the patriot's sternness yielded to the tenderness of the husband and father, and he fondly folded the beloved objects of his solicitude to his heart. Suddenly a rifle was fired. "Hark! 'tis the signal-gun," he cried. "Gertrude, that shot was fired by our gallant boy." "My child! my Heinrich!" exclaimed the distracted mother, "Stay, my husband!" But before the sound of that rifle had ceased to reverberate among the rocks, Rosen was gone; with desperate haste he pursued his perilous way, leaping from crag to crag, now trusting his weight to the weak sapling that overhung his path, or stemming, with nervous arm, the force of the mountain torrent that would have barred his path.

Old Albrecht watched his fearful progress with silent awe, then turned to soothe the grief of the disconsolate Gertrude and her daughter, cheering them with the hope that Rosen would soon return, at the same time bidding them welcome to his lowly roof and mountain fare. "You will be as safe, dear lady," he said, "as the eagle in his eyrie on the rocks above you."

The first intelligence that reached the wife of Rosen was, that her husband had fallen in a desperate skirmish with the French. It was the last effort made by the brave Tyrolese in defence of their country.

The brave Heinrich, too, was no more; he was found stretched on the bank of a little stream at the gorge of the valley, wrapped in the banner which he had sworn to defend with his last drop of blood. He had faithfully fulfilled his word, and the standard of freedom became the winding sheet of the young hero.

THE IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICANS—1812.

RICHARD RUSH.

THE impressment of our seamen by Great Britain is an outrage to which we never can submit without national ignominy and debasement. This crime of impressment may justly be considered—posterity will so consider it—as transcending the amount of all other wrongs we have received. Ships and merchandise belong to individuals, and may be valued; may be embargoed as subjects of negotiation. But *men* are the property of the *nation.* In every American face a part of our country's sovereignty is written. It is the living emblem—a thousand times more sacred than the nation's flag itself—of its character, its independence and its rights.

"But," say the British, "we want not *your* men; we want only *our own.* Prove that they are yours, and we will surrender them." Baser outrage! Most insolent indignity! That a free-born American must be made to *prove* his nativity to those who have previously violated his liberty, else he is to be held forever as a slave! That before a British tribunal—a British boarding officer—a free-born American must be made to seal up the vouchers of his lineage—to exhibit the records of his baptism and birth; to establish the identity that binds him to his parents, to his blood, to his native land, by setting forth in odious detail his size, his age, the shape of his frame, whether his hair is long or cropped—his marks—like an ox or a horse of the manger; that all this must be done, as the condition of his escape from the galling thraldom of a British ship! Can we hear it, can we think of it, with any other than indignant feelings at our tarnished name and nation?

When this same insatiate foe, in the days of the Revolution, landed with seventeen thousand hostile troops on our shores,

the Congress of 1876 declared our independence, and hurled defiance at the martial array of England! And shall *we now* hesitate? Shall *we* bow our necks in submission? Shall *we* make an ignominious surrender of our birthright, under the plea that we are not prepared to defend it? No, Americans! Yours has been a pacific republic, and therefore has not exhibited military preparations; but it is a free republic, and therefore will it now, as before, soon command battalions, discipline, courage! Could a general of old, by only stamping on the earth, raise up armies; and shall a whole nation of free men, at such a time, know not where to look for them? The soldiers of Bunker Hill, the soldiers of Bennington, the soldiers of the Wabash, the seamen of Tripoli, forbid it!

"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK Henry was born at the family seat of his father, called Studley, in Hanover county, Virginia, on the 29th of May, 1736. His early years gave but little promise of his future greatness. At the age of ten he was taken from school and placed under a private tutor, to study Latin, but it soon turned out that he was more fond of hunting, fishing, and idling away his time, than of study. He failed in mercantile pursuits, from lack of tact and energy. At eighteen he was married, but he did but little to support his wife until after his twenty-fourth year. As a last resort, he studied law. He applied himself diligently for six weeks, when he obtained a license as an attorney, but it was not until he was employed in the celebrated "Parsons Case" that he showed any signs of even ordinary ability. William Wirt says, "in his plea in this

case, his wonderful oratory beamed out for the first time in great splendor." From this time to the day of his death he was a marked man in the Colonies. The title of the "American Demosthenes" was not undeserved, when we take into consideration his signal success in rousing the people of his native State and country to take up arms against their oppressors. He served his country faithfully in her darkest hours. He died, universally regretted, in the year 1799. The following speech was delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses, on the 23d of March, in the year 1775:—

"Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win us back to our love? Let us not deceive ourselves!

"These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of armies and navies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying argument for the last ten years. We have petitioned; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministers and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.*

"If we wish to be free; if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us.

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an enemy. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of efficient resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are *not* weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty—and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

"Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

"And again, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! *The war is inevitable!* And let it come! I repeat it, sir, *let it come!!!* It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! What is it that gentlemen

wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

"Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH."

A NOBLE QUEEN.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

WHILE the whole nation of the Jews were in captivity, far from their native country, the wife of the sovereign had offended him by refusing to appear before strangers at a feast, when he demanded her presence; and the king having once divorced her, could not recall, though desirous of so doing. He was counselled to assemble the most beautiful women throughout his dominions, out of which he might choose his future queen. He accordingly did so, and fixed on Esther, an orphan, of the tribe of Benjamin, who was brought up by an uncle, one of the principal men among the Jews. She was exceedingly beautiful, and messengers were dispatched into every nation in that wide monarchy, to order a general rejoicing, while the king feasted the chief persons of the Medes and Persians a whole month, on account of his marriage.

Esther was brought to the royal palace, and a diadem placed upon her head, without the king's knowing what country she was of. Her uncle, Mordecai, with whom she had been brought up, removed from Babylon to Shushan, being every day about the palace, that he might behold his niece, whom he loved as a daughter.

An Amalekite, who, from his station, was enemy to the Jews, and bore hatred to Mordecai, was in great favor with the king; and by slandering that people as vile and seditious, persuaded him that it would be an act of policy to extirpate them, and in the end be beneficial to the State.

Accordingly, a decree was given, and a day fixed for this purpose. Mordecai sent a copy of the proclamation to Esther, and besought her to petition the king. She sent him word that, unless her presence was demanded, it was death to present herself before him, guards always standing on each side of the throne, with axes, to cut down such intruders; but desired him to gather all the Jews at Shushan together, and to fast with them; she and her maidens would do the same; and thus she would go to the king. She, accordingly, put on mourning garments, cast herself upon the earth, prayed and fasted three days, at the end of which she changed her habit, attired herself in rich robes, and, attended by two maids, who held her train, went, with fear and confusion, into the presence of the king.

But, on his looking on her with some sternness and surprise, she fainted; on which he leaped from the throne and took her in his arms, bidding her be of good cheer, as that law was made only for subjects, and not for a queen. But her spirits were too much depressed to allow her to enter on the subject she intended; and though he assured her he would grant her request, to the half of his kingdom, she delayed declaring herself, and only asked him, together with Haman, the Amalekite, to a banquet the next day. Even then she put it off, asked them a second time, and then, when the king wished her to name the request, she told him of the plot to destroy herself and her nation, and named Haman as the author of it. The king was, at first, in some disorder, on hearing his favorite accused; but, persuaded of his vileness, he commanded him to be hung upon a gallows he had that day erected for Mordecai; and, as he could not revoke a decree, which, having once passed, the laws of Persia rendered irrevocable, he passed another, to encourage

QUEEN ESTHER.

the Jews to defend themselves and slay their enemies, of which 75,800, chiefly Amalekites, perished that day; which was commemorated among the Jews by an annual feast, called Purim. Mordecai became a considerable person at court, and the influence of Esther considerably bettered the state of the Jews.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

CICERO.

AN opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the prætorship of Verres exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been

put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus! And what was his offience? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal prosecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim, "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross.

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled on. Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the Commonwealth.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fleet fight the French—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding, ship on ship, to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of the race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or quicker still,
Here's the British can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board—
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Faded Damfreville his speech.)
Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these,
A captain! a lieutenant! a mate—first, second, third!
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor, coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel.
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who take the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by British gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's a way!

"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—
Keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait!
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief,
"Captains, give the sailor place,
He is Admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

Safe, safe, through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored, to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel halloo's "anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the British come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are staunched with balm
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!"
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France—let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank, blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships!
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still!
Ask to heart's content and have, or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue;
"Since I need must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run!
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar or a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white or black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel!
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

A PATRIOT'S LAST APPEAL.

OBERT Emmet, born in Cork, in 1780, an ardent friend of Irish independence, at the age of twenty-three placed himself at the head of a party of insurgents in Dublin, with a view of attacking the Castle. They were, however, dispersed by the military, and Emmet escaped to the Wicklow Mountains. He might have evaded the pursuit of the government officials, but an attachment for Miss Curran, the daughter of the celebrated barrister, induced him to return to Dublin to bid her farewell, before leaving the country.

He was apprehended, tried, and convicted of high treason. The speech he delivered, in his own behalf, to the judge and jury, is one of the most celebrated utterances on record. We give it in full. He met his fate with courage, and won general admiration for the purity and loftiness of his motives. The tragic end, while still so young, of one so highly gifted and so enthusiastic, has been the subject of universal regret.

"My Lords: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

"Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my char-

acter to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

"When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of my country and virtue; this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its powers over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more, or less, than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

"I swear, by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril and in all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the super-inhuman oppression under which she has so long and too impatiently travailed, and that I confidently and assuredly hope, wild and chimerical as it may appear, that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

"My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! I acted as an Irishman determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy

of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

"I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *keystone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord—men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends.

"Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No! God forbid!

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

REPLY TO M. DE BREZE

On the occasion of his communicating to the National Assembly of France, June 23d, 1789, an order from the king for their dispersion:—

The Commons of France have resolved to deliberate. We have heard the intentions that have been attributed to the king, and you, sir, who cannot be recognized as his organ in the National Assembly—you who have here neither place, voice, nor right to speak—you are not the person to bring to us a message of his. Go, say to those who sent you, that we are here by the power of the people, and that we will not be driven hence, save by the power of the bayonet.

MIRABEAU.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE TO THE CHEROKEES.

until now. We promised them and they trusted us. They trust us still. Shall they be deceived? They would as soon expect to see their rivers run upward on their sources, or the sun roll back in his career, as that the United States should prove false to them, and false to the word so solemnly pledged by their Washington, and renewed and perpetuated by his illustrious successors.

"With the existence of this people the faith of our nation, I repeat it, is fatally linked. The blow which destroys them quenches forever our own glory; for, what glory can there be of which a patriot can be proud, after the good name of his country shall have departed? We may gather laurels on the field, and trophies on the ocean, but they will never hide this foul and bloody blot upon our escutcheon. 'Remember the Cherokee Nation!' will be answer enough to the proudest boast that we can ever make—answer enough to cover with confusion the face and the heart of every man among us in whose bosom the last spark of grace has not been extinguished.

"I hope for better things. There is a spirit that will yet save us. I trust that we shall find it here—here in this sacred court; where no foul and malignant demon of party enters to darken the understanding, or to deaden the heart, but where all is clear, calm, pure, vital and firm. I cannot believe that this honorable court, possessing the power of preservation, will stand by and see these people stripped of their property, and extirpated from the earth, while they are holding up to us their treaties, and claiming the fulfillment of our engagements. If truth, and faith, and honor, and justice, have fled from every other part of our country, we shall find them here. If not, our sun has gone down in treachery, blood and crime, in the face of the world; and, instead of being proud of our country, as heretofore, we may well call upon the rocks and mountains to hide our shame from earth and from heaven."

LEPERDIT, THE TAILOR.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

EPERDIT was a poor tailor, born at Pontiby, France, and raised, during the Reign of Terror, to the position of Mayor of Rennes. When Carrier went to Rennes, determined to repeat the horrors he had just perpetrated at Nantes, he asked for a list of proscriptions, which was drawn up and handed to Leperdit to sign. "I will not sign it," he said to the messenger, and immediately tore up the paper. "You wish to die then?" "It will, at least, be in the fulfillment of my duty," he answered. He then went straight to Carrier, who asked for the list. "I have torn it up," said Leperdit. "Who, then, is master here—you or I?" asked Carrier, infuriated. "Neither of us: the law is master," replied the tailor. "You wish me to send you to the guillotine, I suppose?" "Send me!" said Leperdit. This indomitable spirit staggered Carrier. Some days afterward there arrived at Rennes a batch of non-juring priests. "They are beyond the pale of the law," shouted Carrier. "They are not beyond the pale of humanity," said Leperdit. This magnanimous speech became celebrated. "I am going to Nantes," said Carrier, "but I shall return." "You will find me here," the tailor replied firmly. When, in 1808, Napoleon went to Nantes, he was struck by the noble figure of Leperdit, and asked his name. "Leperdit, the tailor." "What do the people think about me?" asked the Emperor of Leperdit. "Sire, they admire you." "And what else?" "Sire, they admire you." "And after—do you mean to say they blame me?" "Yes, Sire. They admire your genius and blame your despotism." The Emperor tried to win him over, and after an interview left him, muttering, "Iron-headed." On the

second restoration, Leperdit refused to take the oath, being a staunch republican. "Take care, sir," said the Préfet. "People don't play with the king without paying for it." "You are young, sir, to instruct me," answered Leperdit. "Will you or will you not take the oath?" "Never!" "You hold your head very high." "I have never done anything to make me hold it down," answered the tailor.

BRUCE TO THE SCOTS, AT BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! COWARD! turn and *flee!*

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—*shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us *do* or *die!*

THE MONK AND THE KING.

CHARLES VIII marched into Florence in 1494. What was to be done in the city? It seemed to be given up to the brutality and recklessness of the French army. In his sermon, Savonarola had said, "When you shall find yourselves in these straits and tribulations, you will become like drunken men, and lose all use of reason." It was known that the French king was about to give orders for letting loose his troops on the city; a panic naturally seized the hearts of all men, when suddenly some voice cried, in the assembly of the councillors, "Go to the servant of God, Fra Girolome! Go to the servant of God, Fra Girolome!" Instantly it seemed a wonder that they had not gone to him before; a sudden change, a gleam of hope, came over the minds of the council. A deputation hastened breathlessly to St. Marks; there they found the prior with all the brethren, before the altar, praying that God would avert the impending calamity from the city. The mysterious prior had adopted some precautions for the defence of his priory. Those who sought him found him calm, clear and prepared. He listened to the deputation announcing the catastrophe which would that night take place. "My children," said he to his brethren of the monastery, "take some refreshment; then come back to the choir, and continue in prayer till I return." He took one of the brethren for a companion, and went forth to the palace of De Medici, to see the king. He could not enter; the sentinel thrust him rudely back; the barons had given orders that no one should see the king. He returned to his convent, and gave himself up some little time, with earnestness, to prayer. Presently he said he heard a voice within him saying, "Return, return; you shall enter." He spoke to his companion, the friar; "Let us go back to the palace; I will confer with the king." The singular story tells

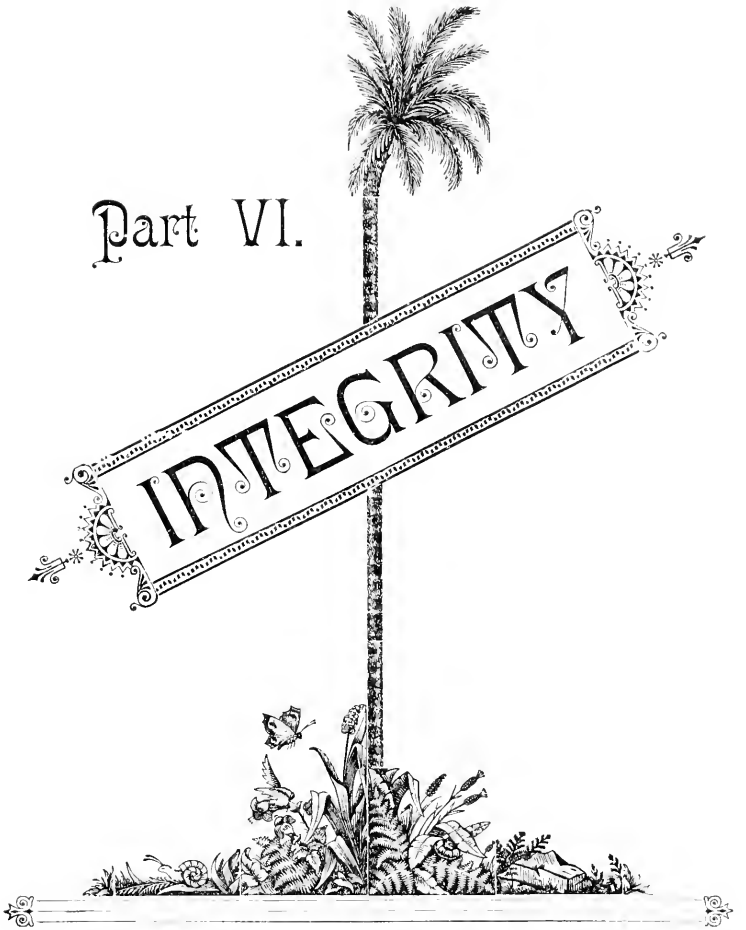
us, this time he passed not only the first but a second and a third sentry; he reached the chamber of the king, who stood armed, ready for the accomplishment of his nefarious design.

The undaunted friar went immediately up to the presence of the king, holding up his crucifix to the king's lips. "This," he said, "represents Christ, the Majesty who made Heaven and earth. Do not respect me; respect Him!" The language he then adopted, so far as it has come to us, seems not to have been very humble. He reminded the king that God was the God of armies, to punish and bring ruin on unjust and impious kings; reminded him that by his pride he was brought to covet what was not his, and menaced him with a certain retribution if he persisted. It seems strange to us; the king was in possession, and the city had lost its wits, but he was humbled, and bowed before the voice which we have heard a short time before ringing through the great dome. The friar dealt with him as one prince might deal with another. He took him by the hand, saying: "Know, sacred majesty, that the will of God is that you depart from this city without making any change in its affairs; otherwise you and your army will lose your lives here." And Charles left the city. Mischief enough had been done; but probably the mischief averted was something like that which decimated Milan beneath the sword of Barbarossa.

The chief nobles of Charles acknowledged that the salvation of Florence was the work of Savonarola.—*Eclectic Review.*

Part VI.

INTEGRITY



"I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'Honest Man.'"

—Washington.

PART VI.

INTEGRITY.

DEFENCE OF SOCRATES.

O'er all shone out the great Athenian sage,
And father of Philosophy!
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure; goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple questions stole, as into truth
And serious deeds he led the laughing race;
Taught moral life; and what he taught he was.

JAMES THOMSON.

TRANGE, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfill the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would, indeed, be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods, if I obeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death; then I should be fancying I was wise, when I was not wise. For this fear of death is, indeed, the pretence of wisdom, being

the appearance of knowing the unknown; since no one knows whether death, which he in his fear apprehends to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is there not here conceit of knowledge which is a disgraceful sort of ignorance?

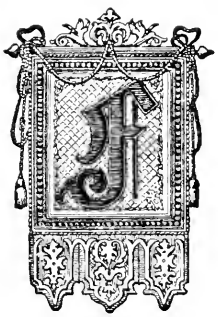
And this is the point in which, as I think, I am superior to men in general, and in which I might, perhaps, fancy myself wiser than other men—that, whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know; but I do know, that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonorable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil.

And, therefore, should you say to me, "Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again, you shall die"—if this were the condition on which you let me go, I should reply, "Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, and exhorting, after my manner, any one whom I meet. * * * * I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or properties, but first and chiefly to take care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching; and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, my influence is ruinous, indeed. But, if any one says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but, whatever you do, know that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times."

—*Extract from Translation of Prof. Jowett, of Oxford.*

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

"My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place.
* * * * * *
There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
* * * * * *
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain
With marks that will not wear away."



RANÇOIS de Bonnivard, "the Prisoner of Chillon," son of Louis de Bonnivard, a native of Seysel, and Signeur of Lunes, was born in 1496; he was educated at Turin. In 1510 his uncle, Jean Reiné de Bonnivard, resigned to him the Priory of Saint Victor, which adjoins the walls of Geneva, and which was a considerable living.

This great man—Bonnivard is deserving of this title, from the greatness of his soul, the uprightness of his heart, the nobility of his intentions, the wisdom of his counsels, the

courage of his actions, the extent of his learning, and the brilliancy of his wit—this great man, who will ever excite the admiration of all those whom an heroic virtue can move, will always inspire the most lively gratitude in the hearts of all those Genevese who love Geneva. Bonnivard was always one of its firmest supporters; to protect the liberty of the Republic, he never feared to lose his own; he forgot his ease; he despised his wealth; he neglected nothing to render certain the happiness of the country that he dignified by his adoption; from that moment he loved it as the most zealous of its citizens, he served it with the intrepidity of a hero, and he wrote its history with the simplicity of a philosopher and the ardor of a patriot.

While yet young, he stood boldly forward as the defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop.

In 1519 Bonnivard became the martyr of his country; the Duke of Savoy having entered Geneva with five hundred men, Bonnivard feared the resentment of the Duke; he wished to return to Flabourg to avoid the consequences; but he was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and conducted by order of the prince to Grolée, where, for two years, he remained a prisoner.

Bonnivard was unfortunate in his travels. As his misfortunes had not slackened his zeal for Geneva, he was always a redoubtable enemy to those who threatened it, and accordingly was likely to be exposed to their violence. He was met, in 1530, in the Jura, by thieves, who stripped him of everything and placed him again in the hands of the Duke of Savoy. This prince caused him to be confined in the Chateau of Chillon, where he remained without being submitted to any interrogatory until 1536; he was then delivered by the Bernois, who took possession of the Pays de Vaud.

On leaving his captivity he had the pleasure of finding Geneva free and reformed. The republic hastened to testify its gratitude to him, and to recompense him for the evils which he had suffered. It received him as a citizen of the

town, in the month of June, 1536; it gave him the house formerly occupied by the Vicar-General, and assigned to him a pension of two hundred gold crowns, as long as he should sojourn in Geneva. He was admitted into the Council of Two Hundred, in 1537. Bonnivard did not now cease to be useful; after having labored to make Geneva free, he succeeded in making it tolerant. He prevailed upon the Council to accord to the Calvinists and peasants a sufficient time for examining the propositions which were made to them; he succeeded by his meekness. Christianity is always preached with success when it is preached with charity.

Bonnivard was learned. His manuscripts, which are in the Public Library, proved that he had diligently studied the Latin classics, and that he had penetrated the depths of theology and history.

This great man loved the sciences, and thought they would constitute the glory of Geneva; accordingly he neglected nothing to establish them in this rising town. In 1551 he gave his library to the public; it was the commencement of the Public Library. And a portion of his books are those rare and beautiful editions of the fifteenth century which are still seen here. Finally, during the same year, this good patriot appointed the republic his heir, on condition that it would employ his wealth in supporting the college, the foundation of which was being projected.

It appears that Bonnivard died in 1570; but this cannot be certified, as an hiatus occurs in the necrology from the month of July, 1570, to 1571.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

LORD BYRON.

"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

CORNELIA, the author of the words, "These are my jewels," was the youngest daughter of Scipio Africanus and Amelia, his wife.

She was born, 189 B. C. No details have reached us of her early life. In her twentieth year she married Tiberius Gracchus. The union was a happy one, and they were blessed with many noble children. The public duties of Tiberius claimed his time so, that the care of the household and the education of the family devolved on Cornelia, and she acquitted herself of the duties in a manner which has elicited the admiration of the world. She maintained in herself, and transmitted to her sons, the grand and severe virtues of her father.

She had inherited from Scipio a love of the arts and for literature; and her letters, which were extant in the time of Quintilian, two hundred years afterwards, were often cited with praise by him and by Cicero. The reply of Cornelia to a wealthy lady of Campania, who requested to see her jewels, is the most remarkable incident in her career. Adroitly turning the conversation upon subjects likely to interest and detain her visitor till her boys came home from school, she said, as they entered the room, "These are my jewels!"

Probably no character was ever so clearly drawn in so few words; no delineation can possibly add to it. If nothing were known of Cornelia but this one speech, the historian would still find a sufficient basis upon which to construct the whole character.

The three obscure lines in which Valerius Maximus narrates the anecdote, have probably been as often translated, as widely repeated, and as deeply reflected upon, as any other three which have been left us by the writers of antiquity.

—*Anonymous.*

"WHILE I LIVE, I SHALL DESPISE THE PERIL!"

JOHN Philpot Curran, born in 1750, died in 1817, was the greatest barrister of his time. The following is an extract from a speech made in the Irish Parliament, of which he was a member, in 1790. He had overcome an impediment in his speech—that of stuttering, and had acquired a slow, distinct utterance. His powers of mimicry, ridicule, and sarcasm gave him great success in the cross-examination of witnesses. In the Irish Parliament, which he entered in 1783, he took the side of the opposition, which was headed by the celebrated Henry Grattan. Curran was a firm and steadfast friend of Ireland, and his country still remembers him with grateful veneration.

"We have been told this night, in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this house may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge or an absurd vindication; but, without connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is—the bayonet. And this is stated in the fullest house, and the most crowded audience I ever saw.

"We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retainers of the administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

"For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to

fall; it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but, should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice.

"As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor; and in my own and the spirit of the people do I feel strength enough to hold that administration which can give a sanction to menaces like these responsible for their consequences to the nation and the individual."

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALEXANDER, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the Chief "as long as it pleaseth thee." During this interview with the African Chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed. Said the Chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure be given them as a dowry." Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the Chief, "would have been the decision of your country?" "We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the King's use." "And does the sun shine in your country?" said the Chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?" "Certainly," said Alexander. "Ah," said the Chief, "it is for the sake of the innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

THE INCORRUPTIBLE PHYSICIAN.

HE Caliph Mutewekel had at his court a foreign physician by the name of Honain, whom he respected highly on account of his great accomplishments.

Certain of his courtiers wishing to arouse his suspicions concerning this man, said to the Caliph that he could not rely on his fidelity, since he was a foreigner; whereupon Mutewekel grew uneasy and resolved to ascertain whether there were any reasons for doubting his integrity.

He sent and had the physician brought before him, and said: "Honain, I have among my Emirs a dangerous enemy, against whom it would be impolitic to use force, since he is a man of unbounded popularity; therefore, I command you to prepare me an acute poison that will do its work so well that no clue to it can be traced after death. To-morrow I will give a dinner, to which he will be invited, and then I will rid myself of him."

Honain indignantly replied: "My knowledge extends no further than to the compounding of such drugs as are useful in preserving life; in the preparation of others, I am not skilled. I have taken no pains to increase my knowledge

beyond these limits, since I believe that the Ruler of the Faithful will require no such service of me. If I have done wrong in this matter, permit me to withdraw from your court."

Mutewekel replied that this was an empty excuse; that he who knew the nature of the healing remedies, was also acquainted with those that were poisonous. He begged, he threatened, he even promised presents, if the physician would comply with his commands; but all in vain. Honain remained true to his first resolution.

Finally the Caliph feigned great wrath, called the guards and commanded them to lead this obstinate man to prison. He was put in confinement, and with him a spy under the disguise of a fellow prisoner, who was to question Honain and inform the Caliph of all that the former should say. Honain, however, did not reveal by a single word or sign why the Caliph was angry with him; all that he said was that he was innocent.

After several months, the Caliph had Honain brought before him again. Upon a table in the room lay a heap of gold, diamonds and precious stuffs; but beside it stood the executioner with a scourge in his hand and a sword under his arm.

"You have already had time enough," said Mutewekel, "to ponder over this matter and realize the folly of your stubbornness; therefore make a choice. Either take these riches and comply with my demands, or prepare for a shameful death."

But Honain replied that the disgrace lay not in the sentence, but in the crime; that he would rather die than bring a stain either upon his profession or his reputation; that the Caliph was the arbiter of his life, and that he was content to submit to his decree.

"Leave me," said Mutewekel to his retainers, and as soon as they were alone he stretched forth his hand to the conscientious physician and said: "Honain, I am satisfied with you; you are my friend and I am yours. My courtiers tried to make me suspect you, and I thought I must put a test on your fidelity, to find out whether I could rely upon you unreservedly.

Not as a reward, but as a token of my friendship, will I send you these same presents with which I was unable to corrupt you."

So spake the Caliph, and commanded the gold, the precious stones and the costly stuffs to be carried to Honain's house.

—*From the German.*

THE INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT.

EDWARD C. JONES.

Governor Johnstone offered Gen. Joseph Reed £10,000 sterling, if he would try to re-unite the colonies to the mother country. Said he; "I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

SPURN your gilded bait, oh King! my faith you cannot buy;
Go, tamper with some craven heart, and dream of victory;
My honor never shall be dimmed by taking such a bribe;
The honest man can look above the mercenary tribe.

Carlisle and Eden may consort to bring about a peace;
Our year of jubilee will be the year of our release;
Until your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

What said our noble Laurens? What answer did he make?
Did he accept your overtures, and thus our cause forsake?
No! as his country's mouth-piece, he spoke the burning words,
"Off with conciliation's terms—the battle is the Lord's!"

Are ye afraid of Bourbon's house? And do ye now despair,
Because to shield the perishing, the arm of France is bare?
That treaty of alliance, which makes a double strife,
Has, like the sun, but warmed afresh your viper brood to life.

And art thou, Johnstone, art thou, pray, upon this mission sent,
To keep at distance, by thy craft, the throne's dismemberment?
Dismemberment!—ah, come it must, for union is a sin,
When parents' hands the furnace heat, and thrust the children in.

Why, English hearts there are at home that pulsate with our own ;
Voices beyond Atlantic's waves send forth a loving tone ;
Within the Cabinet are men who would not offer gold
To see our country's liberty, like chattel, bought and sold.

You say that office shall be mine if I the traitor play ;
Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay ?
Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds! Shall I an Esau prove,
And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love ?

If you can blot out Bunker Hill, or Brandywine ignore,
Or Valley Forge annihilate, and wipe away its gore ;
If you can make the orphans' tears forget to plead with God,
Then you may find a patriot's soul that owns a monarch's nod.

The King of England cannot buy the faith which fills my heart ;
My truth and virtue cannot stand in traffic's servile mart ;
For till your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

A DEVOTED PHILANTHROPIST.

AS soon as the Spaniards had gained a firm foothold in Mexico and Cuba, in the early part of the sixteenth century, they inaugurated a series of cruel and oppressive measures that threatened a speedy extermination of the natives. One of their most inhuman procedures was known as the *Repartimiento* system, which meant enslaving the Indians and parceling them out among their conquerors. So atrocious and merciless was their conduct that it quickly called forth the earnest and persistent protests of a humane and sympathetic Dominican friar, Las Casas, who had come over from Spain in the train of a Spanish grandee. He was so thoroughly impressed with the enormity of this and other crimes committed against the natives, that he at once set himself assiduously to work to ameliorate their condition, and continued laboring in their

behalf for over fifty years. He crossed the ocean sixteen times, to lay their grievances before the Spanish king and his council, besides undergoing numberless hardships, humiliations and disappointments. Las Casas also acquired great fame in the domain of literature by his contributions to the history of the Spanish conquests in Cuba and Mexico; but it is chiefly by reason of his labors for the welfare of the poor unfortunates of those countries that he is best known to the world at large.

Of an ardent and fiery temper, that could ill brook opposition, it is but natural that his impetuosity should sometimes carry him beyond the bounds of prudence and moderation; but with all his shortcomings, he is deserving of the honorable title of "The Apostle to the Indians."

A distinguished writer on Spanish-American affairs thus sums up his character and work:—

"The character of Las Casas can be inferred from his career. He was one of those to whose gifted minds are revealed those glorious moral truths which, like the light of Heaven, are fixed and the same forever, but which, though now familiar, were hidden from all but a few penetrating intellects by the general darkness of the time in which he lived. He was a reformer, and had the virtues and errors of a reformer. He was inspired by one great and glorious idea. This was the key to all his thoughts, to all he said and wrote, to every act of his long life.

It was this which urged him to lift the voice of rebuke in the presence of princes, to brave the menaces of an infuriated populace, to cross seas, to traverse mountains and deserts, to incur the alienation of friends, the hostility of enemies, to endure obloquy, insult and persecution. His views were pure and elevated; but his manner of enforcing them was not always so commendable. Las Casas, in short, was a man. But if he had the errors of humanity, he had virtues which rarely belong to it. The best commentary on his character is the estimation he obtained at the court of his sovereign. A liberal pension was settled on him after his last return from

America, which he chiefly expended on charitable objects. No measure of importance relating to the Indians was taken without his advice. He lived to see the fruits of his efforts in the positive amelioration of their condition, and the popular admission of those great truths which it had been the object of his life to unfold. And who shall say how much of the successful efforts and arguments since made in behalf of persecuted humanity may not be traced to the example and writings of this illustrious philanthropist.

From a recently published work of great historical value and accuracy, by Hubert H. Bancroft, entitled "History of Central America," we quote the following brief biographical sketch, and an account of the condition of things at the time Las Casas commenced his active ministrations:—

"A steadily growing character, impressing itself more and more upon the affairs of the Indians as time went by, was that of Bartolomé de las Casas. Born at Seville, in 1474, he conned his humanities at Salamanca, making little stir among the Gamaliels there, but taking his bachelor's degree in his eighteenth year. After a residence of about eight years in the Indies, having come with Ovando, in 1502, he was admitted to priestly orders, from which time he takes his place in history. He was a man of very pronounced temperament and faculties; as much man of business as ecclesiastic, but more philanthropist than either; possessed of a burning enthusiasm, when once the fire of his conviction was fairly kindled, he gave rest neither to himself nor his enemies, for every evil-minded man who came hither was his enemy, between whom and himself was a death struggle. The Apostle of the Indies he was sometimes called, and the mission he took upon himself was to stand between the naked natives and their steel-clad tormentors. In this work he was ardent, ofttimes imprudent, always eloquent and truthful, and as bold as any cavalier among them all. Nor was he by any means a discontented man. He sought nothing for himself; he had nothing that man could take from him except life, upon which he set no

value, or except some of its comforts, which were too poor at best to trouble himself about. His cause, which was the right, gave breadth and volume to his boldness, beside which the courage of the hair-brained babbler was sounding brass.

"In the occupation of Cuba, Pánfilo de Narvaez was named by Velazquez his lieutenant, and sent forth to subjugate other parts of the island. With Narvaez went Las Casas, who put forth almost superhuman exertions, in vain, to stay the merciless slaughter of the helpless and innocent. A warm friend of Las Casas was Velazquez' Alcalde, Pedro de Renteria, who, in the division of the spoils joined Las Casas in accepting a large tract of land, and a proportionate *repartimiento* of Indians. This was before Las Casas had seriously considered the matter, and he was at first quite delighted with his acquisition. But the enormity of the wrong coming upon him, his conversion was as decisive as that of St. Paul.

"Like the Dominicans of Espanola, Las Casas began by preaching against *repartimientos*. In 1515 he sailed for Spain, in company with Montesino, leaving his charge with certain monks sent over from Espanola by the prelate Córdoba. These Dominican brothers did what they could, but to such straits were the savages driven, after the departure of Las Casas, that to escape the bloodhounds and other evils sent upon them by the Spaniards, thousands of them took refuge in suicide. When Diego Colon arrived, in 1509, there were left in Espanola forty thousand natives. A *repartidor* was appointed, in the person of Rodrigo de Albuquerque, to repartition the Indians, but when he arrived, in 1514, there were but thirteen thousand left to divide. After proclaiming himself with great pomp, Albuquerque plainly intimated that bribery was in order, that he who paid the most money should have the best *repartimiento*. Afterwards the Licentiate Ibarra, sent to Espanola to take the residence of the Alcalde Aguilar, was authorized to make a new partition. Large numbers of the natives were given to the king's favorites in Spain, and the evil grew apace."

A NOBLE FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes.
Many there were who made great haste, and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords.
He scorned their gifts of fame and power, and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss: therefore, he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of endless good.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion; yet it was the Union in arms that saved Liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln; but it was Lincoln who freed the the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all; and I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of

Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves; and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life, no, not one, offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book and picture, and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named; the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale; that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man; these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone. As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own

that if, with perfect faith and hope assured, America would still stand and "bid the distant generations hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

FABRICIUS AND KING PYRRHUS.

Speech of Fabricius, a Roman ambassador, B. C. 282, to King Pyrrhus, who attempted to bribe him to his interests, by the offer of a great sum of money.

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been justly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labor, I draw my support. But if, by any means, thou hast been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; she supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desires of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to succor the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the State and the assistance of my friends. With respect to honors, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion; she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the

Senate. The Roman people honor me for that very poverty which King Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myself without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and silver? What king can add anything to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from self-reproach; and I have an honest fame.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

EDWARD GIBBON.

WHEN the Christians of Bithynia were brought before the tribunal of the younger Pliny, they assured the proconsul that, far from being engaged in any unlawful conspiracy, they were bound by a solemn obligation to abstain from the commission of those crimes which disturb the private or public peace of society, from theft, robbery, adultery, perjury and fraud.

Near a century afterwards Tertullian with an honest pride could boast that very few (if any) Christians had suffered by the hand of the executioner, except on account of their religion. Their serious and sequestered life, averse to the gay luxury of the age, inured them to chastity, temperance, economy and all the sober domestic virtues. As the greater number were of some trade or profession, it was incumbent upon them, by the strictest integrity and the fairest dealing, to remove the suspicions which the profane are too apt to conceive against the appearance of sanctity. The contempt of the

world exercises them in the habits of humility, meekness and patience. The more they were persecuted, the more closely they adhered to each other. Their mutual charity and unsuspecting confidence has been marked by infidels, and was too often abused by perfidious friends.

NOBLE PEASANTS.

AMONG the Alps alone, are found men, rustic without being ferocious, civilized without being corrupted. The following trait is as characteristic as it is singular. Frantz went one evening to Gaspard, who was mowing his field: "My friend," said he, "the time is come to get up this hay; you know there is a dispute about the meadow—to whom it belongs, you or me; to decide the question, I have assembled together the appointed judges, at Salenche; so, come with me, to-morrow, and state your claims." "You see, Frantz," answered Gaspard, "that I have cut the grass; and it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that I should get it up to-morrow; I cannot leave it." "And I cannot send away the judges, who have chosen the day themselves; besides, we must know to whom the meadow belongs before it can be cleared." They debated for some time. At length, Gaspard said to Frantz, "Go to Salenche; tell the judges *my* reasons as well as *your own*, for claiming the meadow, and then I need not go myself." So it was agreed. Frantz pleaded both for and against himself, and to the best of his power gave in his claims and those of Gaspard. When the judges had pronounced their opinion, he returned to his friend, saying, "The meadow is thine; the sentence is in thy favor, and I wish you joy." Frantz and Gaspard ever afterward remained firm friends.

—*The World of Anecdote.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND ABDOLONYMUS.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, 333 B. C., he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honor. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honor who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he had received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honor, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous, even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him and saluted him king. They informed him that Alexander had appointed him to that office, and required him immediately to exchange his rustic garb and utensils of husbandry for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they admonished him, when he should be seated on the throne and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him further with their impertinent jests;

[illegible] to find some other way of amusing themselves which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure [illegible]. At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in the proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the legal office and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than [illegible] and [illegible] created him enemies, who whispered their [illegible] in every place till at last they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the new elected prince to be sent [illegible] and inquired of him with what temper of mind he had [illegible] his poverty. "Would to heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation, [illegible] when I possessed little I wanted nothing; these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighboring province to the government of Sidon.

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right."

—Abraham Lincoln.

PART VII.

MAGNANIMITY.

THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

OME years ago a warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "O, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been endorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures

required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong, and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and of children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm.

"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man. "I bitterly repent it." "Well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" His answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost

of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife, from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, don't cry; it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

JAMES SMITH.

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Nought could she reveal, but a man, true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled,
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave—
To be shot through the breast, at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night-call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered, to bid him farewell.
"Ah, Tom! is it you, come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?
Remember, by me 'twill be fully obeyed;
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said, filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man and a soldier!—Good bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good night!
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull, cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe, ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
"Shoulder arms" was the cry, as the prisoner passed by;
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave regiment adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom;
Sternly silent, they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line, amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint tolled the solemn death-bell,
As he knelt on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice;
———"Present!"———struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice
For "Hold—hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!——Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!——a free pardon!——huzzah!"
And the muskets rung loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace;
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb;
With a loud cheer, they wheeled to the right-about face,
Then away at the sound of the drum!
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met, never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart!

PAGANINI AND THE STREET PLAYER.

AMONG the pleasant stories told of Paganini is one similar to an incident previously related of Viotti. One day, as he was walking in Vienna, the violinist saw a poor little Italian boy scraping some Neapolitan songs before the windows of a large house. A celebrated artist who accompanied Paganini remarked to him, "There is one of your compatriots." Upon which the maestro evinced a desire to speak to the lad, and went across the street to him for that purpose. After ascertaining that he was a poor beggar boy from the other side of the Alps, and that he supported his sick mother, his only relative, the great violinist appeared touched. He literally emptied his pockets into the boy's hand, and taking the violin and bow from him, began the most grotesque and extraordinary performance possible. A crowd soon collected, the virtuoso was at once recognized by the bystanders, and when he brought the performance to an end, amid the cheers and shouts of those assembled, he handed around the boy's hat, and made a considerable collection of coin, in which silver pieces were very conspicuous. He then handed the sum to the young Italian, saying, "Take that to your mother," and rejoining his companion, walked off with him, saying, "I hope I've done a good turn to that little animal."

—*The Great Violinists.*

HADRIAN AND THE PLANTER.

THE Emperor Hadrian, passing near Tiberias, in Galilee, observed an old man digging a large trench, in order to plant some fig trees. "Hadst thou properly employed the morning of thy life," said Hadrian, "thou needest not have worked so hard in the evening of thy days." "I have well employed my early days, nor will I neglect the evening of my life, and let God do with me what he thinks best," replied the old man. "How old mayest thou be, good man?" asked the emperor. "A hundred years," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed Hadrian, "a hundred years old, and still planting trees? Canst thou, then, hope ever to enjoy the fruits of thy labor?" "Great king," rejoined the hoary-headed man, "yes, I do hope, if God permits, that I may even eat the fruits of these very trees; if not, my children will. Have not my forefathers planted trees for me, and shall I not do the same for my children?" Hadrian, pleased with the honest man's reply, said, "Well, old man, if ever thou livest to see the fruit of these trees, let me know it. Dost thou hear, good old man?" And with these words he left him.

The old man did live long enough to see the fruits of his industry. The trees flourished and bore excellent fruit. As soon as they were sufficiently ripe, he gathered the most choice figs, put them in a basket, and marched toward the emperor's residence. Hadrian happened to look out of the window of his palace, and seeing a man bent with age, with a basket on his shoulders, standing near the gate, he ordered him to be admitted to his presence. "What is thy pleasure, old man?" demanded Hadrian. "May it please your Majesty," replied the man, "to recollect seeing once a very old man planting some trees, and desiring him, if ever he should gather the fruit, to let you know; I am that old man, and this is the

fruit of those very trees. May it please you graciously to accept them as an humble tribute for your Majesty's great condescension." Hadrian, gratified to see so extraordinary an instance of longevity, accompanied by the full manly faculties and honest exertion, desired the old man to be seated, and ordering the basket to be emptied of the fruit and to be filled with gold, gave it to him as a present. Some courtiers, who witnessed this uncommon scene, exclaimed, "Is it possible that our great Emperor should show so much honor to a Jew?" "Why should I not honor him whom God has honored?" replied Hadrian. "Look at his age and imitate his example."

—*Anonymous.*

GENEROSITY OF BERMUDO, I.

FTER the death of Mauregate, Bermudo, I, although an ecclesiastic, was elected King of Spain. His conduct presents a romantic instance of magnanimity. Scarcely had he ascended the throne, when he invited to his court and his counsels the legitimate king, Alphonso, II; he succeeded in dissipating the prejudices entertained against this prince by the nobles, entrusted to him the command of the army, and having accompanied Alphonso in an engagement in which the latter defeated the Moors, he seized that moment to resign the crown, and cause him to be elected in his stead. Alphonso, worthy of the conduct of this magnanimous man, did not suffer himself to be surpassed by him in generosity. He would not permit Bermudo to retire to his monastic retreat; he gave him an apartment in the royal palace, consulted him in all State affairs, showed him the same respect and affection as if Bermudo had still been king, and having no issue, bequeathed the crown to Ramiro, the worthy son of Bermudo. The priests who have awarded a sort of apotheosis to so many

demi-saints and so many impostors, have forgotten, or ignorantly passed over, the august names of Alphonso and Bermudo, knowing no better than to attribute the magnanimity of the latter to monastic scruples relative to the marriage which he had contracted, and having taken upon himself the vow of celibacy as a deacon.—*De Liagre's Repertory of Spanish History.*

NOTHING COMES BY CHANCE.

THERE is a beautiful story in French, of a prisoner who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison, by order of Napoleon, because he was supposed to be an enemy of the Government. One day, as Charney (for that was his name) was walking in the yard adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up between the stones. How it came there, he could not tell. Perhaps some one carelessly dropped the seed, or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plant it was, but he felt a great interest in it. Shut in within those walls, away from all his friends, not permitted to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have this little living thing to watch over and love. Every day when he walked in the court, he spent much time in looking at it. He soon saw some buds. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open. And when the flowers at length came out, he was filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colors in them—white, purple and rose color—and there was a delicate silvery fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was delicious. Charney examined them more than he ever did flowers before, and never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these. Charney guarded his plant from all harm, with great care. He made a framework out of

such things as he could get, so that it should not be broken down by some careless foot or by the wind. One day there was a hail storm, and to keep his tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner. It taught him some things that he had never learned before, though he was a very wise man. When he went into the prison he was an infidel. He did not believe there was a God, and among his scribblings on the prison wall, he had written, "All things come by chance." But as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there was a God. He felt that none but God could make that flower; and he said that the flower had taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved to be of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being set free. There was another prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. At one time it seemed as if it were going to die, and Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones around it, but he could not, without permission. The Italian girl managed to see the Empress Josephine, and to tell her about it, and permission was given to Charney to do with the plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was loosened, and the flower was soon as bright as ever again.

Now Josephine thought much of flowers. It is said that she admired the purple of her cactuses more than the imperial purple of her robe, and that the perfume of her magnolias was pleasanter to her than the flattery of her attendants. She, too, had a cherished flower—the sweet jessamine—that she had brought from the home of her youth, a far-off island of the West Indies. This had been planted and reared by her own hand; and though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it was dearer to her than all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot-houses.

She thought a good deal, therefore, of the prisoner that took such good care of his one flower. She inquired about him, and after a little time persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom. And when Charney left the prison he took the plant with him to his home, for he could not bear to part with this sweet companion that had cheered him in his lonely prison life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

Some perhaps would say that the seed of this flower got into that prison yard and took root in the earth between the stones by *chance*, and that this was all very *lucky* for the prisoner. But this is not so. Nothing comes by chance. God sent that seed there and made it lodge in the right place to have it grow. He sent it to do great things for the poor prisoner. Little did Charney think when he saw that tiny plant first pushing up from between the stones, that by it God would free him from prison, and what was better, deliver him from infidelity. —*Anonymous.*

THE HERMIT AND THE MINSTREL.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON.

A CERTAIN holy anchorite had passed a long life in a cave of the Thebiad, remote from all communion with men; and eschewing, as he would the gates of hell, even the very presence of a woman; and he fasted and prayed, and performed many and severe penances; and his whole thought was how he should make himself of account in the sight of God, that he might enter into his paradise. And having lived this life threescore and ten years, he was puffed up with the notion of his own great virtue and sanctity, and, like to St. Anthony, he besought the Lord to show him what saint he should emulate as greater than himself, thinking, perhaps, in his heart,

that the Lord would answer that none was greater or holier. And the same night he had a dream, and the angel of God appeared to him, and said, "If thou wouldst excel all others in virtue and sanctity, thou must strive to be like a certain minstrel who goes begging and singing from door to door." And the holy man was in great astonishment, and he arose and took his staff, and ran forth in search of this minstrel; and when he had found him, he questioned him earnestly, saying, "Tell me, I pray thee, good brother, what good works thou hast performed in thy lifetime, and by what prayers and penances thou hast made thyself acceptable to God?" And the man, greatly wondering and ashamed to be questioned, hung down his head, as he replied, "I beseech thee, holy father, mock me not! I have performed no good works, and as to praying, alas!—sinner that I am—I am not worthy to pray. I do nothing but go about from door to door, amusing the people with my viol and my flute." And the holy man insisted, and said, "Nay, but peradventure in the midst of this thy evil life, thou hast done some good works?" And the minstrel replied, "I know of nothing good that I have done." And the hermit, wondering more and more, said, "How hast thou become a beggar? Hast thou spent thy substance in riotous living, like most others of thy calling?" And the man, answering, said, "Nay, but there was a poor woman, whom I found running hither and thither in distraction, for her husband and children had been sold into slavery to pay a debt. And the woman being very fair, certain sons of Belial pursued after her; so I took her home to my hut, and protected her from them; and I gave her all I possessed, to redeem her family, and conducted her in safety to the city, where she was reunited to her husband and children. But what of that, my father; is there a man who would not have done the same?" And the hermit, hearing the minstrel speak these words, wept bitterly, saying, "For my part, I have not done so much good in all my life; and yet they call me a man of God, and thou art only a poor minstrel!"

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY AND THE YANKEE BOY.

LD Parson Hale, whom I used to hear preach when I was a little fellow, said Grandfather Marvin, was never weary of telling us children the incidents of a visit he and his mother made to Virginia when he was a lad. The long ride, by private carriage, from Massachusetts Bay to the Potomac River, was indeed a pleasurable and exciting journey, and the meeting with General Washington was the event of events.

The General was at that time living in dignified retirement, upon his large estate at Mount Vernon, which consisted of ten thousand acres of land in one body. Nearly a third of it formed a neck on the Potomac River, with Huntington Creek Bay on the east and Donge Creek Bay on the west. There were two grist mills on the estate, one driven by oxen or horses and the other by water.

Parson Hale's uncle, William Barker, was, at the time of his notable visit, overseer of the water-power mill, which stood at the head of Donge Creek Bay.

It was quite a large mill, with a twelve-foot wheel, the water coming through a sluice-way two miles long. Boats laden with grain came close up to the mill door.

The estate was divided into several different farms, each farm being devoted to the raising of grasses, grain and vegetables, just like any other farm, only everything was on such a large scale. There were hundreds of acres of land in each field, and nearly four hundred men were employed all the year round.

General Washington had the personal oversight of these

extensive farming operations, and rode about the fields and farms, on horseback, every morning, in pleasant weather.

Often gentlemen who were his visitors, and sometimes ladies, accompanied him on these rides. Their horses were trained for the saddle, and made nothing of leaping across the broad, deep ditches which separated the large fields, instead of fences.

Young Matthew Hale had been at the mill several days without getting a glimpse of the great man, whom, of course, he was very anxious and curious to see. So one day his uncle sent him to the "Brick Barn," on a grain boat, telling him that he would be sure to see the famous General in that vicinity.

Matthew found the barn to be situated at a distance of about three miles from Mount Vernon residence. It was a huge structure, built of brick, and was considered a great curiosity, being sixteen square, or double octagonal.

The lad was looking about him with the eager desire to know "the why and wherefore" of everything—an impulse that has always characterized the wide-awake New England boy wherever he goes—when some one shouted to him that the General was coming.

As young Matthew ran out of the barn, he saw, galloping at a swift pace over the newly mowed and beautifully undulating meadow, a dozen or more gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen on horseback. They were all finely mounted, and a number of sleek, handsome dogs ran gracefully on either side of the brilliant cavalcade.

The little Massachusetts boy was so overawed and confused by the picturesqueness and grandeur of the sight and the majesty of the great General's presence, that he followed his first inclination, which was to run behind a corner of the immense barn, near which he was standing, thinking he could look out from that point of safety and see the company sweep by, himself remaining unobserved.

Upon his starting to run, a fierce little dog rushed away

from the party and flew, yelping, after him. The boy ran on, and the dog followed in hot pursuit. Soon, the frightened boy became conscious that not only the dog, but a flying horseman, was also pursuing him.

Matthew had no idea of the extent of one side of that sixteen-sided barn, but it seemed a long distance for his short legs to accomplish. He looked back each time he turned a corner, to see the head of a white horse appearing at the corner behind him.

He supposed the General considered him an intruder, and was determined to take him into custody. Not knowing what fearful fate awaited him, should he be caught, he exerted every nerve to escape, still turning corner after corner, the dog in hot pursuit, the horseman close behind.

Almost ready to drop from fatigue, shame and terror, the poor lad turned another corner, only to find himself directly in front of the mounted party, who were drawn up near the wide-open doors, where heaps of grain were being measured before it should be transferred to the boat.

Here, he was brought to a stand-still by an authoritative command of "Halt!" It was but one word, and that not loudly spoken, but that there was power in the voice was evident by the alacrity with which it was obeyed by both pursuer and pursued.

The dreaded horseman, whom Matthew now saw in full view, was a lad not much older than himself, mounted on a pretty white pony.

"What does this mean, Dandridge?" inquired General Washington, in severe tones.

"Madge always runs after anything that tries to run away from her, uncle; and I only thought I would see the chase out," exclaimed the boy, in a voice that quivered, and with a perturbed air.

"And who are you, my lad, and what do you want here?" asked the General, in a softened tone, turning to Matthew, who was trembling from head to foot.

"I am Matthew Hale, sir, from Massachusetts," said our Yankee boy, not forgetting, in his excitement, to remove his hat and to make a graceful bow. "I came on with my mother, to visit my uncle Barker, who lives at the Donge Creek mill; and I am here at the "Brick Barn" to see the Father of my Country."

"Thank you, my boy," said the General, very kindly. "I am always proud and happy to see my Massachusetts friends. You must come and call at Mount Vernon to-morrow afternoon. I shall be at home at two o'clock."

And, lifting his hat, the General rode away, followed by the whole party.

The Old Parson used to say that the chase around that sixteen sided brick barn, when he supposed General Washington, mounted on his white charger, was behind him, was a terrible experience. It had its abundant compensation, for he went to Mount Vernon at the time appointed, when the General received him very cordially, asked him a great many questions about his studies and what he read, and inquired kindly and particularly about his family.

Upon learning that Matthew's father had died of a wound received in the Revolutionary War, Washington manifested a new interest in the lad, asked to see his widowed mother when next he went to the mill, and befriended them both in many ways.

As soon as the lad was old enough, he was sent by the General to the academy at Alexandria, where he remained for several years.

General Washington paid an annuity to this institution for the support of orphans for many years, during his lifetime, and at his death left a fund of five thousand dollars for the same purpose.

So the chase around that sixteen-sided barn resulted in the Yankee lad's being educated as a clergyman—one who did effective work in his own field of labor, and died greatly lamented and respected.—*Golden Days.*

A PHILANTHROPIC PASTOR.

LIFE full of interest, instruction and sweet Christian philanthropy is that of the renowned and honored German clergyman, Theodor Fliedner. He was born at Eppstein, Rhenish Prussia, in the year 1800, and in the year 1822 became pastor of the congregation at Kaiserwerth, to which his good father had ministered until his death, in 1813. Soon after his settlement, his people were suddenly impoverished by the failure of a large manufacturing firm which had employed most of them. Refusing to take another charge, he set himself to the task of relieving his poverty-stricken people, and visited the philanthropic institutions of other countries, to study the best methods of beginning his work. After an extended tour he returned to Kaiserwerth and founded an institution for the relief of the poor, the sick and the fallen. Several years later he founded a society for the improvement of prison discipline, and, in 1833, an asylum for discharged female convicts.

This latter was on a small scale, consisting only of his summer house in his garden, which soon proved too small, and was exchanged for a more substantial edifice. His next and grandest idea was to re-establish the office of the ministry of women in the Protestant Church. He found sufficient warrant for this step in *Romans*, xvi, in the beginning of which the great Apostle to the Gentiles commands "Phœbe, our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea: That ye receive her in the Lord as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also."

The office of deaconess existed in the Eastern Church as late as the eighth century, and it is quite uncertain when it entirely disappeared there, although in most of the Latin churches it had fallen into disuse in the fifth century. In later times its place was taken by various organizations and orders in the

Catholic church, whose self-denying and devoted ministrations of charity, mercy and consolation have been a blessing to myriads of the needy, sick and fallen. Several attempts were made in the Reformed churches, as early as the sixteenth century, to revive the order of deaconesses, but none of them proved successful until pastor Fliedner set to work, in 1836. He had given the subject some years of thought and study, and he brought to the execution of his purpose not only a clear perception of the work he meant to accomplish, but also a firm and indomitable purpose, in which he was nobly sustained and assisted by his devoted wife. It is of interest to recall the difficulties under which the beginnings were made. His wife was seriously ill at the time. "We had no money wherewith to buy the house," he writes; "but, nevertheless, she laid it upon me, in the name of the Lord, to buy it, and the sooner the better. I bought it, cheerfully, on the twentieth of April, 1836. The money was to be paid before Martinmas of the same year." The money was raised and paid before that time, although the sum was large for that country and the class from whom it was secured. Two friends, single women, who offered themselves for nursing in the hospital, were the first Kaiserwerth deaconesses. In 1838 Fliedner first sent out deaconesses to work in other places, and the home institution gradually enlarged its sphere and added to the original infirmary an orphan asylum, a normal school, an insane asylum and a house of refuge for dissolute women.

In 1849 he visited the United States, and founded a "Mother House," at Pittsburg. His work grew and prospered in other places, under the intelligent direction of those whom he had trained, and although he ended his useful and laborious life in 1864, there were already in existence, in 1870, about four hundred houses or stations, in different parts of the world, prominent among which were Pesth, Bucharest, Constantinople, Beyrout, Jerusalem, Alexandria, London and Berlin. How small the beginning, and yet how grand the results! Verily, it is not for men to despise the day of small things!—*From Life of Fliedner.*

MAGNANIMITY OF SALADIN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE effects of the climate became, as usual, fatal to the soldiers from the North, and the more so that the dissolute license of the Crusaders, forming a singular contrast to the principles and purposes of their taking up arms, rendered them more easy victims to the insalubrious influence of burning heat and chilling dews. To these discouraging causes of loss was to be added the sword of the enemy. Saladin, than whom no greater name is recorded in Eastern history, had learned, by bitter experience, that his light-armed followers were little able to meet in close encounter with the iron-clad Franks, and had been taught, at the same time, to apprehend and dread the adventurous character of his antagonist Richard. But if his armies were more than once routed with great slaughter, his numbers gave the Saracen the advantage in those lighter skirmishes, of which many were inevitable. There was a perpetual warfare of posts and foragers, in which many valuable lives were lost without any corresponding object being gained. The Crusaders had to purchase the means of sustaining life by life itself; and water, like that of the well of Bethlehem, longed for by King David, one of its ancient monarchs, was then, as before, only obtained by the expenditure of blood.

These evils were, in a great measure, counterbalanced by the stern resolution and restless activity of King Richard, who, with some of his best knights, was ever on horseback, ready to repair to any point where danger occurred, and often not only bringing unexpected succor to the Christians, but discomfiting the infidels when they seemed most secure of victory. But even the iron frame of *Cœur de Leon* could not support,

without injury, the alternations of the unwholesome climate, joined to ceaseless exertions of body and mind.

He became afflicted with one of those slow and wasting fevers peculiar to Asia, and, in spite of his great strength and still greater courage, grew first unfit to mount on horseback, and then to attend the councils of war, which were, from time to time, held by the Crusaders.

Naturally rash and impetuous, the irritability of his temper preyed on itself. He was dreaded by his attendants, and even the medical assistants feared to assume the necessary authority which a physician, to do justice to his patient, must needs exercise over him.

One faithful baron, who, perhaps, from the congenial nature of his disposition, was devoutly attached to the king's person, dared alone to come between the dragon and his wrath, and quietly but firmly maintained a control which no other dared assume over the dangerous invalid, and which Thomas de Multon, the Lord of Gilsland, in Cumberland, surnamed by the Normans the Lord de Vaux, only exercised because he esteemed his sovereign's life and honor more than he did the degree of favor which he might lose, or run the risk he might incur in nursing a patient so intractable and whose displeasure was so perilous.

It was on the decline of a Syrian day that Richard lay on his couch of sickness, loathing it as much in mind as his illness made it irksome to his body. His bright blue eye, which at all times shone with uncommon keenness and splendor, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glancing from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair as fitfully and as vividly as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder storm, which still, however, are gilded by its beams. His manly features showed the progress of wasting illness, and his beard, neglected and untrimmed, had overgrown both lips and chin.

Casting himself from side to side, now clutching toward him the coverings which, at the next moment, he flung as impatiently from him, his tossed couch and impatient gestures showed at once the energy and the reckless impatience of a disposition, whose natural bent was that of the most active exertion.

"So Sir Kenneth met with a wandering physician at the grotto of Engeddi, ha?" said the king, after a long and perturbed silence, spent in the feverish agitation which we have endeavored to describe.

"Not so, my liege;" replied de Vaux; "but he met, I think, near that place, with a Saracen Emir, with whom he had some mêlée in the way of proof of valor, and finding him worthy to bear brave men company, they went together, as errant knights are wont, to the grotto of Engeddi."

"And did they there meet the physician?" demanded the king, impatiently.

"No, my liege," replied de Vaux; "but the Saracen, learning of your Majesty's grievous illness, undertook that Saladin should send his own physician to you, and with many assurances of his eminent skill; and he came to the grotto accordingly, after the Scottish knight had tarried a day for him and more. He is attended as if he were a prince, with drums and atabals, and servants on horse and foot, and brings with him letters of credence from Saladin."

"Have they been examined by Giacomo Loredani?"

"I showed them to the interpreter ere bringing them hither, and behold their contents, in our language!"

Richard took a scroll on which were inscribed these words:—

"The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mohammed ('Out upon the hound!' said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection). Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech

Ric, Richard, of England, greeting: Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet ('Confusion on his head!' again muttered the English monarch), we have, therefore, sent, to tend and wait upon thee, at this time, the physician to our own person, Adoubec al Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael (the angel of Death) spreads his wings and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And we do this, praying you heartily to honor and make use of his skill; not only that we may do service to thy worth and valor, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honorable agreement or by open trial thereof, with our weapons, in a fair field; seeing that it neither becomes thy courage and place to die the death of a slave who hath been overwrought by his taskmaster, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapons by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy——

"Hold! hold!" said Richard, "I will have no more of this dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog. Yes; I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim. I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity. I will meet Saladin in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard, of England, ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe. I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured. He shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed

with the blood of us both. Haste, de Vaux, why dost thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? Fetch the Hakim hither."

The physician, who had already informed himself of the various symptoms of the king's illness, now felt his pulse for a long time, and with deep attention, while all around stood silent, and in breathless expectation. The sage next filled a cup with spring water, and dipped into it a small, red purse, which he took from his bosom. When he seemed to think it sufficiently medicated, he was about to offer it to the sovereign, who prevented him, by saying, "Hold, an instant—thou hast felt my pulse—let me lay my finger on thine; I, too, as becomes a good knight, know something of thine art."

The Arabian yielded his hand, without hesitation, and his long, slender, dark fingers were, for an instant, enclosed and almost buried in the large enfoldment of King Richard's hand. "His blood beats calm as an infant's," said the king; so throb not theirs who poison princes. De Vaux, whether we live or die, dismiss this Hakim, with honor and safety. Commend us, friend, to the noble Saladin. Should I die, it is without doubt of his faith; should I live, it will be to thank him, as a warrior would desire to be thanked."

He then raised himself in bed, took the cup in his hands, and turning to the Marquis and the others: "Mark what I say, and let my royal brethren pledge me, in Cyprus wine—'To the immortal honor of the first Crusader who shall strike lance or sword on the gate of Jerusalem; and to the shame and eternal infamy of whosoever shall turn back from the plow on which he hath laid his hand.'"

He drained the cup to the bottom, resigned it to the Arabian, and sunk back, as if exhausted, upon the cushions which were arranged to receive him. The physician, then, with silent but expressive signs, directed that all should leave the tent, ex-

cepting himself and De Vaux, whom no remonstrance could induce to withdraw. The apartment was cleared, accordingly.

When the critical hour had arrived, at which the physician, according to the rules of his art, had predicted that his royal patient might be awakened, with safety, the sponge was applied for that purpose; and the leech had not made many observations ere he assured the Baron of Gilsland that the fever had entirely left his sovereign, and that such was the happy strength of his constitution, it would not be even necessary, as in most cases, to give a second dose of the powerful medicine.

Richard himself seemed of the same opinion, for, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, he demanded of De Vaux what present sum of money was in the royal coffers. The baron could not exactly inform him of the amount.

"It matters not," said Richard; "be it greater or smaller, bestow it all on this learned leech, who hath, I trust, given me back again to the service of the Crusade. If it be less than a thousand byzants, let him have jewels to make it up."

"I sell not the wisdom with which Allah has endowed me," answered the Arabian physician, "and be it known to you, great prince, that the Divine medicine of which you have partaken would lose its effects in my unworthy hands, did I exchange its virtues either for gold or diamonds."

"The physician refuseth a gratuity," said de Vaux.

"Thomas de Vaux," said Richard, "thou knowest no courage but what belongs to the sword; no bounty or virtue but what are used in chivalry; I tell thee that this Moor, in his independence, might set an example to them who account themselves the flower of knighthood."

"It is reward enough," said the Moor, folding his arms on his bosom, and maintaining an attitude at once respectful and dignified, "that so great a king as the *Melec Ric should thus speak of his servant."

* Richard Cœur de Lion.

BRAVERY AND MAGNANIMITY OF THE SPARTANS.

PLUTARCH.

T no time was the discipline of the Spartans less severe than when they were engaged in war. Then they were permitted to have fine clothes and costly armor, and to curl their hair, of which they had a great quantity. They were particular about this ornament, because the law-giver had said that a large head of hair added beauty to a good face and terror to an ugly one. During their campaigns they were better fed, and forced to exercise less severely than in time of peace, and their whole treatment was so much more indulgent that they were never better satisfied than when under military rule. They went to battle, dancing and keeping step to the music without disturbing their ranks. They were gay, cheerful, and so eager that they resembled race-horses, full of fire and neighing for the start. When the king advanced against the enemy, he was always surrounded by those who had been crowned at the public games. Spartans considered it such a favor to be so placed in battle, that one of them who had gained a difficult victory in an Olympian game, upon being asked what reward he expected, since he would not accept money, as other combatants did, replied: "I shall have the honor to fight foremost in the ranks before my prince."

When they had routed an enemy they continued in pursuit until they were assured of the victory, but no longer, for they deemed it unworthy of a Grecian to destroy those who did not resist. This manner of dealing with their enemies was not only magnanimous, but was wise, for their opponents often gave up the fight and fled, knowing that their lives would be spared as soon as they did so.

AFTER FORTY CENTURIES.

OW beautiful, in the great, are the qualities of gentleness, kindness and charity. And when we read of them as practiced by those now dead, how quickly do our hearts go out to them. It is an epitaph of real worth.

We have just been reading of an Egyptian of rank and wealth, in those remote and wonderful times when mountains of stone rose up in the desert, at sight of which men of to-day stand lost in wonder and admiration. He does not glory in his wealth, or in his victories. But this is the message which he leaves to posterity, and which forty centuries have carefully preserved for us to read and ponder over, and perhaps act on. And do not these simple words touch your heart? Listen to them: "Not a child did I injure. Not a widow did I oppress. Not a herdsman did I ill treat. There was no beggar in my days; no one starved in my time. And when the years of famine came, I plowed all the lands of the province, to its northern and southern boundaries, feeding its inhabitants, and providing their food. There was no starving person in it, and I made the widow to be as though she possessed a husband."

Very little thought had he that, after so many centuries, men in the far distant, then unknown, New World, speaking a different tongue, with habits and customs and rites so different, would read his epitaph and thank God for the record of a good man. The memory of the just is blessed. Good actions are the flowers of the heart. The memory of this dead man is fragrant still. May it prove a voice of power from the dead to the living.

If we could know that far down the ages some word or deed of ours should spring into new life, what a restraining force it would be to keep us from bad words and evil deeds. But who can tell, as the wise men of those coming centuries

filter the refuse of these almost forgotten times, what residuum may remain, what fragments of our work, which we could wish utterly burned, may confront them, to settle some vexed query, or point a moral to that new age. But if only good is found, if those little fragments (if such there be) tell a story of good and true life, full of love to God and all his creatures, how grateful would we be.

We will not point the moral. You will easily see what manner of life you and we ought to live, in view of this possibility of such an earthly resurrection. And if it does not come true in this world, what about the next? Are we all ready for that?—*Golden Rule.*

ROYAL MAGNANIMITY.

A MAN named Lambrun and his wife had been many years in the service of Mary Stuart, and were sincerely attached to her. The tragical death of that unfortunate princess had such an effect on the husband that he did not long survive her, and the widow, Margaret Lambrun, determined to revenge upon Queen Elizabeth the loss of two persons so dear to her. She therefore disguised herself in man's clothes, bought two pistols and went to London. Soon after, when the Queen appeared in public, Margaret endeavored to make her way through the crowd in order to shoot her, but one of the pistols fell, and she was immediately apprehended. The Queen being informed of the circumstance, ordered the man to be brought before her, and said to him: "Well, sir, who are you, and why do you seek to kill me?" "Madam," replied Margaret, "I am a woman; I was a long time in the service of Mary Stuart, whom you put to death unjustly; her execution caused the death of my dear husband who was sincerely attached to her;

and my affection for both of them has excited me to revenge." "And how do you think I ought to deal with you?" said Elizabeth. "Do you speak to me as a queen or a judge?" said Margaret. "As a queen." "Then," replied she, "you ought to pardon me."

"And what security can you give that you will not attempt my life again?"

"Madam, a pardon granted under such conditions ceases to be a favor." "Well, then," said the Queen, "I pardon you, and trust to your gratitude for my safety."—*Anonymous.*

HUMBOLDT AND THE YOUNG SCIENTIST.

I WAS only twenty-four years of age when in Paris, whither I had gone with means given to me by a friend, but was at last about to resign my studies, from want of ability to meet my expenses. Professor Mitscherlich was then on a visit in Paris, and I had seen him in the morning, when he had asked me what was the cause of my depressed feelings; I told him I had to go, for I had nothing left. The next morning, as I was seated at breakfast, in front of the yard of the hotel where I lived, I saw the servant of Humboldt approach. He handed me a note, saying there was no answer, and disappeared. I opened the note, and I see it now before me as distinctly as if I held the paper in my hand. It said: "My friend: I hear that you intend leaving Paris in consequence of some embarrassment. That shall not be. I wish you to remain here as long as the object for which you came is not accomplished. I enclose you a check for £50. It is a loan, which you may repay when you can."

Some years afterward, when I could have repaid him, I wrote, asking for the privilege of remaining forever in his

debt, knowing that this request would be more consonant with his feelings than the recovery of the money, and I am now in his debt. What he had done for me I know he has done for many others, in silence and unknown to the world.

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The influence he has exerted upon the progress of science is incalculable. I need only allude to the fact that the Cosmos, bringing every branch of natural science down to the comprehension of every class of students, has been translated into the language of every civilized nation of the world, and gone through several editions. With him ends a great period in the history of science, a period to which Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Gay-Lussac, Decandolle and Robert Brown belonged.—*Eulogy on Humboldt by Professor Louis Agassiz.*

CASIMIR, II, AND KONARSKI.

CASIMIR, II, King of Poland, received a blow from a Polish gentleman named Konarski, who had lost all he possessed while playing with the prince. Scarcely was the blow given, when, sensible of the enormity of the crime, he betook himself to flight; but he was soon apprehended by the king's guards, and condemned to lose his head. Casimir, who waited for him in silence amid his courtiers, as soon as he saw him appear, said: "I am not surprised at the conduct of this gentleman. Not being able to revenge himself on Fortune, it is not to be wondered at that he has ill-treated his friend. I am the only one to blame in this affair, for I ought not, by my example, to encourage a pernicious practice, which may be the ruin of my nobility." Then, turning to the criminal, he said: "I perceive you are sorry for your fault; that is sufficient; take your money again, and let us renounce gaming forever."

—*Anonymous.*

THE MAN OF ROSS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

"RICHER than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O traveler, hear!
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or, where the sorrow-shriveled captive lay,
Poured the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray."

John Kyrle, surnamed "The Man of Ross," was a private gentleman of small fortune, born in 1664, and died in 1754, in the Parish of Ross, County of Hereford, England. He was distinguished for his benevolence and public spirit. During his lifetime he built a church and founded a hospital in his native place, and at his death he left a goodly portion of his fortune to be devoted to charitable and benevolent purposes.

The foregoing tribute to his memory was penned by the poet Coleridge, on the occasion of his visit to the house formerly occupied by the "Man of Ross."

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross;
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the sky in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;

He feeds yon almshouse—neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labor and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more;
Despairing quacks, with curses, fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O, say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud hearts withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
And what? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost unknown!
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

LAST HOURS OF MADAME ROLAND.

ALPHONSE LOUIS MARIE DE LAMARTINE.

THE examination and trial of Madame Roland was but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with dignified modesty of herself; but borne down by the clamors of the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking, amid

the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and accused; they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them.

Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!" She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

On that day (November 10th, 1793) a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onward toward the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an infirm old man, named Lamarche. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses, almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble.

"I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland; "a few moments, and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheeringly encouraged him to bear up with firmness and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

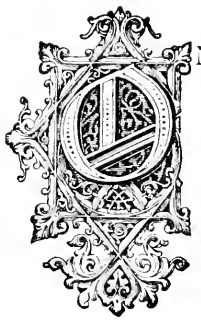
A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have one only favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then, turning to the old man, she said: "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without chang-

changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O, Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

THE COUNTESS' PILLAR.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



ON the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription:—

"This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the second of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4, to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every second day of April, forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"

While the poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier, transported from heaven's purest clime!
"Charity never faileth;" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out *forever!*
"*Laus Deo.*" Many a stranger, passing by,
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavor,
And fastened on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no clerk, with "God be praised!"

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

NEAR Sans Souci, the favorite residence of Frederic the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day, the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but, folding his arms, quietly remarked, "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia." And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides, in compensation.

Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and turning to his courtiers, he remarked, "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that, if his Majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful, in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply with his own hand:—

"My Dear Neighbor: I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straightened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith $6000, in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor,

Frederic William.

—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

PART VIII.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

"Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty. Every man is bound to consecrate his every faculty to its fulfillment. He will derive his rule of action from the profound conviction of that duty."

—Joseph Mazzini.

PART VIII.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

THE HEROES OF BERKENHEAD.

THE British steamer "Berkenhead" was lost on the coast of Africa. She struck on a hidden rock, stove a plank at the bows, and went down in half an hour's time. There was a regiment of troops on board. As soon as the alarm was given, and it was apparent the ship's doom was sealed, the roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every gallant heart knew that it was his death summons. The women and children were placed in the boats, and nearly all saved. There were no boats for the troops, but no panic, no blanched, quivering lips appeared among them. Down went the ship, and down went the heroic band, shoulder to shoulder, firing a *feu de joie*, as they sank beneath the waves.

Undaunted, on the vessel's deck,
The gallant soldiers stand,
The stricken ship a sinking wreck,
And death on every hand!

Death! for the life-boats bear away
Their freight of feebler frame,
And women pale and childhood frail
Brave manhood's succor claim.

But who, brave hearts, shall care for you?
So firm in will and deed;
You, still in storm and danger true;
Ah! none for you may plead;
Shoulder to shoulder, firm ye stand,
And still on death ye gaze,
Nor pallid cheek nor trembling hand
A faltering soul betrays.

Deep peals the larum of the drum,
Not to the battle field,
Yet gallantly the soldiers come,
Who feel their doom is sealed!
Their doom is sealed, for one by one,
As moments pass, they know
How heave the billows for their grave
The sinking deck below!

Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
They stand to meet their fate;
O dauntless souls! O gallant band!
Who thus for death can wait!
No craven there; no bloodless cheek;
The calm, unwavering eye
Tells, as no human words can speak,
How the brave heart can die!

Hushed seem the murmurs of the wave,
And hushed the very air,
As in the stillness of the grave
They stand in silence there!
Slow sinks the ship—a lurid glare!
A volley, loud and deep!
The smoke wreaths past, they melt away,
And on the billows sweep!
Sweep on—and o'er the vanished wreck
The white wave lifts its crest,
Like plumes above each gallant brow,
Or wreaths upon each breast.

They perish as the warrior dies,
'Mid battle's stormy breath,
When, through the calm, undaunted eyes,
The brave soul looks on death!
O dauntless hearts! O gallant band!
Wear this, your glorious crown!
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
'Twas thus your ship went down!

MISS E. G. BARBER.

"ONE HAND FOR INJURIES, ANOTHER FOR GOD."

HIACOOMES, the first Indian convert on Martha's Vineyard, was a remarkable man. He was an Indian of Great Harbor, near Edgartown. The Indian sachems and other of their principal men looked upon him as an ordinary or mean person, on account of his humble parentage, slow speech and uninteresting countenance; yet there was within him that which afterward appeared of greater value than the endowments of those who looked upon him with contempt. Living among the English, some of them visited him in his wigwam, and were courteously entertained by him; and he visited them in return, evidently that he might learn something that would be for his advantage. About the same time he also went to the English meeting, where the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, who was then minister to the few English families in Edgartown, preached. Mr. Mayhew had, as yet, not made any direct efforts for the conversion of the Indians, but was revolving in his mind some plans whereby to reach them. The coming of Hiacoomes to his meeting, the disposition he manifested to hear and receive instruction, and the gravity of his demeanor, induced the minister to try what he could do in influencing him to become a Christian. He

immediately sought an opportunity for conversation, and finding encouragement in his interview, he invited the Indian inquirer to come to his house every Sabbath evening, that he might speak to him of religion. The news soon spread among the Indians, and the sachems and pawwaws were much alarmed, and tried to discourage Hiacoomes from holding communication with the English and receiving their instructions; but all to no purpose, as he was strongly bent after still higher attainments in the knowledge of God. This was in 1743, and in two years afterward, having in the meantime been prepared by Mr. Mayhew, he commenced teaching to the Indians the things of Christianity.

He was not suffered to proceed without opposition from the pawwaws, sachems and other Indians; but he made this improvement on the injustice done him: "I had," he remarked, "one hand for injuries and another hand for God; while I received wrong with the one, I laid faster hold on God with the other." These words should be written in gold.

—*New York Independent.*

THE MONK OF JARROW.

BY one who was well qualified to relate it, the last moments of our great Saxon author have been recorded with genuine pathos, and a noble and touching scene was the death-bed of Bede, the Monk of Jarrow. It is the most remarkable and pathetic in the early history of literature, and although often related, the reader will still derive pleasure from its contemplation. For many long days he had been employed upon the fondest of his literary undertakings; he had almost finished a translation of the four gospels into the common language of the people. A chapter only remained to complete the noble volume. He was

sure that such a volume would redound to the honor of the dear Saviour, in whose presence he was shortly to appear. A few hours, and the sand in the glass will have run its course. With a prophetic sense of the approach of death, the good old monk calls his scribes to draw near, and to use all diligence and dispatch; they are all well practiced in their craft, and speed quickly on their holy task. But the countenance of the venerable author is visibly changing; death is casting its shadows over the pale features of the monk. The good work is not yet finished; the last chapter of the gospel of St. John yet remaineth in the original language. The busy pens have ceased, waiting for the dictation of Bede; but beneath the serene countenance of the Monk life and death are struggling for the mastery; no voice is heard, and the spirit of genius seems to pass quietly away. Fearful as they are of disturbing the peace of the dying saint, one of the scribes cannot refrain from whispering, "Dearest master, there is still another chapter wanting; will the trouble be too great to proceed?" A new spirit is given to the man of letters. "Trouble! is none," saith he; "take your pen, prepare your parchment, and write fast." During a short interval which occurs in these labors, he distributes his little wealth among his brother monks. Mark the store of worldly goods accumulated by an author in the old days of Saxon literature; there is little else than some pepper, a few napkins and some incense; there is neither gold nor silver found in the coffers of that lowly monk; his treasure is laid up where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.

The eleventh hour was long passed; a few short moments, and the spirit of Bede will have left its venerable abode. The holy volume is still open; the parchment is not quite filled up; the love of the gospel again appears greater than the reverence for the dying saint. "Dearest master," saith a youthful scribe, with tears of love and respect, "there is yet one sentence unwritten." "Write quickly," replies the monk; and he has strength to tell him what to write. The stillness of the cell is broken by the scratching of their eager pens; they cease, and

the scribe, with joyous exultation, exclaims, "Master, it is finished!" With a smile of thankfulness and peace, he answers, 'It is well; you have said truly it *is* finished; bear me in your arms, and set me before the place at which I have been wont to pray." The monks fulfill the wishes of the holy man; a few minutes, and whilst singing, "Glory to God, the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," the soul of Bede, the venerable, soars into the regions of the blest, and his body falls lifeless on the cold stone pavement of his little cell.

—*Merriweather's "Glimmerings in the Dark."*

JOHN MILTON.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee! She is a fen
Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did'st thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

It is impossible to refuse to Milton the honor due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of responsibility. No man ever strove more faithfully to use time and talent "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt to own his dependence on "that eternal and propitial throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal suppliants." His morality was of the loftiest order.

He possessed a self-control which, in one susceptible of such vehement emotions, was marvelous. No one ever saw him indulging in those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart.

No youthful excesses treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life struggle against vice, and error, and darkness, in all their forms. He had started with the conviction "that he who would not frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favorite organ—high-toned, solemn and majestic.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

THEOBALD Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance," was born at Thomastown, Tipperary County, Ireland, October 10th, 1790, and died December 8th, 1856. Soon after his ordination to the priesthood, he began to interest himself warmly in the condition of the poorer classes, and organized a society for visiting the sick and the unfortunate. His urbane manners and charitable disposition soon acquired for him an extraordinary influence. In 1838 a Quaker first directed his attention to the necessity of suppressing intoxication. Soon after he was invited by several total abstinence men in Cork to join them in devising a public crusade against drunkenness. A total abstinence society was formed, of which he was unanimously chosen president. Thirty-five persons took the pledge at his hands at once; and in the following day

several hundred joined the society, and in the course of five months he administered the pledge, at Cork alone, to one hundred and fifty thousand converts. He was invited to all parts of Ireland. In Limerick the crowds who came to hear him from the furthest parts of Connaught were so great that, but for the liberality of the citizens, there would have been a famine in the place.

He now gave up everything else to devote his life to the cause of temperance. At Galway he administered the pledge to one hundred thousand people in two days, and after visiting every large town in Ireland, visited England, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. His benevolent labors had involved him deeply in debt, and although he received from the Queen a pension of £300 per year, most of it was employed in paying an insurance for the benefit of his creditors. Some pleasant reminiscences of this noted friar are given in the following article, by a distinguished Irish barrister, Hon. Alex. M. Sullivan, M. P. :—

"I was little more than twelve years of age when I first heard Father Mathew, and I can still remember the impressions then created.

"They were, I am confident, similar to the emotions experienced by most of those whose good fortune it was to have listened at any time to the 'Apostle of Temperance.'

"I was moved, not so much by his moods, as by some indescribable influence or charm which he seemed to exercise over his audience. His voice was exceedingly sweet and musical and capable of great inflections.

"His features were pleasing and handsome, and when he smiled, sunshine diffused itself all round. There was an air of dignity and tenderness indescribable about him, and the earnestness with which he spoke, the intense feeling he displayed, were irresistible. When such a man preached, among a people so susceptible as the Celtic Irish, a cause so just and holy—preached it out of the fullness of a heart abounding with love for them, with compassion for their sorrow and solicitude for their

happiness—who can wonder that the whole nation rose at his words, as Christendom answered to the call of Peter the Hermit?

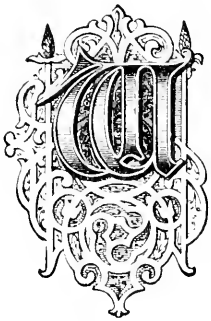
"It was indeed a 'crusade' Father Mathew preached. Wherever he visited a town or a city, the population for a score of miles all round turned out *en masse*. At Limerick, so vast was the assemblage that a troop of dragoons passing along the quay got 'jammed' in the crowd, and were literally pushed into the river by the surging of the multitude. Railways were at the time scarcely known in Ireland, and Father Mathew traveled by the mail coach, out of which circumstance a formidable State grievance arose. If the inhabitants of a town or village happened to hear that the famous Capuchin was a passenger, they waylaid the vehicle—'stopped her Majesty's mail,' in fact—and refused to let it proceed until he had administered the pledge to them.

"It was a time when political feeling ran high and strong in Ireland. It was the period of O'Connell's Repeal Agitation, and of all the accompanying excitement of that movement. Yet, strange to say, Orange and Green alike waved a greeting to Father Mathew; Whig, Tory and Repealer sounded his praise; and nowhere in all Ireland could he have received a welcome more cordial or enthusiastic than that which was extended to him, 'Popish friar' as he was, by the Protestants of Ulster. He had been warned not to carry out his purpose of visiting that province; the Orangemen, it was declared, could not stand the sight of a Catholic priest received with public festive display in their midst. What really happened was that the dreaded Orangemen came out in grand procession to join in the ovation.

"When Father Mathew saw their flags hung out at Cootehill, on church and kirk, he rightly apprehended the spirit of the display, and called for 'three cheers' for them! A Catholic clergyman calling for a cordial salutation of the Orange banner, and a Catholic assemblage heartily responding, was something almost inconceivable. It had never occurred before in Ireland; and I am afraid it has never occurred since."

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



HO shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people since November, 1860? His horizon has been black with storm by day and by night; he has trod the way of danger and of darkness; on his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking, at home, and upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood, a lone island in a sea full of storms, and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, or in such a measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impatient natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with mercurial natures, in hours of defeat, to such depths of despondency, he held on with immovable patience and fidelity, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of His people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country; the mountains began to give their forms forth from out of darkness, and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring no heart such joy, such rest, such honor, trust and gratitude. He but looked upon it, as Moses looked upon the promised land, and then the wail of the nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land,

while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep and the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness, far beyond all sorrow and weariness. Oh, weary heart! rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered. Thou hast beheld Him who, invisibly, hath led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect; around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age, and the coronet of glory on thy brow, as a diadem of joy, is upon thee forevermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now, from thy infinite horizon, moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the cloud. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast, sorrowing, sought; and thy name, an everlasting name in Heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as the sun shall last upon the earth, and hearts remain to revere truth, fidelity and goodness.

He who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to.

Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered, like those of Washington, and your children and children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of the utterances which, in time of party heat, passed as idle words. The patriotism of men will receive a new impulse, and men, for his sake, will love the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished, by his very perishing, and swear anew hatred to that slavery which made him a martyr and a conqueror.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphant march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead! dead! dead! he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was

fit to live, dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful, as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his pæans. Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumphs in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago, oh Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man, and from among thy people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds, that move over the mighty placers of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

HENRY MARTYN AT SHIRAZ.

DEAN HENRY ALFORD.

HENRY MARTYN, a zealous and devoted missionary, was born at Truro, England, in 1781. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship, in 1802. About this time he had a deep religious experience, and resolved, on entering the ministry, to devote himself to the service of foreign missions. He finished his theological studies, in 1803, and in 1805 set sail for India, under the auspices of the African and Eastern Missionary Society.

He resided in Bengal, as chaplain, and traveled for several

years in India and Persia, preaching, and studying the native languages. Having a natural aptness for acquiring the latter, he was chosen to superintend the translation of the New Testament, undertaken by direction of the Missionary Society, into Hindostanee and Persian. He had also made considerable progress on an Arabic version, when his failing health compelled him to suspend his labors. He died, October 16th, 1812, at Tocat, in Asia Minor. An unhealthy climate and an enthusiasm that could brook no obstacles, and which sometimes led him to overtax his physical strength, cut short the career of one of the noblest and most brilliant men that ever consecrated himself to the cause of the heathen.

A vision of bright Shiraz, of Persian bards the theme;
The vine with branches laden hangs o'er the crystal stream;
The nightingale all day her notes in rosy thickets trills,
And the brooding heat-mist faintly lies along the distant hills.

About the plain are scattered wide, in many a crumbling heap,
The fanes of other days, the tombs where Iran's poets sleep;
And in the midst, like burnished gems, in noonday light repose
The minarets of bright Shiraz—the city of the Rose.

One group beside the river bank, in rapt discourse are seen,
Where hangs the golden orange on its boughs of purest green;
Their words are sweet and low, and their looks are lit with joy;
Some holy blessing seems to rest on them and their employ.

The pale-faced Frank among them sits; what brought him from afar?
Nor bears he bales of merchandise, nor teaches skill in war;
One pearl alone he brings with him—the book of life and death—
One warfare only teaches he—to fight the fight of faith.

And Iran's sons are round him; and one, with solemn tone,
Tells how the Lord of Glory was rejected by his own;
Tells, from the wondrous Gospel, of the trial and the doom,
The words divine of love and might—the scourge, the cross, the tomb!

Far sweeter to the stranger's ear those Eastern accents sound,
Than music of the nightingale that fills the air around;
Lovelier than balmiest odors sent from gardens of the rose,
The fragrance from the contrite soul and chastened lip that flows.

The nightingales have ceased to sing, the roses' leaves are shed,
The Frank's pale face in Tocat's field hath mouldered with the dead;
Alone and all unfriended, midst his Master's work he fell,
With none to bathe his fevered brow, with none his tale to tell.

But still those sweet and solemn tones about him sound in bliss,
And fragrance from those flowers of God forevermore is his!
For his the meed, by grace, of those who, rich in zeal and love,
Turn many unto righteousness, and shine as stars above.

A TRUE HERO.

JAMES Maxwell was pilot on board a fine steam vessel called the Clydesdale. The vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland. One evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible, at intervals, of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavoring to discover whence it originated.

On communicating with the master, he found that he, too, had perceived it. But neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed this alarming odor, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of it being a reality.

About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odor of burning timber. At last, he sprung upon the deck, exclaiming: "Maxwell! the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" James calmly replied, "Then, shall I put about?" The order was to proceed.

Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other over his head, and with uplifted eyes, uttered: "O God

Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and O God, provide for my wife, my mother and my child!"

Whether it was the thought of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it was with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in his hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer.

The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and keeping the engines in violent action, the vessel, at the time the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames and smoke backward to the quarter-galley, where the self-devoted pilot stood, like a martyr at the stake.

Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became, every moment, more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated.

Still, still, the hero never flinched! At intervals the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flames and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude, as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man, standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

The blazing vessel glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The

signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck.

The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action ; but this could not have lasted above another minute, and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rocks, upon which every creature got safe on shore unscathed, except the self-devoted one to whom all owed their lives. Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. —*Anonymous.*

OBEYING ORDERS.

THE late Lord Derby was decorating one of his country mansions, and was having the central hall floor either painted or tessellated. A young man, tall and powerful, was at work on one of the walls, when the Earl ordered a number of slippers to be thrown on the door mat, desiring this young man to order any one who came along to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and added to the order—

"If anybody does not do it, you must take him by the shoulders and turn him out."

Soon after, a hunting party passed, and the Duke of Wellington, with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and, seizing His Grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. The Duke's eagle eye went right through him; but, as he did not know the Duke, he only kept wondering who the individual was. In the course of the day, the Earl, on hearing of the circumstance, summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and, seating himself beside the great warrior, demanded who had had the impertinence to push the Duke out of doors. The painter, all of a tremble, came forward and said—

"It was I, my lord."

"And pray," rejoined the Earl, "how came you to do it?"

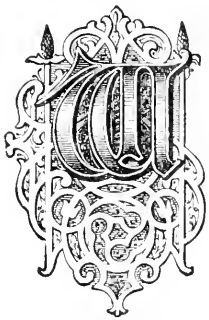
"By your orders, my lord."

On this His Grace turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign from his purse, and giving it to the painter, significantly said—

"You were right." —*Anonymous.*

THE KEY-NOTE OF A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.



HEN the late learned Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, was a young man, he said, in a letter to a friend:—

"My whole ambition is to establish for myself, *and to deserve*, the reputation of a man of science."

That italicised phrase, "and to deserve," became the key-note of the then young man's life. It was a renunciation of sham, shallowness, show and hollow success; a voluntary enlistment into the order of solid merit; a determination not to seek the honors and pecuniary rewards of high reputation as the prime end of life; a solemn purpose to win reputation, not by art or trickery, but by self-development, with its consequent power to do work worthy of praise and reward.

To this grand key-note young Henry set the music of his subsequent life. It was not the fitful sound of the Æolian harp, floating on the charmed ear for a moment, and then lost in mid-air forever; but it was like an angelic voice which, once heard, remains in the memory an enchanting sound and a "joy forever." It made the young man a patient, persistent and industrious, thorough student, to whom attainment, whether recognized and rewarded or not, was solid wealth.

Years after, when life was drawing to its close, and when his reputation was high and honorable throughout the wide realms of science, Professor Henry said, in an address to a learned society, that "the various offices of honor and responsibility which he then held, nine in number, had all been pressed upon him; that he never occupied a position for which he had, of his own will and action, been made a candidate."

This triumphal declaration, pardonable in one whose venerable brow was crowned with many laurels, was the justification of his youthful self-consecration to the attainment of merit deserving reputation and reward. He had made it the business of his life to deserve success. The scientific world had discovered his merit, called him to honorable employments, and engrossed his name on its roll of fame as a prince among scientists.

CARDINAL WOLSEY TO THOMAS CROMWELL.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

NAY, then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks—good, easy man—full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers, in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have,
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of—say, then, I taught thee—
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me!
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee—
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And, ——— Prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

PAUL BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.

GRIPPA said unto Paul, "thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself:—

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day, before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews; especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore, I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

"My manner of life from my youth, which was, at the first, among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning (if they would testify), that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers; to which promise, our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come; and for this hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; and this I did in Jerusalem. Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O King! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, 'Saul, Saul, why

persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.' And I said, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.'

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but showed first to them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and through all the coast of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing, both to small and great, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses declared should come; that Christ should suffer; that he would be the first who should rise from the dead; and that he would show light to the people and to the Gentiles."

And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." But he replied: "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth these things, before whom I also speak freely. I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest!" Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul replied, "I would to God that not only thou but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."—*Acts, chapter xxvi.*

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A pen picture of his father, Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a Protestant clergyman in the little village of Pallasmore, County Longford, Ireland, at which place the author, Oliver Goldsmith, was born, November 10th, 1728.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose!
A man, he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Remote from town, he ran his goodly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forget their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.

But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GREGORY, THE GREAT.

SAINT GREGORY, surnamed the Great, born of a noble family, in Rome, about 540 A. D., died in the year 604. His parents were patricians of great wealth. His father, Gordianus, renounced his senatorial rank, to become a clergyman, and when he died was one of the seven *regionarii* or cardinal deacons; and his mother, Sylvia, devoted herself, at the same time, to an ascetic life. To a commanding presence and affable manners Gregory united great learning and executive ability. He was appointed Governor or Prefect of Rome, about 573, but soon abdicated the office, withdrew

from the world, and after his father's death, employed his revenue in founding religious institutions, changing his own house on the Cælian Hill into a monastery, and becoming himself a monk in it. On seeing, one day, some handsome English youths exposed for sale in the market place, he exclaimed, "They would be angels rather than Angles, were they only Christians!" Carried away by the desire of converting England, he besought the Pope to allow him to go thither; and he set out from Rome by night, but was followed and brought back by the people.

Pope Pelagius, II, named him one of the seven regionary deacons, and shortly afterwards sent him as legate to Constantinople. He convinced the heretic Eutychius of his error, won the good graces of the Emperor Mauricius, and was recalled to Rome, about 585. During this period he wrote his *Libra Moralium*, a commentary on Job.

In 590 the plague broke out in Rome, and Pope Pelagius having died of it, Gregory was unanimously chosen to fill his place. He wrote to the Emperor Mauricius, beseeching him not to ratify the election; but the letter was intercepted by the Prefect of Rome, one of quite a different import despatched in its stead, and the consent of the Emperor obtained, without delay. Meanwhile Gregory had fled from Rome, and concealed himself; but his retreat was discovered, and on September 3d, 590, he was consecrated in the Church of St. Peter. Pestilence and famine were desolating Italy at that time, and hostile armies were on the march toward Rome. He called his clergy around him, labored at their head night and day to stay the ravages of the plague, collected funds and purchased large stores of grain in Sicily, which brought back plenty to the city, and by his eloquence arrested the invasion of the advancing Lombards.

He bent his whole mind on reforming the abuses which had crept into the clerical body, many of which had become inveterate, and sent missionaries to all parts of the known world. Among them Augustin and his companions went, by his order,

to England, which was soon converted to the faith. He extinguished Arianism in Lombardy, and combated it incessantly in Spain, where he won over to orthodoxy the King Recared; in Africa he put down the Donatists, and in Constantinople opposed energetically the pretensions of the patriarch, John the Abstinent, to the title of œcumenical patriarch, assuming as his own title that of "servant of the servants of God," which was adopted by the subsequent Bishops of Rome.

Equally tolerant and zealous, while using every endeavor to spread the faith, he would have no other means employed for that purpose than those of an exemplary life and rational instruction. He reprimanded the Bishop of Terracina, who would not permit the Jews to assemble for religious worship; and he wrote in the same spirit to the Bishops of Sardinia, Sicily, and Marseilles. At Cagliari a converted Jew had changed a synagogue, which he owned, into a Christian church; Gregory commanded that it be restored to its former use. He deplored the evils of slavery as it existed before his time, and seeing it aggravated by the barbarian wars, he emancipated all his own slaves, as an example.

The following beautiful poem, entitled, "The Supper of St. Gregory," from the pen of the distinguished American poet, John G. Whittier, is taken from a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*:—

A tale for Roman guides to tell,
To careless, sight-worn travelers still,
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory, on the Cælian Hill.

One day, before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give,
The silver cup my mother gave;
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk, in St. Peter's chair
Sat, the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat;"
The twelve came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up,
The Pontiff marveled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven:
I am the Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spoke and vanished. Gregory fell,
With his twelve guests, in mute accord,
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain:
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still, wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

A DESERVED REBUKE.

A SOMEWHAT unusual affair occurred in Philadelphia on a recent occasion, when one woman brought one hundred and fifty young men to terms, at a medical clinic. Three of the fifteen students at the Woman's Medical College occupied seats in the lecture room, and while waiting for the lecturer, who was belated, the class indulged in some noisy demonstration, which was finally directed in the way of playful banter to the women present. Suddenly one of the female students, who is known as an eminent missionary in China, arose, and as she began to speak, the noise was changed to respectful silence. "Gentlemen," she said, "I have been for eighteen years a missionary in China. The Chinese have no medical science, and superstitious rites are chiefly relied on in the treatment of disease. All the people are in need of medical aid, but the women are the neediest. A Chinese woman would under no circumstances go to a male physician for the treatment of any disease peculiar to her sex. She would be prevented by her own womanly delicacy, and by all the notions of modesty held by those around her. She would suffer lifelong agony rather than violate her sense of propriety. Her father, her brothers and her husband would even let her die rather than allow her to be treated by a male physician. Full of sorrow for the sufferings of these women, I have been looking to Christian America to see what hope of help for them might be there. I have been glad to find that, in some of our great medical schools, earnest and self-sacrificing women are fitting them-

selves for a work of mercy in Asia and other lands. Unless such women learn to do such work well there is no physical salvation for those afflicted ones. And in behalf of those women, who have no medical care while they so sorely need it, I ask from you the courtesy of gentlemen toward ladies who are studying medicine in Philadelphia." As the speaker sat down she was greeted with a cheer, and a member of the class, rising, assured the ladies, in a very gallant speech, that no annoyance to them was intended. The timely remarks had touched the inborn courtesy of the young men, and taught them a lesson they will probably never forget.—*Anonymous.*

THE GREAT APOSTLE OF CHARITY.

IN looking back over the history of Europe during the trying times in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there comes into view a name that shines forth with an ever-increasing lustre as time rolls on—it is that of Jean Frederic Oberlin, the Great Apostle of Charity, of Ban de la Roche.

His character, as displayed in the uniform tenor of his life, presented a remarkable combination of varied excellencies, for whilst much exalted sanctity and intrepid zeal were conspicuous, an unwearied ardor in doing good, and an habitual willingness to renounce his own interest in order to promote the well-being of his fellow-creatures, were equally evident. In addition to this, his extreme simplicity, conscientious integrity, sweetness of temper and refinement of manner, caused him to be ardently loved and sincerely revered; whilst his industry, his agricultural skill, his knowledge of rural and domestic economy, and the energy with which he carried his plans into effect the moment

he was convinced of their utility, rendered him not only an example but a blessing to the people among whom he resided, and afforded a delightful proof of the advantages that may accrue from an enlightened and progressive union of secular and spiritual duties.

The Ban de la Roche derives its name from a castle called *La Roche*, round which the Ban or district extends. It is a mountainous Canton in the Northeast of France, between Alsace and Lorraine, forming part of the declivities and western ramifications of the Haut Champ or Champ de Ten, an isolated range of mountains detached by a deep valley from the eastern boundary of the chain of the Vosges.

The temperature varies extremely, according to the heights and position of the locality. On the summits of the mountains, for instance, the climate is as intensely cold as at St. Petersburg, though in the villages it is so soft and delightful as to resemble that of Geneva and parts of the Jura. The winter months generally commence in September, and the snow usually remains undissolved till the following May or June, when the wind blows from the south, thus leaving only a period of four or five months of summer weather.

In the reign of Louis, XVI, the whole of this territory was in a most desolate state; for, having been partially the seat of conflict during the "Thirty Years' War," and again, in the time of Louis, XIV, it was so laid waste as to be scarcely habitable, there being no road from one place to another, and but little land under cultivation. About eighty or a hundred families earned, indeed, a scanty subsistence on its precarious soil, but, being destitute of all the comforts of civilized life, they existed in a state of misery and degradation more easily conceived than described.

This remote district partook, however, with the rest of Alsace, in a privilege denied to the ancient French provinces. When it was incorporated with France, it was stipulated in the

decree that its inhabitants should continue to enjoy an entire liberty of conscience, and whilst the persecuted Protestants of Languedoc and other parts of France could not find a sufficiently secure retreat for the celebration of their worship, they were privileged to have their own sanctuaries, and no restraint was laid upon their religious assemblies.

Jean Frederic Oberlin, the subject of this article, was born in Strasburg, August 31st, 1740, the same year in which were born his two young friends, Lavater and Yung-Stilling. His father was a professor in the *Gymnase*, or High School of Strasburg; he had seven sons, the eldest of whom, J. J. Oberlin, was the celebrated philologist and antiquarian, and the editor of an edition of Tacitus. Oberlin, the father, was a man of distinguished appearance, genial, enlightened, just and conscientious. Madam Oberlin was a person of good judgment and considerable cultivation. She wrote some good verses, and studied and delighted in poetry. This excellent couple brought up their family in correct principles, and in the fear of God.

After having finished his studies in the Gymnasium, young Oberlin entered the Protestant Theological Seminary, at Strasburg, which was then the most renowned in Europe. The circumstances that induced him to take Orders and devote himself to the gospel ministry are not definitely known; but it appears from various memoranda found among his papers after his decease that he was, from his very infancy, the subject, not merely of pious convictions, but of holy affections toward the Heavenly Father. "During my infancy and my youth," he says, "God often vouchsafed to touch my heart, and draw me to himself. He bore with me in my repeated backslidings with a kindness and indulgence hardly to be expressed."

After concluding a brilliant course at the seminary, he received the degree of Bachelor, in April, 1758, and in 1763 he was created a Doctor of Philosophy. He engaged himself as a tutor, for a time, in the family of a leading physician of

Strasburg, but the work not being in harmony with his tastes he resigned the charge and devoted himself entirely to study. While thus engaged he received a visit from the venerable Stuber, of Ban de la Roche, who was anxiously looking around for a young man fitted to be his successor. Stuber had heard some report of Oberlin, and determined to judge for himself. The labors that Stuber had performed for some years in the sterile and poverty-stricken parish had worn him out, and now he wished to find some man of real apostolic zeal, devoid of all self-seeking, energetic and enlightened, to continue the work of civilization and evangelization, for which he himself, with great toil, had but cleared the ground. "You are the man I am seeking," said Stuber, laughing. He then sat down and explained to Oberlin the motive of his visit. Oberlin joyfully accepted his proposal, conscientiously, however, insisting that each one of the other theological students of the university should be asked if he did not desire the place for himself; an unnecessary piece of courtesy, it seemed, for no one desired a banishment among the rude mountaineers of the Ban de la Roche. Having satisfied his mind on this point, he went forth with Stuber to look at his future home. He was touched and attracted by the primitive look of the inhabitants, by the evidence of the good already done by Stuber, and still more by the immense amount which remained to be done. Oberlin was invested with this pastorate in April, 1767, by M. de Voyer d'Argenson, the patron of the parish of Waldbach.

On entering upon his pastoral duties in this dreary and inhospitable spot, the first object of his provident activity was to secure good roads and to build bridges wherever needful, so that his parishioners might come in contact with the inhabitants of other districts more advanced in civilization, and at the same time have an outlet for their productions. Having, therefore, assembled the people, he proposed that they should blast the rocks to widen the road, and secure material for building a bridge across the Bruché at Rothen. The peasants

were perfectly astonished at this proposition, and no one seemed inclined to render any assistance until they saw him go to work, pick in hand.

He had previously drafted his plans, and on seeing his determination they quickly fell in, and, in due course of time, good roads were laid out and a substantial bridge was built, which still bears the name of *Le Pont de Charité*. His next care was to procure good agricultural implements, and for this purpose he opened a warehouse, at Waldbach, where the peasants could supply themselves gradually, as their means permitted. Having now opened communication with the outer world, he devoted considerable attention to the soil and the raising of crops adapted to the particular locality. The culture of flax and the potato were especially encouraged. Also, a species of clover well suited for cattle. Besides the great improvements in agriculture, and in the mechanical arts, he introduced many new employments, such as cotton spinning, weaving and straw plaiting. Meanwhile he was not idle in other and more strictly educational and pastoral duties. He built school houses and encouraged the study of the pure French language. The dialect spoken on his arrival was a sort of an unintelligible *patois*. He prepared text-books, drilled teachers, preached, and performed many sorts of manual labor, to show his people the best and most advantageous methods. They were so utterly demoralized and disheartened by their years of misfortune, that it seemed as though they were unable to adapt themselves, with any skill or facility, to the most ordinary occupations of daily life.

The year following his entrance upon his pastoral duties he married a most estimable young woman, Salome de Witter, who proved a very valuable help-meet and assistant in his future labors. When, in later years, he commenced establishing infant schools, he was still further supplemented in his labors by the assistance of the noted Louisa Schepler, who was originally a servant in his family.

He had entered a veritable desert, and in the course of years he made it blossom like the rose. The reputation of his parish spread abroad, and many refugees sought a retreat here, and in various ways it received accessions, and increased in population and thrift. His system of agriculture, in due time, attracted the attention of the French government and obtained recognition and protection. Even during the stormy times of the Reign of Terror this peaceful, happy and secluded spot was but slightly convulsed. Men from far and near, and in high places, recognized his worth, his untiring labors, his self-denial, his intelligence; and these characteristics seemed to be the bulwarks of his parish. The French government eventually created him a "Knight of the Legion of Honor." After the death of his wife, Louisa Schepler took charge of his household and children, and also of the mission work and infant schools. For her labors in the latter field, which she continued after pastor Oberlin's death, and to the end of her own life, with singular success and fidelity, the famous *Académie Française* bestowed on her the "*Prix de Vertu*" of 5000 francs, founded by M. de Monthoyon.

In his later years Oberlin was incapacitated from much pastoral work by reason of the infirmities of old age, but he had the satisfaction of seeing it progress under the care and management of his devoted son-in-law, M. Graff.

Oberlin died, after a brief illness, on the thirty-first of May, 1826, at the ripe old age of 86 years. He was interred in the church-yard at Waldbach, near his beloved wife and his son, both of whom had died some years before.

The fame of this "Great Apostle of Charity" is so widespread that the "*Presbytere*," or parsonage of Ban de la Roche, at Waldbach, has become a sort of shrine for visitors from all parts of the Christian world. His real greatness lay not entirely in what he personally accomplished, but in the inspiration his life and conduct afforded to stimulate others to help themselves, and to labor for the benefit of helpless and downtrodden humanity. —*Life of Oberlin.*

"NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING."

EVERY one who has read the later histories of reformatories must see in these words that Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1748; died, in 1827, in Brugg) had seized the right principle; that he possessed also the self-sacrifice that it demanded. The children got into orderly ways. They learned with some rapidity; the better class returned his loving care by obedience and good habits. Meanwhile, poor relations came clamorously round the cloister walls wherein he was conducting his school; they considered that they had done the schoolmaster a compliment by letting him keep the children; they insisted on being paid an equivalent to what the children would have got by begging. They were rude; spoke loud; hated the intruder; set him down as an educational speculator. So it lasted for a year, and then the cloister rang with French arms, and Pestalozzi went his way. "Did you see how wretched the man looked, to-day?" said one. "Ay, ay; I am sorry for the poor fool." "So am I; but there is no hope for him but the grave." "True, neighbor; the best we can wish him is to die." "That," says Pestalozzi, "was the reward for my work at Stanz, Switzerland." Yet the last glimpse we have of him is in a public reformatory. More than twenty years before he went to Stanz, he might have been seen daily among a crowd of beggar children in his house at Neudorf. He made a few discoveries in teaching, spent his little fortune, and broke up the establishment. More than twenty years after the folk at Stanz had wished him in his grave, he stood among a crowd of children at Beuggen, the silver-haired old man who had been feted by all Europe. The children welcomed him by singing; they reached him an oaken wreath. He put it gently away, saying, "Crowns are not for me, but for the innocent." Then they sang him a hymn out

of his "Lienhard and Gertrud," till the tears stood in his eyes, and with choking voice and broken words he hurried out of the room. He had outlived all his projects; but his deep human love, his desire to succor the wretched, lived in him, warm and impulsive as ever. It had been his wish that "another generation would take up his broken strivings and reach his aim, while he lay in the grave." And at Beuggen he saw part of that wish accomplished, and was content.

—*Stevenson's "Working and Praying."*

VOLTAIRE AND WILBERFORCE.

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE.

LET me now, for a moment, show you what the two systems—Atheism and Christianity—can do, have done, for individual character; and I can think of no two names to which I may refer with more confidence, in the way of illustration, than Voltaire and Wilberforce; both of them names which stand out with prominence.

Voltaire was, perhaps, the master-spirit in the school of French Atheism; and though he was not alive to participate in the horrors of the Revolution, probably he did more, by his writings, to combine the elements for that tremendous tempest, than any other man. And now I undertake to say that you may draw a character in which there shall be as much of the blackness of moral turpitude as your imagination can supply, and yet you shall not have exceeded the reality as it was found in the character of this apostle of Atheism. You may throw into it the darkest shades of selfishness, making the man a perfect idolater of himself; you may paint the serpent in his most wily form, to represent deceit and cunning; you may let

sensuality stand forth in all the loathsomeness of a beast in the mire; you may bring out envy and malice, and all the baser and darker passions, drawing nutriment from the pit; and when you have done this, you may contemplate the character of Voltaire, and exclaim, "here is the monstrous original!" The fires of his genius kindled only to wither and consume. He stood, for almost a century, a great tree of poison, not only cumbering the ground, but infusing death into the atmosphere; and though its foliage has long since dropped off, and its branches have withered, and its trunk fallen, under the hand of time, its deadly root still remains; and the very earth that nourishes it is cursed for its sake.

And now I will speak of Wilberforce; and I do it with gratitude and triumph—gratitude to the God who made him what he was; triumph that there is that in his very name which ought to make Atheism turn pale. Wilberforce was the friend of man; Wilberforce was the friend of enslaved and wretched man. Wilberforce (for I love to repeat his name) consecrated the energies of his whole life to one of the noblest objects of benevolence; it was in the cause of injured Africa that he often passed the night in intense and wakeful thought; that he counseled with the wise, and reasoned with the unbelieving, and expostulated with the unmerciful; that his heart burst forth with all its melting tenderness, and his genius with all its electric fire; that he turned the most accidental meeting into a conference for the relief of human woe, and converted even the Senate House into a theatre of benevolent action. Though his zeal had at one time almost eaten him up, and the vigor of his frame was so far gone that he stooped over and looked into his own grave, yet his faith failed not; and, blessed be God, the vital spark was kindled up anew, and he kept on laboring through a long succession of years; and at last, just as his friends were gathering around him to receive his last whisper, and the angels were waiting to receive his departing spirit, the news, worthy to be borne by angels, was brought him, that the object to which his life had been given

was gained; and then, Simeon-like, he clasped his hands to die, and went off to heaven with the sound of deliverance to the captive, vibrating sweetly upon his ear.

Both Voltaire and Wilberforce are dead; but each of them lives in the character he has left behind him. And now who does not delight to honor the character of the one? Who does not shudder to contemplate the character of the other?

"PRINCES' BLOOD FOR OXEN'S BLOOD!"

A GERMAN lady, descended of a family long renowned for valiant feats of arms, and which had already given an emperor to Germany, on a particular occasion made the formidable Duke of Alva tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the Emperor Charles, V, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muehlberg to his camp in Swabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharine, Countess Dowager of Schwartzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories; in return for which she bound herself to supply the Spanish troops, which were transferred to Rudolstadt on the Saalbruecke, with bread, beer and other provisions, at a reasonable price, in that place.

At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge, which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed on the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the Spanish army was to pass were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the Castle of Rudolstadt. Meantime, the Spanish General, attended by Prince Henry, of Brunswick, and his sons, approached the city

and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected; the answer returned was that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that His Excellency might come and be assured of a welcome reception.

However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the Spanish General of the safeguard, and to urge him to a conscientious observance of it. A friendly reception and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of the Duke at the Castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honor to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger, out of breath, called the Countess from the hall. His tidings informed her that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharine was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects suffered wounded her to the very quick.

Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately, in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom of war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she, stoutly; "my poor subjects must have their own again; or, by God! princes' blood for oxen's blood!" With this emphatic declaration, she quitted the room, which, in a few moments, was filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took the place of the waiters. On the entrance of

these fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva directly changed color, and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright.

Cut off from the army, surrounded by a body of resolute men, what had they to do but to summon up their patience and appease the offended lady on the best terms they could. Henry, of Brunswick, was the first that collected his spirits, and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter, thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth, concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity she had shown. He entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the Duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable, which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch, on the spot, an order to the army to restore the cattle, without delay, to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier, with a certificate that all damages were made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honor they had done her castle, and they, in return, very courteously took their leave. It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for Catharine, Countess of Schwartzburg, the surname of Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the Reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, Earl Henry, as well as for her resolute perseverance in putting down the monks and improving the instructions of the schools. Numbers of Protestant preachers who had sustained persecution on account of religion fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Casper Aguilla, a parish priest at Saalfeldt, who in his younger years had attended the Emperor's army to the Netherlands, in quality of chaplain, and because he there refused to baptize a cannon ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiery, to be shot into the air, a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catch-

ing fire. He was now a second time in imminent danger of his life, and a price of five thousand florins was set upon his head, because the Emperor was enraged against him for having contumeliously attacked his "Interim" from the pulpit. Catharine privately brought him to her castle, on the petition of the people of Saalfeldt, where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity till the storm was blown over and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honored and lamented, in the fifty-eighth year of her age and the twenty-ninth of her reign.—*Adapted from the German of Schiller.*

INDIAN FORTITUDE.

YOU have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush upon you, and fight you face to face; I fought hard, but your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward; Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen

against white men who came, year after year, to cheat them and to take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war; it is known to all white men; they ought to be ashamed of it.

The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, to deceive him.

We told them to let us alone, and to keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by the touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction; things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and the beaver were fled. The springs drying up, and our squaws and pappooses without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our father arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs, or die. We set up the war-whoop and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children and his friends; but he does not care for himself. He cares for the nation and the Indians; they will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

—*Address of Black Hawk to Gen. Street.*

FORTITUDE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

RUFUS CHOATE.

N a late undesigned visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where the earlier dead of the Pilgrims were buried. It was on a bank, you remember, somewhat elevated, below the town and between it and the water, near and looking forth upon the waves, symbol of what life had been to them; ascending inland, behind and above the rocks, a symbol of that rock of ages on which the dying had rested in the final hour. As the Pilgrims found these localities, you might stand on that bank and hear the restless waters chafe and melt against its steadfast base: the unquiet of the world composed itself at the portals of the grave. On that spot were laid together—the earth carefully smoothed down, that the Indians might not count the number—the true, the pious, the beautiful and the brave—till the heavens be no more. There certainly was buried the first governor; and there was buried Rose, the wife of Miles Standish. "You will go to them," wrote Robinson, "but they shall not return to you."

When this sharp calamity had abated, came famine. "I have seen," said Edward Winslow, quoted by Bancroft, "Strong men staggering, through faintness for want of food;" and after this, and during all this, and for years, there brooded in every mind not a weak fear, but an intelligent apprehension that at any instant—at midnight, at noonday, at the marriage, the baptism, or the burial of dead, a foe more cruel than the grave might blast in an hour that which disease and want had so hardly spared.

How they endured all this you have also heard. Let one fact suffice. When, in April, the Mayflower sailed for England, not one Pilgrim returned in her!

The peculiarity which has seemed to me to distinguish these trials of the Pilgrim age from the chief of those which the general voice of literature has concurred to glorify, as the trials of heroism; the peculiarity which gives to these and such as these the attributes of a truer heroism, is this; that they had to meet them on what was then an humble, obscure and distant stage; with no numerous audience to look on and applaud, and cast its wreaths on the fainting brow of him whose life was rushing with his blood; and unsustained by one of those stormier and more stimulating impulses, and aims and sentiments, which carry a soldier to his grave of honor as joyfully as to the bridal bed.

Where were the Pilgrims, while in the furnace of affliction, and who saw and took note of them? They were alone on the earth! Directly and solely "in their great taskmaster's eye." If every one of them had died the first winter, of lung fever, or been starved to death or crushed by the tomahawk, who was there to mourn for them? A few hearts in Leyden would have broken, and that had been all. Unlike the martyr, even, around whose ascended chariot wheels and horses of fire a congregation might come to sympathize and be exalted, blasphemers to be defied and struck with unwonted admiration—they were alone on the earth. Primeval forests, a winter's sea, a winter's sky, circled them about, and excluded every sympathizing eye.

To play the part of heroism on its high places and its theatre, is not, perhaps, so very difficult. To do it alone, as seeing him who is invisible, was the stupendous trial of the Pilgrim heroism.

I have said, too, that a peculiarity of their trials was, that they were unsustained altogether by every one of the passions, aims, stimulants and excitations; the anger, the revenge, the hate, the pride, the awakened and dreadful thirst of blood, the consuming love of glory, the feverish rapture of battle, that burn, as on volcanic isles, in the heart of mere secularized heroism. Not one of all these aids did or could come in use

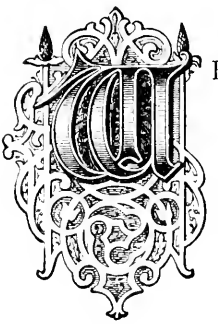
for them; their character and their situation both excluded them. Their enemies were disease walking in darkness and destroying at noonday; famine, which, more than all other calamities, bows the spirit of a man, presses his radiant form to the dust, and teaches him what he is; the wilderness; spiritual foes on the high places of the unseen world. Even when the first Indian was killed, the exclamation of Robinson was, "Oh that you had converted some before you had slain any!"

Now, I say, the heroism which, in a great cause, can look all the more terrible ills that flesh is heir to calmly in the face, and can tread them out, as sparks under its feet, without these aids, is at least as lofty a quality as that which cannot.

To my eye, as I look back, it looms on the shores of the past with a more towering and attractive grandeur. It seems to me to speak, from our far ancestral life, a higher lesson to a nobler nature.

BOURDALOUÉ BEFORE THE KING.

REV. C. M. BUTLER, D. D.



HEN we recollect before whom Bourdaloué preached; that he had for his auditors the most luxurious court in Europe, and a monarch abandoned to ambition and pleasure, we shall find it impossible not to honor the preacher for the dignified simplicity with which he uniformly held up to his audience the severity of the Gospel and the scandal of the cross.

In one of the sermons which he preached before the monarch, he described, with matchless eloquence, the horrors of a licentious life, its abomination in the eye of God, its scandal to man, and the public and private evils which attend it, but he managed

his discourse with so much address, that he kept the King from suspecting that the thunder of the preacher was ultimately to fall upon him.

In general, Bourdaloué spoke in a level tone of voice, with no gesticulation, and with his eyes almost shut. On this occasion, having wound up the attention of the monarch and the audience to the highest pitch, he paused. The audience expected something terrible, and seemed to fear the next word. The pause continued for some time; at length, the preacher, fixing his eyes directly on his royal hearer, and in a tone of voice equally expressive of horror and concern, said, in the words of the prophet, "*thou art the man!*" then, leaving these words to their effect, he concluded with a mild and gentle prayer to heaven for the conversion of all sinners. A miserable courtier observed, in a whisper, to the monarch, that the boldness of the preacher exceeded all bounds, and should be checked. "No, sir," replied the monarch, "the preacher has done *his* duty, let us do *ours*." When the service was concluded, the monarch walked slowly from the church, and ordered Bourdaloué into his presence. He remarked to him his general protection of religion, the kindness which he had ever shown to the Society of Jesus, his particular favor to Bourdaloué and his friends. He then reproached him with the strong language of the sermon, and asked him what could be his motive for insulting him thus publicly before his subjects!

Bourdaloué fell on his knees: "God is my witness," said he, "that it was not my wish to insult your Majesty; but I am a minister of God, and must not disguise his truths. What I said in my sermon is my morning and evening prayer: may God, in His infinite mercy, grant me to see the day when the greatest of kings shall be the holiest." The monarch was affected, and silently dismissed the preacher; but from this time the court began to observe that change which afterward, and at no distant period, led Louis to a life of regularity and virtue.

A BENEVOLENT AND WONDERFUL MAN.

ENJAMIN Franklin's predominant passion seems to have been the love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*, the supremely fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not, perhaps, be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and, in affairs of the most unambitious order, this was still systematically his object. Whether in the construction of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he still was intent on the same end; the question always being how to obtain the most of solid, tangible advantage by the plainest and easiest means.

There has rarely been a mortal of high intelligence and flattering fame on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him was completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily perceived the intention or effect to be to explode all sober truth and substantial good, and to impel men, through some career of vanity, in mad pursuit of what amounts, at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and intoxicated transient elation.

It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries and a privileged order, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in preëminence above every other nation on earth. In the letters of their patriarch and philosopher, they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatic representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people.

JOHN FOSTER.

PART IX
FIDELITY
TO
HOME AND
KINDRED.

"Flesh of my flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

—*Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

PART IX.

FIDELITY TO HOME AND KINDRED.

KING PRIAM, OF TROY, AND ACHILLES.

AFTER the conflict on the Scamander, all the Trojans fled behind their walls, except Hector, who remained outside to do battle with Achilles, by whom he was ultimately slain.

In a previous encounter, Hector had slain Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, and now, in order to further avenge his death, he attaches Hector's dead body to his chariot and drags it thrice round the walls of Troy, in sight of King Priam and Hecuba, the father and mother of Hector.

Shocked at these indignities to his brave son's body, and impelled by the still stronger ties of parental affection, the old King resolves to visit Achilles in his camp, and attempt its ransom. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under charge of Idæus, the herald.

On reaching his pavilion, Priam finds Achilles at table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son.

Moved with compassion, Achilles grants his request, prepares a feast in his honor, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body.

He also grants the Trojans a truce of twelve days in which

to perform appropriate funeral services, before renewing hostilities. The opening scene represents the old King in the tent of Achilles.

Priam.

Ah think; thou favored of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person see:
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him, helpless, from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes,
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.

No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain;
The best, the bravest, of my sons is slain!
Yet what a race! Ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a loved and loving dame;
Nineteen one mother bore—dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
For him, through hostile camps I bent my way,
For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportioned to thy wrath, I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched; there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forced to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

Achilles.

Alas, what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroyed thy race!
Heaven sure has armed thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportioned to the woes you feel.
Rise, then! let reason mitigate your care;
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree;
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence, the cup of mortal man he fills—
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both; the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmixed, is cursed indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dashed with care.
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excelled;
Extended Phrygia owned thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos's blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.
But since the god his hand has pleased to turn,
And fill thy measure from the bitter urn,
What sees the sun but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou can'st not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!"

Priam.

O favored of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, deprived of obsequies;
O give me Hector; to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts; I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;

So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man the light, and live!

Achilles.

Lo! to thy prayer, restored thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes;
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand reflection, and to rest invite;
Nor thou, O father! thus consumed with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.

(*He orders a feast spread, of which Priam partakes heartily.*)

Priam.

Permit me now, beloved of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep;
For, since the day that numbered with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now; encouraged by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet and content to live.

Achilles.

Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any argive, at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel or our order take,
Approaching sudden to our opened tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent
Should such report thy honored person here
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say, with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey.

Priam.

If then thy will permit
To finish all our honors to the dead,
This of thy grace accord; to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, closed within her town;

And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire!
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doomed by heaven!

—*Homer's Iliad—Alexander Pope's Translation.*

"HE LIES CONCEALED HERE."

DURING the troubles in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusko, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland and most bitter in enmity against Russia was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been king one hundred and fifty years ago.

Sobieski had three sons in the patriotic ranks; and father and sons had been of those who had persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow; and he waited upon her.

"Madame," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was queenly and beautiful, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?"

"I know, sir."

"If you will tell me where your husband is, your sons shall be pardoned."

"And shall I be safe?"

"Yes, madame, I swear it. Tell me where your husband is

concealed, and both you and your sons shall be safe and unharmed."

"Then, sir," said the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, "he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart out to find him."

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it; and, deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a full pardon for the father and sons.—*Anonymous.*

RIZPAH.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ND he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley-harvest.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.—2 *Samuel*, xxi, 9, 10.

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibeon's rocks she watched the dead.
The sons of Michal before her lay,
And her own fair children, dearer than they;
By a death of shame they all had died,
And were stretched on the bare rock, by her side;
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
All wasted with watching and famine now,
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,

RIZPAH PROTECTING THE BODIES OF HER SONS.

Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air;
The low, heart-broken, and waiting strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

"I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain.
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles 'round,
Yet feared to 'light on the guarded ground.
And when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye, at my shout, the savage fled;
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright
The jackal and wolf, that yelled in the night.

"Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned—but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt;
When he strove with the heathen host, in vain,
And fell, with the flower of his people slain,
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

"But I hoped that my cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me;
And while they ripened to manhood fast,
They would wean my thoughts from the woes of the past;
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,
Tall, like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

"O what an hour for a mother's heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
When I clasped their knees, and wept and prayed,
And struggled and shrieked to heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died—and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

"The barley-harvest was nodding white
When my children died on the rocky height,
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long, drear storm on its heavy wings;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert and fowls of air."

VETURIA AND VOLUMNIA.

AIUS Marcius Coriolanus, exiled from Rome in the year B. C. 488 by the seditious Tribunes and by his own indomitable pride, so far forgot all patriotic feelings as to engage the Volscians to make war against his country. The Volscians, proud of the assistance of such a distinguished hero, made him their general: he took the field, with vengeance in his heart. After a great number of victories, he marched straight to Rome, for the purpose of laying siege to it.

So bold a design threw the patricians and the people equally into a state of the greatest alarm. Hatred gave way to fear;

duputies were sent to Coriolanus, who received them with all the haughtiness of an enemy determined upon making his will the law. The Roman generals, instead of boldly meeting him in the field, exhorted him to grant them peace; they conjured him to have pity on his country, and forget the injuries offered him by the populace, who were already sufficiently punished by the evils he had inflicted on them But they brought back nothing but the stern reply, "that they must restore to the Volscians all they had taken from them, and grant them the right of citizenship." Other deputies were dismissed in the same manner. The courage of these Romans, so proud and so intrepid, appeared to have passed with Coriolanus over to the side of the Volscians. Obedience to the laws was at an end; military discipline was neglected; they took counsel of nothing but their fear. At length, after many tumultuous deliberations, the ministers of religion were sent to endeavor to bend the will of the angry compatriot. Priests clothed in their sacred habiliments advanced with mournful steps to the camp of the Volscians, and the most venerable among them implored Coriolanus to give peace to his country, and, in the name of the gods, to have compassion on the Romans, his fellow citizens and brothers; but they found him equally stern and inflexible. When the people saw the holy priests return without success, they indeed supposed the republic lost. They filled the temples, they embraced the altars of the gods, and gathered in clusters about the city uttering cries and lamentations! Rome presented a picture of profound grief and debasement. Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and Volumnia, his wife, saved their unhappy country. They presented themselves before him, and conjured him, by all he held most sacred, to spare a city which had given him birth—which still contained his mother, his wife, and his children. His mother was a woman of great spirit—a Roman, almost a Spartan mother; she had, from his boyhood, stimulated him to the performance of noble and heroic deeds; she might be called the parent of his glory, as well as of his vigorous person. Coriolanus loved his

mother tenderly; almost idolized her, and could not resist her tears. He raised the siege, and delivered Rome from the greatest alarm it had ever experienced.—*Great Sieges of History.*

PENELOPE, THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

PENELOPE was born, 1214 B. C., and is one of the most interesting of the semi-historical heroines of antiquity. She was the daughter of Icarius and Polycaste, and a cousin of Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Sparta. She married Ulysses, son of Laertes, King of Ithaca. The aged King resigned his crown to his son and retired to a life of rural solitude. Ulysses and Penelope lived for a time happily in their island kingdom, reigning in peace over their subjects, and rearing their son Telemachus.

In the meantime Helen had married Menelaus, who, upon the death of Tyndarus, succeeded to the throne of Sparta. Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy, now paid his memorable visit to Sparta, requiting the hospitality of his host by abducting his wife. Ulysses was summoned by Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon, to join the forces collecting for the chastisement of Paris and the destruction of Troy. Though loath to leave his beloved Penelope, he accompanied the Greeks to Ilium, and remained during the siege of Troy, which lasted for ten years. Upon the fall of the city he was involved in disasters, and for ten years more wandered from country to country, exposed to constant peril and unable to regain his home. It is the prudence, dignity and fidelity of Penelope, during those twenty years of separation, that have made her the heroine of poets, the envy of husbands, the dream and the toast of bachelors.

During the latter years of the absence of Ulysses, his palace at Ithaca was thronged with princes and peers, importunate and quarrelsome suitors for the hand of the Queen, who, they maintained, had long since been made a widow, by battle or shipwreck.

Her friends and family urged her to abandon the idea of her husband's return, and to choose from the rival aspirants a father for Telemachus and a sovereign for Ithaca. She exerted all her ingenuity, and put in practice every artifice which she could invent, to defer the period of her final decision. In the seventeenth year of her solitude, she imagined the device which is so indissolubly connected with her name, engaging to make a choice when she should have completed a web which she was then weaving as a funeral ornament of Laertes, Ulysses' father, who was now rapidly sinking to the grave. The suitors gladly accepted a proposal which seemed to promise a speedy termination. But Penelope, assiduously unraveling at night what she had woven during the day, protracted for three years more the fatal moment. At the beginning of the fourth, a female attendant disclosed the pious treachery. These incidents are related by Homer, in a speech placed in the mouth of Antinous, the most turbulent of the suitors. Telemachus had reproached them with riotous conduct, alleging that their prodigality had well-nigh drained the Royal coffers. Antinous thus replied :—

"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence and war of words;
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice proclaims thy mother's shame!
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hope deceives!
Did not the sun, through heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold,
While she laborious, in delusion spread
The spacious loom and mixed the various thread?
When, as to life the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke the inventive queen, with artful sighs :—

"Though cold in death, Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet awhile to urge the bridal hour;
Cease till to great Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death,
Lest when the fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he whom, living, mighty realms obeyed,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade!
Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in Virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied, but studious of delay,
By night reversed the labors of the day.
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud surveyed;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail,
The fourth, her maid unfolds the amazing tale:
We saw, as, unperceived, we took our stand,
The backward labors of her faithless hand;
Then urged, she perfects her illustrious toils,
A wondrous monument of female wiles!"

In "Ovid's Epistle of the Heroines," is a letter of Penelope to Ulysses, in which, ignorant of the causes of his delay, she chides him for his prolonged absence, and with persuasive eloquence entreats him to return:—

"Ulysses, thy Penelope sends this to thee, thus delaying. But write me nothing in answer; do thou come thyself. Troy, so hateful to the Grecian fair, doubtless lies prostrate; hardly was Priam and the whole of Troy of such great importance. Oh! how I wish that, at the time he was making for Lacedæmon with his fleet, the adulterer had been overwhelmed in the raging waves! Then I had not lain cold in a deserted bed, nor, forlorn, should I have complained that the days pass slowly on. The hanging web would not have wearied my widowed hands, as I seek to beguile the lingering night.

"When have I not been dreading dangers more grievous than the reality? Love is a thing replete with anxious fears. Against thee did I fancy that the furious Trojans were rushing on; at the name of Hector, I was always pale. But the

righteous god has a regard for my chaste passion; Troy has been reduced to ashes and my husband survives. The Argive chieftains have returned; the altars are smoking; the spoils of the barbarians are offered to the gods of our country. The damsels newly married are presenting the gifts of gratitude for the safe return of their husbands; the latter are celebrating the destinies of Troy overcome by their own.

"But what avails me Ilion hurled down by thy arms, and that level ground which once was walls, if I remain just as I remained while Troy was flourishing, and if thou, my husband, art afar from me, to be lamented by me eternally?

"Now 'tis a field of corn where once Troy stood; and the ground destined to be plied with the sickle is rich, fattened by Phrygian blood. Victorious, thou are absent, and it is not granted me to know what is the cause of thy delaying, or in what corner of the world, in thy cruelty, thou art concealed.

"Whoever steers his stranger bark to these shores, departs after having been asked by me many a question about thee; and to him is entrusted the paper inscribed with my fingers for him to deliver to thee, if he should only see thee anywhere.

"More to my advantage were the walls of Troy standing even now. I should then know where thou art fighting, and warfare alone I should dread, and with those of many others would my complaints be joined. What to fear I know not; still bewildered I dread everything; and a wide field lies open for my apprehensions. Whatever dangers the sea presents, whatever the land, these I suspect to be the causes of a delay so prolonged. While in my folly I am imagining these things, such is the inconstancy of you men, that thou mayest be captivated by some foreign beauty. Perhaps, too, thou mayest be telling how homely thy wife is, who minds only the spindle and the distaff.

"May I prove mistaken, and may this charge vanish into unsubstantial air; and mayest thou not, if free to return, still desire to be absent! My father, Icarius, urges me to leave a widowed bed, and is always chiding thy protracted

delay. Let him chide on; thine I am; thy Penelope must I be called; the wife of Ulysses will I ever be. Suitors from Dulychium and Samos, and the lofty Zycanthus, a wanton crew, are besetting me; and in thy palace do they rule, with no one to hinder them; thy wealth they are dissipating; I have no strength to drive the enemy from thy abode; come speedily then, the refuge and sanctuary of thy family.

"Thou hast, and long mayest thou have, a son, who in his tender years ought to have been trained to the virtues of his father. Think of Laertes; that thou mayest close his eyes he still drags on the closing hours of his existence. I, no doubt, who was but a girl when thou didst depart, shall seem to have become an old woman, though thou should'st return at once."

At the end of the twentieth year, Ulysses returned and Penelope fell upon his neck and wept.—*From "The Life of Man," etc.*

A GOOD SON.

WHILE the French troops were encamped at Boulogne public attention was excited by the daring attempt at escape made by an English sailor. This person, having escaped from the depot, and having gained the seashore, where the woods served for concealing him, constructed, with no other instrument than a knife, a boat, entirely of the bark of trees. When the weather was fair, he mounted a tree and looked out for the English flag. And having, at last, observed a British cruiser, he ran to the shore with the boat on his back, and was about to trust himself in his frail vessel to the waves, when he was pursued, arrested and loaded with chains. Everybody in the army was anxious to see the boat, and Napoleon having, at length, heard of the affair, sent for the sailor and interrogated him. "You must," said Napoleon,

"have had a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark; I suppose you have left a sweetheart there." "No," said the sailor, "but a poor and infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see." "And you shall see her," said Napoleon, giving, at the same time, orders to set him at liberty, and to bestow upon him a considerable sum of money, observing that "she must be a good mother who had so good a son."

This event has been touchingly portrayed by the poet Campbell, in the following lines:—

I love contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed on our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Imprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over
With envy, they could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in a salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed and unkeeled,
No sail nor rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

'Rash man, that would'st yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart by some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded,
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE ESCAPE OF GROTIUS.

E. PAXTON HOOD, D. D.

FTER the learned Grotius had been confined about a year in the castle of Louvenstein, Holland, to which imprisonment he was sentenced for life, his wife contrived and executed the means of his deliverance. Perceiving that the guards were not so strict in examining the chest which was made use of to carry books and linen to and from the prison, she persuaded her husband to get into it and remain there as long as it would require to go from Louvenstein to Gorcum. Finding that he could endure the confinement when holes were made in the chest, to breathe through, Madam Grotius determined to seize the first opportunity of effecting her design. Accordingly, when the governor went to Heusden to raise recruits, she waited upon his lady, and told her she was anxious to send away her husband's books; too great an application to which, she said, had already injured his health. Having thus prepared the commandant's wife, and at the same time spread abroad a general report that her husband was ill, on March 21st, 1621, she, with the help of her servant maid, shut him up in the chest. Two soldiers carried it, and one of them, finding it heavier than usual, observed, "There must be an Arminian in it," to which Madam Grotius coolly replied, "There are some Arminian books in it." The chest was then brought down a ladder with great difficulty, and the extraordinary care which was taken in conveying it made one of the soldiers suspicious; he demanded the key, and upon its being refused he went to the commandant's lady, who reprimanded him, saying there were only books in the chest, and that they might carry it to the boat. While they were carrying it along, a soldier's wife said there was more than one instance of prisoners making their escape in

boxes. However, the chest was placed in the boat, and the maid accompanied it to Gorcum, where it was taken to the house of M. Dazelaer, a friend of Grotius; and when everybody was gone the servant unlocked the chest, and let her master out, who had suffered but little inconvenience, though the length was not above three and a half feet.

Being thus free, he dressed himself like a mason, with a trowel and rule in his hand, and going out at Dazelaer's back door, went to Valvic in Brabant, and from thence to Antwerp. In the meanwhile it was believed at Louvenstein that he was ill; and to give him time to get clear off, his wife reported that his disorder was dangerous; but as soon as she learned from her maid that he was safe she acknowledged the fact. The commandant in a great rage put her under a rigid confinement; but on presenting a petition to the States General, they were ashamed of acting so severely to a woman who had conducted herself with so much magnanimity, and ordered her to be set at liberty.

"I AM JOSEPH; DOTH MY FATHER YET LIVE?"

REV. JAMES BLAIR, D. D.

NO human character exhibited in the records of Scripture is more remarkable and instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune; from the condition of a slave, rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favor with God and man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honorably resisted.

When thrown into prison by the artifices of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous,

even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharaoh, the wise and extensive plan which he formed for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service. But in his whole history there is no circumstance so striking and interesting as his behavior to his brethren who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to them was the most critical one in his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events, and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narrative, it appears that, though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet, from the beginning, he intended to discover himself, and studied so to conduct the discovery as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children.

They were now arrived there, and Benjamin among the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain, and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the Governor, and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than the discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints, in all the colors of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to the close of life,

long afflicted for the loss of a favorite son, whom he had supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey, laboring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land.

"If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave; I pray thee, therefore, let thy servant abide instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me, lest I see the evil that shall come on my father?"

Upon this relation, Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father, and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country, and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any further concealment. He cried, "Cause every man to go out from me;" and he wept aloud.

The tears which he shed were not tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusion of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner when he first saw his brethren before him. "His bowels yearned upon them; he sought for a place where to weep. He went to his chamber, and there washed his face and returned to them." At that period, his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no further occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show that he felt as a man and a brother. "He wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him."

The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce are the most suitable to such an affecting situation that were ever uttered:—"I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" What could he, what ought he, in that impassioned moment to have said more! This is the voice of nature her-

self speaking her own language, and it penetrates the heart; no pomp of expression, no parade of kindness, but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt. "His brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled in his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which on this amazing discovery filled their breasts and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks are expressive of the generous agitations which struggled for vent in him.

No painter could seize a more striking moment for displaying the characteristic features of the human heart than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous joy, on the one hand, nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian, it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect than if it had been wrought up with all the coloring of the most admired modern eloquence.

BRAVERY OF GENERAL SCHUYLER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

DURING the summer of 1781, General Schuyler was residing in the suburbs of Albany, having left the army and engaged in the civil service of his country. Notwithstanding his comparatively obscure position, his aid and counsel were constantly sought, in both civil and military transactions, and he was considered, by the enemy, one of the prominent obstacles in the way of their success. He was then charged by Washington with the duty of intercepting all communications between Generals Haldimand, in Canada, and Clinton, in New York. For some time the Tories in the

neighborhood of Albany had been employed in capturing prominent citizens and carrying them off to Canada for the purpose of exchange.

Such an attempt was made upon Colonel Gansevoort, and now a bold project was conceived to carry off General Schuyler.

John Watermeyer, a bold partisan and colleague of the notorious Joe Bettys, was employed for the purpose. Accompanied by a gang of Tories, Canadians and Indians, he repaired to the neighborhood of Albany, but, uncertain how well General Schuyler might be guarded, he lurked among the pine shrubbery in the vicinity eight or ten days. He seized a Dutch laborer, and learned from him the exact position of affairs at Schuyler's house, after which he extorted an oath of secrecy from the man, and let him go. The Dutchman seems to have made a mental reservation, for he immediately gave information of the fact to General Schuyler. A loyalist who was the General's personal friend, and cognizant of Watermeyer's designs, also warned him. In consequence of the recent abduction, the General kept a guard of six men constantly on duty, three by day and three by night, and after these warnings they and his family were constantly on the alert.

At the close of a sultry day in August, the General and his family were sitting in the front hall. The servants were dispersed about the premises. The three guards relieved for the night were asleep in the basement room, and the three on duty, oppressed by the heat, were lying upon the cool grass in the garden. A servant announced to the General that a stranger desired to speak to him at the back gate. The stranger's errand was at once comprehended. The doors of the house were at once shut and close barred. The family were hastily collected in an upper room, and the General ran to his bed-chamber for his arms. From the window he saw the house surrounded by armed men. For the purpose of arousing the sentinels upon the grass, and perchance to alarm the town, he fired a pistol from the window. The assailants

burst open the doors, and at that moment Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion and alarm of the retreat from the hall, her infant child, a few months old, had been left in the cradle in the nursery below.

Parental love subdued all fear, and she was flying to the rescue of her child, when the General interposed and prevented her.

But her third daughter, Margaret (afterward the wife of the venerated General Van Rensselaer, of Albany), instantly rushed down the two flights of stairs, snatched the still sleeping infant from the cradle, and bore it aloft safely.

One of the miscreants hurled a sharp tomahawk at her as she left the room, but it effected no other harm than a slight injury to her dress, within a few inches of the infant's head.

As she ascended a private staircase, she met Watermeyer, who, supposing her to be a servant, exclaimed, "Wench, wench, where is your master?"

With great presence of mind, she replied, "Gone to alarm the town."

The Tory followers were then in the dining-room, plundering it of the plate and other valuables, and he called them together for consultation.

At that moment the General threw up a window, and as if speaking to numbers, called out, in a loud voice, "Come on, my brave fellows, surround the house and secure the villains, who are plundering."

The assailants made a precipitate retreat, carrying with them the three guards that were in the house, and a large quantity of silver plate. They made their way to Ballstown, by daybreak, where they took General Gordon a prisoner, from his bed, and with their booty returned to Canada. The bursting open the doors of General Schuyler's house aroused the sleeping guards in the cellar, who rushed up the back hall, where they had left their arms, but they were gone. Mrs. Church, another daughter of General Schuyler, who was there at the time, without the slightest suspicion that they might be wanted,

caused the arms to be removed a short time before the attack, on account of apprehended injury to her little son, whom she found playing with them.

The guards had no other weapons but their brawny fists, and these they used manfully, until overpowered.

They were taken to Canada, and when they were exchanged, the General gave them each a farm, in Saratoga county. Their names were, John Tubbs, John Corlies and John Ward.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

2 Samuel, xviii, 33.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the running tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its boson, quietly gave way,
And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.

Oh! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,

And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery, how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

. . . . . .

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straitened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels, as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.

His helm was at his feet; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.

The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead.

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back

The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas, my noble boy, that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

"Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young,
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee!
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep. N. P. WILLIS.

PART X

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

*"The highest compact we can make with our fellow, is—Let there be truth between us two forevermore. * * * It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right."*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

PART X.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ARCHBISHOP FÉNÉLON.

AMON and Pythias were two celebrated Syracusans, whose names are always joined as the types of true and noble friendship. They were both disciples of Pythagoras. Pythias was condemned to death by Dionysius the elder, Tyrant of Syracuse (who flourished during the early part of the fourth century, B. C.), but requested to be temporarily released, in order to arrange his affairs, promising to procure a friend to take his place and suffer his punishment, if he should not return. Pythias was allowed to depart, and Damon gave himself up as his substitute. Before the time for the execution Pythias returned, and Dionysius set both of them free. In the following dialogue, the events that brought about their pardon are vividly described.

Dionysius. AMAZING! What do I see? It is Pythias, just arrived—it is, indeed, Pythias. I did not think it

possible. He is come to die and to redeem his friend!

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement with no other views than to pay to heaven the vows I had made; to settle my family concerns, according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dionysius. But why dost thou return? Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not the character of a madman to seek it thus voluntarily?

Pythias. I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honor and goodness forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

Dionysius. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself?

Pythias. No; I love him as myself. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend, since it was Pythias whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to deliver me from the death which was designed, not for him, but for me only.

Dionysius. But thou supposest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee, as upon thy friend.

Pythias. Very true; we are both perfectly innocent; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dionysius. Why dost thou then assert that it were injustice to put him to death, instead of thee?

Pythias. It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myself; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

Dionysius. Dost thou then return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend by losing thy own?

Pythias. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which it is common for tyrants to inflict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by

rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me.

Dionysius. And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account?

Damon. I was but too well assured, that Pythias would punctually return; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise than to preserve his life. Would to heaven, that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him!

Dionysius. What! Does life displease thee?

Damon. Yes; it displeases me when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dionysius. It is well! Thou shalt see him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

Pythias. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

Dionysius. I cannot endure men who despise death and set my power at defiance.

Damon. Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

Dionysias. No; I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue which contemns life; which dreads no punishment; and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

Damon. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which is not insensible to the dictates of honor, justice and friendship.

Dionysius. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

Damon. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him; be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Pythias. Hold, Dionysius! remember, it was Pythias alone who offended thee; Damon could not——

Dionysius. Alas! what do I see and hear! where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honors are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend, in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Pythias. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind; and they fear thee; they detest thee.

Dionysius. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connection so perfect. I give you your lives; and I will load you with riches.

Damon. We have no desire to be enriched by thee; and, in regard to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it, till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent; and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

THE INDIAN PRINCESS, POCAHONTAS.

(See Page 493.)

POCAHONTAS.

JARED SPARKS.

THE residence of Powhatan was situated on the north side of York River, in Gloucester county, Virginia, about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river. It was at that time Powhatan's principal place of residence, though afterwards, not being pleased with its proximity to the English, he removed to Orapax. Upon Smith's arrival in the village, he was detained until the Indian Emperor and his court could make suitable preparations to receive the captain in proper state. In the meanwhile, more than two hundred of his "grim courtiers" came to gaze at him, as if he had been a monster.

Powhatan, who was at this time about sixty years old, is described as having been, in outward appearance, "every inch a king." His figure was noble, his stature majestic, and his countenance full of the severity and haughtiness of a ruler, whose will was supreme, and whose nod was law. He received Captain Smith with imposing, though rude, ceremony.

He was seated on a kind of throne, elevated above the floor of a large hut, in the midst of which was a fire. He was clothed with a robe of raccoon skins. Two young women, his daughters, sat, one on his right, the other on his left; and on each side of the hut there were two rows of men in front, and the same number of women behind. These all had their heads and shoulders painted red. Many had their hair ornamented with the white down of birds. Some had chains of white beads around their necks, and all had more or less of ornament.

When Smith was brought home, they all set up a great shout. Soon after his entrance, a female of rank was directed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them with.

They then feasted him in the best manner they could, and held a long and solemn consultation to determine his fate. The decision was against him.

Two large stones were brought in and placed before Powhatan, and Smith was dragged up to them, and his head was placed upon them, that his brains might be beaten out with clubs. The fatal weapon was already raised, and the stern executioners looked for the signal which should bid them descend upon the victim's defenceless head. But the protecting shield of Divine Providence was over him, and the arm of violence arrested.

Pocahontas, the King's favorite daughter—at that time a child of twelve or thirteen years of age—finding that her piteous entreaties to save the life of Smith were unavailing, rushed forward, clasped his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it, determined either to save his life or share his fate. Her generous and heroic conduct touched her father's iron heart, and the life of the captive was spared, to be employed in making hatchets for himself, and bells and beads for his daughters.

The account of this beautiful and most touching scene, familiar as it is to every one, can hardly be read with unmoistened eyes. The incident is so dramatic and startling, that it seems to preserve the freshness of novelty amidst a thousand repetitions. It could almost as reasonably be expected that an angel should come down from heaven and rescue the captive, as that his deliverer should spring from the bosom of Powhatan's family.

The universal sympathies of mankind, and the best feelings of the human heart, have redeemed this scene from the obscurity which, in the progress of time, gathers over all but the most important events. It has pointed a thousand morals and adorned a thousand tales. Immovable bosoms have throbbed and are yet to throb, with generous admiration for this daughter of a people whom we have been too ready to underrate. Did we know nothing of her but what is narrated of her in this

incident, she would deserve the eternal gratitude of the inhabitants of this country; for the fate of the colony may be said to have hung upon the arms of Smith's executioners. He was its life and soul, and without the magic influence of his personal qualities, it would have abandoned in despair the project of permanently settling the country, and sailed to England by the first opportunity.

The generosity of Powhatan was not content with merely sparing his prisoner's life. He detained him but two days longer. At the end of that time he conducted him to a large house in the woods, and there left him alone, upon a mat by the fire. In a short time, from behind another mat that divided the house, was made the most doleful noise he ever heard; then Powhatan, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came in and told him they were now friends, and that he should return to Jamestown; and that if he would send him two pieces of cannon and a grindstone, he would give him the country of Capahowsic, and esteem him as his own son. He was faithful to his word, and despatched him immediately, with twelve guides. That night they quartered in the woods; and during the whole journey Captain Smith expected every moment to be put to death, notwithstanding Powhatan's fair words. But, as the narrative of his adventures has it, "Almighty God, by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion."

Smith reached Jamestown in safety, after an absence of seven weeks, and treated his savage guides with great hospitality and kindness. He showed them two demi-culverins and a millstone, which they proposed to carry to Powhatan, but found them too heavy. He ordered the culverins to be loaded with stones and discharged among the boughs of a tree covered with icicles, in order to magnify to them the effect of these formidable engines.

When they heard the report, and saw the ice and branches come rattling down, they were greatly terrified. A few trinkets restored their confidence, and they were dismissed with a variety

of presents for Powhatan and his family. The generous conduct of Powhatan, in restoring a prisoner who had given such fatal proofs of his courage and prowess, is worthy of the highest admiration. There is hardly anything in history that can afford a parallel to it.

He was stimulated to take the prisoner's life, not only by revenge, a passion strongest in savage breasts, but by policy, and that regard to his own interest which Christian and civilized monarchs feel justified in observing. He seems to have acted from some religious feeling, regarding Smith either as a supernatural being, or as under the special protection of a higher power. How far this may have actuated him, or how far he may have been actuated by affection for his daughter, it is impossible to say; but, supposing both to have operated, we only elevate his conduct by elevating his motives.

ALLUCIUS AND HIS BRIDE.

THE younger Scipio, charged with the prosecution of the war in Spain, after the death of his father and his uncle, 216 B. C., evinced, from the early age of twenty-four, the wisdom and prudence of a consummate commander. Anxious to weaken Carthage, he undertook the siege of Carthagena, one of its most important colonies. This strong city served the Carthaginians at once as magazine, arsenal and entrepôt; they kept within its walls the hostages which answered for the fidelity of Spain.

Scipio made all his preparations during the Winter; in the Spring he blockaded Carthagena with his fleet, at the same time that he invested it by land. On the day following, the armies, both by land and sea, commenced hostilities.

Scipio ordered his soldiers to mount to the assault; and they executed his orders with ardor and celerity. Mago, the

brother of Hannibal, who commanded in the place, had but a thousand soldiers, and thought himself lost. He armed the citizens, picked out two thousand of the best, and made a sortie. Victory was for a long time doubtful; but the Carthaginians were driven back within their walls. This first defeat would have produced the most complete discouragement in Carthagena, if the Romans had not been forced, by the height of the walls, to abandon the escalade and sound a retreat. This untoward circumstance restored hopes of succor to the besieged; but they were not unacquainted with the activity of Scipio.

Whilst the sea was at ebb, he placed five hundred men with ladders, along the lake, where the walls of Carthagena were lowest; he surrounded these walls with fresh troops, and exhorted them to fight like Romans. The ladders were applied, and the soldiers shortly filled the whole extent of the walls.

The besieged, although astonished, kept a good face everywhere, and defended themselves with courage. The sea retired and left the lake everywhere fordable. This phenomena seemed a marvel to the Romans; they hastened to climb the walls of Carthagena, destitute at that point of defenders, and penetrated into the city without meeting an obstacle. The confused Carthaginians rushed to the citadel, and the Romans entered with them.

Mago and his troops surrendered to Scipio, and the city was given up to pillage. During this scene of horror, a young person of exquisite beauty was brought to Scipio; her graces attracted the eyes and admiration of all who were present.

Scipio inquired what were her origin and family; and he learned that she was affianced to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians, who loved her exceedingly.

He immediately sent for that prince, together with the parents of the young beauty. As soon as Allucius arrived Scipio took him to one side, and said, "We are both young; which circumstance enables me to speak more freely to you. My people who brought your affianced wife to me told me that you

loved her tenderly, and her great beauty leaves me no room to doubt that you do. Thereupon, reflecting that if, like you, I were about to form an engagement, and were not entirely occupied with the affairs of my country, I should wish that so honorable and legitimate a purpose should find favor; and I am extremely happy in the present conjuncture to render you such a service. She whom you are about to espouse has been among us as if she had been in the house of her father and mother; I have preserved her so as to make her a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require for this inestimable gift is, that you should become the friend of the Roman people. If you deem me a man of worth, if I have appeared so to the people of this province, be assured that there are in Rome many far better than I, and that there does not exist upon the face of the earth a nation you ought more to dread as an enemy or court as a friend, than mine." Allucius, permeated with joy and gratitude, kissed the hands of Scipio, and implored the gods to bless him for such purity and kindness. Scipio then sent for the parents of the lady, who had brought a large sum of money for her ransom. When they had found that he had restored her without a ransom, they conjured him to accept of that sum as a present, and declared that that fresh favor would heighten their joy and intensify their gratitude.

Scipio could not resist their earnest entreaties; he accepted the gift, and ordered it to be laid at his feet. Then, addressing Allucius, he said, "I add this sum to the dowry you are to receive from your father-in-law, and beg you to accept it as a nuptial present." The young prince, charmed with the virtue and generosity of Scipio, published throughout his province the praises of so magnanimous a conqueror. He said that a young hero had come into Spain, who resembled the gods; for he subdued more by the splendor of his virtues and his benefits than by the power of his arms. Having made levies in the country he governed, he returned to Scipio, some days after, with fourteen hundred horsemen. To render the evidence

of his gratitude more durable, Allucius caused the noble action of Scipio to be inscribed upon a silver shield, and presented it to him—a gift more glorious than any warlike triumph!—*Siege of Carthagena.*

A FAITHFUL AND NOBLE FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Charles, V, who afterwards also became Emperor of Germany, was traveling from Holland to Spain to assume the crown of that country, bequeathed to him by his grandparents, Ferdinand and Isabella, he received into his retinue a young French Count named De Bossu.

The extraordinary tallness of this young man, his fine physique, his splendid horsemanship, his obliging readiness in service, and his many other praiseworthy qualities of mind and heart, endeared him so strongly to the young King that he insisted on having the Count always at his side.

On one occasion, when Charles had ordered a grand hunt, he started a wild boar and followed him into the thick forest with so much ardor that he lost his way before he realized his perilous situation; and no one of the party had the courage to follow him except De Bossu.

In the hurry and excitement of the pursuit, this young man had the misfortune to wound himself with a poisoned dagger, which it was the custom in those days for all Spanish hunters to carry.

As soon as Charles saw that his favorite was losing blood, he demanded to know whether the boar had injured him. De Bossu thereupon related the misfortune that had befallen him, and stated that he had no one to blame for the mishap but himself.

The King well knew the deadly effects of the poison if it had

once permeated the blood, and his only thought was to save his favorite, unmindful of his own personal peril. He sprang quickly from his horse, and requested his friend to alight and submit himself entirely and unreservedly to his treatment. The latter made some excuses, but the King was determined to save his dear friend's life or die with him.

He immediately removed the clothing from the wound, put up his lips and sucked out the blood repeatedly, and spat it away; and he soon had the satisfaction of realizing that his vigorous and heroic treatment was the means of saving his favorite's life without endangering his own or being subject to any ill effects afterward.

Who will not applaud the generous and self-sacrificing friendship of the mightiest sovereign of his day!—*From the German.*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Sweden's heroic king, was fond of music. The sweet voice of song, especially from the lips of childhood, often moved him to tears. Once upon a time Gustavus Adolphus, after long and severe fighting, had conquered a strongly fortified town, in which were citizens who had been born within the limits of the Swedish rule, but had since found new homes. And all these people were condemned to death. They were marched out from the town at nightfall, to be held in camp until the following morning, when they were to be shot, for treason. Several of his officers interceded with the King for the lives of these poor people.

But Gustavus felt that he had already granted enough. First—in the ruddy heat of his passion he had consigned the

whole tribe to death: but since then he had greatly modified the sentence, condemning only those of the former subjects of Sweden who had been taken with arms in their hands; and from this no power of persuasion or argument could move him. All the talk of his old chaplain, about these people having only joined their fellows in protecting the homes of their wives and children, moved him not an atom. "They are traitors!" he said, "and as traitors they shall die!"

At a late hour—it was past midnight—Gustavus Adolphus threw on his cloak and drew his slouched hat down over his eyes, and, staff in hand, wandered forth into the darkness.

Without thinking whither he went, he slowly walked on, answering the sentinels as they hailed him, until at length his steps were arrested by a strain of music.

"Who is that?" he asked of a sentinel whom he chanced to meet a moment later.

"It is one of the prisoners, sire. The wife and children of one of their chief men have had permission to spend the night with the husband and father."

The King nodded his thanks for his information, and moved on. Slowly he approached the tent from which the music issued, and as he drew near heard a deep, manly voice:—

"Hush! Hush! Weep not, God will provide!"

The King looked through the open seam of the cloth and saw a gray-haired man, with an imposing presence—a grand face and head, and a clear, flashing eye, surrounded by his wife and children, who clung to him with passionate tenderness.

"Hush!" she said, "Let us not make these precious moments darker than they need be."

It is but the fortune of war, my loved ones.

"Come, my Hermione—sing to me once more our dear song of the Fatherland! For, though Gustavus will take my life, yet I love the land that gave me birth. God bless dear Sweden, now and evermore! Now Hermione, sing! Come, let thy voice give my poor heart cheer, if it may be."

Presently thereafter a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen sum-

mers threw back the silken hood from her golden curls, and began to sing.

Her song was the Swedes' oldest and most cherished piece of music—the words full of love and devotion, love of home and country—and the melody was peculiarly sweet and touching. Never had the King heard it sung so grandly. The words fell upon his ear with a new meaning, and the music touched his spirit with a strangely awakening power. As the charming melody swelled to grander and grander tones, and the voice of the singer deepened and strengthened, the listener felt his heart hush with awe. And finally, when the last rich cadence died away, in mellow, melting echoes upon the upper air, he pressed his hands over his eyes and burst into tears.

After a time Gustavus lifted his head, and looking once more through the aperture in the wall of the tent, he saw the family upon their knees, and heard the voice of the old man in prayer. He listened for a few seconds, and then turned and strode away toward his quarters, where he found two of his attendants sitting up, waiting for him, and to one of them he said:—

"Colonel, I wish you to go to the prisoners' quarters, and in the large tent nearest to the river—it is at the extreme northwest of the camp—you will find the family of a prisoner named Hoven; and of that family is a girl named Hermione; bring her to me. Assure her that no harm shall befall her."

And when the messenger had gone the King turned to his table, and having found the necessary materials he went to work at writing. He wrote rapidly and heavily, like one moved by ponderous ideas, and had just finished his work when the colonel appeared, and with him the gentle songstress in company.

"Fear not, my child," the King said, the maiden standing trembling before him; "I have sent for you because I wish to repay you for a great good you unconsciously did me this night. Do you call to mind that you sang the dear old song of Vasa—the hymn of the Fatherland?"

"Yes, your majesty, I sang it for my father, who is to die on the morrow. Though no longer in Sweden, he dearly loves the memory of the land that gave him birth."

"Well, I chanced to hear you sing; and you shall ere long know how your song affected me. Here, take this paper, and go with it to the officer commanding the camp of the prisoners; Colonel Forsby will go with you. And, my child, the next time you sing that song, think of Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, and bear witness that his heart was not all hard, nor cold."

The girl looked up into the monarch's face as he held forth the paper, and when she saw the genial, kindly look that beamed upon her, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and caught his hand and kissed it.

And when she went away she bore with her the royal order for the free pardon and instant release of all the prisoners. The old General to whom the order had been directed for promulgation and execution was one of those who had earnestly pleaded in behalf of the condemned; and we can readily imagine the joy with which he received it. He fairly caught the beautiful messenger in his arms, and kissed her upon her forehead, and blessed her; and he went with her to the tent where her father was held, and followed her to publish the joyful tidings.

And with the dawn of day the prisoners, to the number of two hundred, were mustered into line, many of them believing their hour had come, to receive the intelligence of pardon and freedom.

What transpired beyond that can be imagined full as well as we can tell. We only add that Gustavus Adolphus, by the act of mercy, secured the friendship which was to be of incalculable value to him in the coming time.

And one other thing: In less than a year from that time Colonel Ulric Forsby, of the King's staff, gained for a wife the beautiful singer whose sweet notes had melted the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, and given life and liberty and joy to suffering men.—*Anonymous.*

THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

IT may be the place of Richard's confinement when thrown into prison by the Duke of Austria, if we believe the literary history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies, and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard or minstrel named Blondel, who had shared that prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled all over the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got into the gates of a certain castle in Germany where a prisoner of distinction was confined and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place. But the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no information about who or what the name or quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity, he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted with a loud voice some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard, and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it recollected and continued by the royal captive. To this discovery the English monarch is said to have eventually owed his release. In the following verses Mrs Hemans erroneously locates the place of Richard's captivity on the Rhine. The Castle of Durrenstein is situated on a commanding height on the left bank of the Danube some distance above Vienna. The ruins of this stronghold are still pointed out to the modern traveller.

The Troubadour o'er many a plain
Had roamed unwearied but in vain:

Over many a rugged mountain scene
And forest wild his track hath been
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of Chivalry
[illegible]
And rung [illegible] Pyrenees
From Ebro's [illegible] Danube's wave
He hath sought his prince—the lord of the brave
And yet [illegible] earth [illegible]
[illegible] Monarch of the [illegible] heart
The faithful spirit which distress
But he [illegible]
By toil and trial [illegible]
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.
He hath reached a mountain [illegible]
And woods that [illegible] Rhine
The feudal towers that crest [illegible] height
Frown in unconquerable might
Dark is their aspect of sullen state
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest
At the Chieftain's board a welcome guest
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty pile
That midst bright sunshine lowers on high
Like a thunder cloud in a summer sky
Not these the halls where a child of song
A while may speed the hours along
Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's moan,
Or the wild huntsman's bugle blast
When his phantom train is hurrying past
The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly
Within the lengthening shadow cast
By the fortress towers and ramparts vast
Lingering he gazed—the rocks around
Sublime in savage grandeur frowned
Proud guardians of the regal flood
In giant strength the mountains stood
By torrents cleft, by tempests riven
Yet mingling with the calm blue heaven,

Their peaks were bright with a sunny glow,
But the Rhine, all shadowy, rolled below;
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark and wild;
Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to swell;
But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious, solitude.
But hark! that solemn stillness breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is waking;
Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry;
It hath swelled o'er Judah's mountains lone;
Hermon! thy echoes have learned its tone;
On Esdraelon's plain its notes have rung,
The leagued Crusaders' tents among;
'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
The palm in the field of Ascalon;
And now afar, o'er the rocks of the Rhine
Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

"Thine hour is come, and the stake is set!"
The soldan cried to the captive Knight;
'And the sons of the Prophet in throngs have met
To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by thy lips professed—
The faith of Mecca's shrine—
Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine."

"I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And I gazed with undaunted eye;
I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,
And thinkest thou I fear to die?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
Have fallen for the name Divine;
And the faith that cheered *their* closing hours
Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die, in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom?
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
For a dying Saviour's brow;
He spurned the treasures that lured mankind,
And I reject them now!"

"Art thou the son of a noble line
In a land that is fair and blest?
And doth not thy spirit, proud captain! pine,
Again on its shores to rest?

"Thine own is the choice, to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth,
Or to sleep when thy lingering pangs are o'er,
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise
In the country of my love;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There's a brighter clime above!"

The bard hath paused—for another tone
Blends with the music of his own;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow, deep and vain?"

"There are hearts that still, through all the past,
Unchanging, have loved me well;
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast
When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier,
Than th' apostate's living stain;
There's a land where those who loved when here
Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he—thy prince—long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host!
'Tis he—to none thy joy betray—
Young Troubadour—away, away!
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave,
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their lion from the toil;
And free the wassail-cup shall flow
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow;
The festal board shall be richly crowned,
While knights and chieftains revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
When merry England hails her king.

—Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans

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